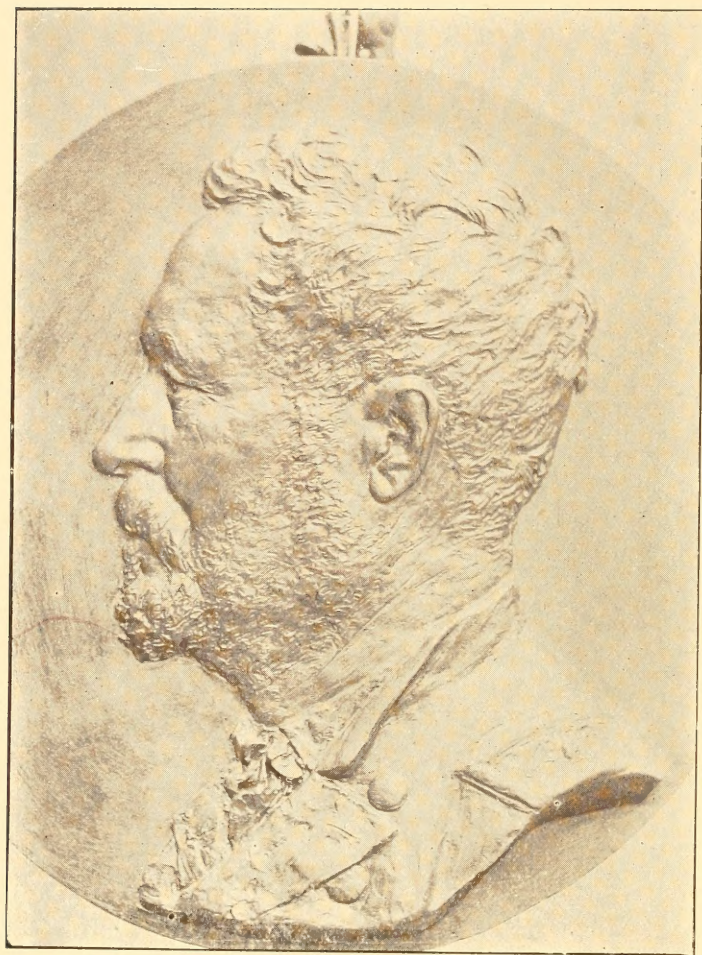






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Medallion

Ordered by the Commission for the

Iowa Soldiers' Monument

IN RECOGNITION OF THE

THIRTY SECOND IOWA VOLUNTEERS®

CARL ROHL-SMITH, SCULPTOR.

STORY
OF THE
THIRTY SECOND IOWA
INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

Compiled and Published by
JOHN SCOTT.



NEVADA, IA.
1896.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY
OF THOSE WHO FELL IN BATTLE
AND BY THE WAYSIDE
—IN THE—
WAR FOR THE UNION.

On the National Flag of the Thirty Second Iowa Infantry now in the State Capitol, the following battles are inscribed:—

CAPE GIRARDEAU, BAYOU METAIRE,
FORT DE RUSSEY, PLEASANT HILL,
MARKSVILLE, YELLOW BAYOU,
LAKE CHICOT, TUPELO, OLD TOWN CREEK,
NASHVILLE, BRENTWOOD HILLS,
FORT BLAKELY.

ITINERARY OF THE REGIMENT.

The following record of the movements of the Regiment from January 1864 to the time of reaching Montgomery, Ala., at the close of the war, is made from memoranda kept by Wellington Russell of Company C. The aggregate distance is nearly seven thousand miles.

Columbus, Ky. to Vicksburg, Miss. by boat, 665 miles; marched to Meridian, Miss., 200 miles; marched to Vicksburg, 200 miles; by boat to Simmsport, La., 317 miles; marched to Fort De Russey, 33 miles; by boat to Alexandria, 72 miles; marched to Cotile, 27 miles; by boat to Grand Ecore, 95 miles, marched to Pleasant Hill and return, 70 miles; marched via Natchitoches, Alexandria and Simmsport to Morganza Bend, 188 miles; by boat to Vicksburg, 200 miles; by boat to Sunny Side, Ark., 130 miles; marched to Columbia, 20 miles; by boat to Memphis, 235 miles; by railway to Moscow, 40 miles; marched via La Grange, Pontotoc, Tupelo, and again by La Grange to Collierville, 200 miles; by railway to Memphis, 25 miles; by railway to Holly Springs, 77 miles; marched to Memphis via Oxford, 100 miles; by boat via Cairo to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., 440 miles; by railway to Mineral Point, 95 miles; marched to Merrimac River, 8 miles; by railway to Jefferson Barracks, 9 miles; marched to Frank-

lin, 47 miles; to Jefferson City, 108 miles; to California, 25 miles; to Lexington, 144 miles; to Harrisonville, 92 miles; to Glasgow, 138 miles; to St. Louis via St. Charles, 173 miles; by boat to Cairo, 200 miles; to Nashville, 215 miles; marched to Pulaski, 79 miles; Dec. 31, 1864, 31 miles; to Clifton, 30 miles; by boat to Eastport, 80 miles; to New Orleans, 1,410 miles; to Dauphin Island, 247 miles; to Danley's Mills, 40 miles; marched to Fort Blakely, 24 miles; and to Montgomery, 130 miles. The average distance by the route traveled from Montgomery to the homes in Iowa is not much less than 2,000 miles; and adding the moderate estimate of something more than 1,000 miles for the average itinerary prior to 1864, the total is more than 10,000 miles.

LAST WORDS.

Additional facts have come to the knowledge of the compiler too late for their proper place in the body of the History; among which may be noted the death of Cryus Wyatt, which occurred at Otisville, Iowa, July 2, 1865; also the death of Peter Crum, which occurred in Florence county, Tennessee in 1890.

Hon. H. O. Pratt, present address is Mount Vernon, Iowa.

Sergeant Ovid Hare lives in Los Angeles, Cal.

Mail directed to the comrades named below, and sent to their last known address, has been returned as unclaimed:

Geo. L. Allen, Alf. Andrews, Samuel Andrews, H. S. Barr, G. W. Barnes, Eli Blickensderfer, G. M. Bolton, Moses Blunt, P. Byam, John J. Bradshaw, John H. Brooks, Isaac A. Bucher, W. F. Clark, A. P. Condit, H. P. Carpenter, W. C. Closson, E. R. Coombs, Wm. Courier, J. S. Cross, I. B. Cummings, L. H. Chaffin, John Delvey, Winthrop Dyer, James L. Eakins, Lloyd Eberhart, Luther Ellis, Leander Farlow, James Gamble, H. R. Gilliland, James C. Gordon, J. N. Gron-dan, James Gilman, Calvin Hall, W. R. W. Hancock, W. S. Hansberry, Wm. C. Hickman, E. L. Hurlbut, Asa Joslyn, F. Johnson, J. L. Kerr, James T. Leech, James C. Louck, J. W. Landers, A. O. Lesh, J. N. W. Mahaffey, S. S. Martin, John C. Maupin, M. V. B. Maulsby,

J. O. Moriarty, D. G. Miller, David J. Miller, Geo. G. Miller, Levi Miller, Alfred McHenry, Isaac McHenry, Reuben McVey, Wm. Nelson, Nels L. Nelson, Wm. T. Prescott, Goo. N. Palmer, J. T. Payne, J. B. Patterson, John N. Richardson, B. G. Scott, David Sellers, Enne Smith, Robert Smith, Andrew Smith, W. M. Sefton, James Sourinson, B. F. Thomas, S. B. Wells, O. W. Webster, S. S. Wieland, J. F. Ward, Charles White, R. S. Williams, J. W. Yost, John Young.

It may be of importance not only to those, and all other comrades whose address is not given in the rosters herein, but also to many others, that the present address of every surviving member of the Regiment should be known. If those who can supply unknown addresses will send them to the compiler it will help in the compilation of a more complete roster, which can be printed and sent to all members when giving notice of the date and place of each bi-ennial reunion.

In like manner each comrade should furnish a statement of any change in his P. O. address, including street and number in cities in which delivery is made by carriers.

The compiler will take pleasure in the keeping and making corrections from time to time of such a list of the comrades, from which he may be able to furnish information. Great care should be taken to write legibly names of persons and places.

Nevada, Iowa, July 12, 1896.

Very truly,
yours,
J. B. Patterson
Comdr. H. B. Patterson
1896

PREFATORY.

Almost from the date of muster-out, but especially from and after the first regimental re-union, there has been a growing sentiment in favor of the preparation of a truthful account of the service of the Thirty Second Regiment Iowa Volunteers. This has increased as time has passed, and the memories of comradeship have drawn closer and closer those with a common history. This thought has been greatly strengthened by the contemplation of wrongs done in the publication of untruthful statements made by parties interested, and especially by a certain flavor that has always made its presence felt when the Red River campaign was under discussion. It was in this mal-odorous series of disastrous blunders that the Regiment made its brightest and most enduring fame. Yet such was the character of the operations, and such the inadequate results of the severe trials and heroic efforts of the rank and file of that army that in public estimation even these trials and efforts have never had due recognition. On the contrary even those who most honorably participated in desperate conflicts have been compelled to refer to them in words of semi-apology and explanation. During all this period the blood of gallant comrades cruelly sacrificed has cried from the ground in protest against the silence of those who live to speak

for them, and the living have murmured against the cruel wrong that so-called history has done to the dead and to themselves.

This thought culminated at the seventh biennial reunion of the veterans who assembled at Fort Dodge in 1893. It was then and there agreed that further postponement of the story of the Regiment, in proper form, would be little less than a crime, and measures were taken authorizing such publication. A committee was appointed, and given full authority to proceed with the History, and to call for such records and assistance as might be required.

There had previously been spasmodic efforts in this direction, which at least served to keep up interest in the subject, but meantime many precious years were lost, and with them many of the witnesses who alone could testify to important and most interesting facts. But there had been published in newspapers, from time to time the contributions of Sergeant J. M. Boyd, the adventures of I. A. Packard and Sergeant Jewett in their escape from rebel prisons; and also the report of a committee of Congress, as well as the official documents of the War Department and reports and papers found in the captured rebel archives. Many of these throw light on the subject, and from them the story of the Regiment might fairly well be gleaned by patient labor. Unfortunately those having time and strength for such a work have not been induced to undertake it, and the task has seemed to fall to the lot of hands that carry also the burden of years. To such hands the work is necessarily a task; a burden from the undertaking of which the compiler shrinks, and from which he dare

not hope for more than patchwork and unsatisfactory results. Impelled by a sense of duty and cheered by the unvarying and uniform kindness and charity of his comrades, thus giving assurance that they will accept at his hands the effort and the will for the deed, the compiler enters very reluctantly and nervously upon this labor that has been too long delayed.

He has been glad to avail himself of information from every reliable source, and has endeavored to cull approximate truth from widely varying, or even contradictory testimony. Of this character are many of the official reports and despatches, furnished by officials of our own army and navy, as well as by the rebels. Mendacity and veracity, courage and cowardice, vain boasting and genuine modesty, were none of them monopolized by the members of either army, but each class had a share of them. To sift the truth from all that has been said is a serious labor, and may not have been in all cases successfully performed, but the effort to do so has been honestly made by the compiler, and he has had the valuable aid of reliable comrades. In many instances the statements herein made are fortified by well known facts that are but incidental to the story of this Regiment, and are omitted in detail for lack of time and space in this compilation.

It is perhaps but justice to the historians as well as actors in the Red River campaign to remark that accuracy in military history has been oft times made to yield to the necessity for covering the blunders of commanders. It is much easier to deny mistakes and bad conduct than it is to explain them or apologize

for them. For that reason, perhaps, when even such great generals as Grant and Sherman wrote the history of the battle of Shiloh in their despatches and memoirs, the facts were not stated as they were known by ten thousand other witnesses. What wonder, then, that General Banks and Admiral Porter, each of whom may not unreasonably be supposed to have heard the political bee buzzing in his military bonnet, should have been conspicuously inexact in the statment of facts, and so correct and emphatic in various charges, each against the other? In like manner we are to accept the voluminous and boastful reports of Major General Dick Taylor, who opposed them. Though a son of one of the most modest Presidents of the Republic, the hero of Buena Vista, his vain falsehoods as to what he alleged had been accomplished were only equalled by the unfulfilled promises of what he would do when the opportunity presented!

It is in part from such material that the history of the Red River campaign is to be sifted;—a campaign for which no one was willing to avow the responsibility;—a campaign that violated every rule of military strategy in its inception and conduct;—a campaign with no purpose that corresponded to its expenditure of life and property, and which in its general conduct and results was as disgraceful as it was disastrous to those who apparently expected to reap from it both fame and fortune.

* * *

The Regiment is the Military Unit, as the Family is the Social Unit.

The experience of each member of the family

may be widely different from that of every other member, yet the aims, efforts, successes and failures of each one have much interest to all the other members, and often seriously affect their lives and fortunes. In like manner each member of a Regiment may have his military fortune made or wrecked by the conduct of his regimental comrades. Therefore the history of the Regiment, like the history of the family, is of much interest to each of its members; and so, also, is the history of each member of interest to those who are also members of the same family or regiment.

Although the Thirty Second Regiment of Iowa Volunteers for a time was broken into detachments, and widely separated, its members never forgot their fealty to their Regimental organization. For more than a year the four companies, A, D, F, and G, under Major Eberhart, were not with the regimental colors. During a portion of that time the other companies were also separated. At one time companies B, E, and I, under command of Captain Miller, were in Columbus, Ky.; while companies H and K, under Captain Benson, occupied the famous Number Ten, in the Mississippi River; and at the same time Captain Peebles, with Company C, mounted, was doing duty as cavalry Scouts with head quarters at Union City, Tennessee. During a part of this time Colonel Scott was in command of the Post of Columbus, Kentucky, and Lt. Colonel Mix was a member of a court-martial at Cairo.

While these conditions existed, varied more or less in detail, during the year 1863, the service of each member of the Regiment was that of the de-

tachment to which he belonged, unless, as sometimes happened, he was detailed individually for some special service. Examples of such personal duty may be noted in the service of Chaplain Cadwallader as superintendent of Contrabands; Lt. Childs as Officer of the Post; and Adjutant Aldredge as Adjutant of the Post; all these at Columbus, Kentucky.

These incidents serve to embarrass the writing of the history of this Regiment as a military unit; for as a matter of fact during many months it was but an aggregate of several fractions, and in giving the story of the service of the members of the various detachments there can be, at this late date, but a fragmentary story, and told more as the story of a half-forgotten dream than as real history. During this fragmentary period there are few records except the morning reports of the companies. After the companies were again brought together, the six companies coming back to Vicksburg, from Sherman's raid to Meridian, and the four companies reaching the same point from their long and arduous campaign in Arkansas, in the early months of 1864, the story of the Regiment *as a Regiment* is continuous.

INTRODUCTORY.

Under the proclamation of the President of the United States bearing date July 2, 1862, calling for further enlistments for three years or during the war for the suppression of the great Rebellion, the Volunteers who constituted the Thirty Second Regiment Iowa Infantry were enrolled. The call of the President was for 300,000 men, and of these Iowa was asked to furnish five regiments of Infantry. Under date of July 9, 1862, Governor Kirkwood announced this call by proclamation, in which he said:—

“The preservation of the Union, the perpetuity of our Government, the honor of our State, demand that this requisition shall be promptly met. The harvest is upon us and we have feared a lack of force to secure it. But we must put our brave Iowa boys in the field, and meet new emergencies with new exertions. Our old men and our boys unfit for war, our women, if need be, must gather the harvests while those able to bear arms go forth to aid their brave brethren in the field. The necessity is urgent. Our national existence is at stake. The more promptly the needed troops are furnished the more speedily will this unholy rebellion be crushed. Until then we must endure the hardships and privations of war. Men must now make as many have already made sacrifices in the cause of our country.

The enemy by conscription have forced into the field all who can bear arms. We have as yet relied upon voluntary action, but if need be the same energies must be exerted to preserve our government

that traitors are using to destroy it. I have assigned one regiment to each 1, 2, 3, and 4 Congressional Districts, and one regiment to 5 and 6 together."

Under this vigorous call the Adjutant General of Iowa was able on August 25th to designate Camp Franklin, near Dubuque, as the rendezvous of the Thirty Second Regiment, to be composed of companies in the 6th Congressional District, east of the Des Moines River.

Within the bounds of this territory eleven companies were enrolled. As an inducement to enlistment in the more sparsely settled localities it had been promised that as far as practicable the Volunteers should be assigned together. Under this proposition it was thought best to assign one of the two companies from Blackhawk county to the Thirty First Regiment. By this arrangement the other ten companies formed the Thirty Second Regiment, and were placed as follows:—

Company "A," Lewis H. Cutler, Captain, was enrolled in the counties of Hardin, Hamilton, Wright and Kossuth; was ordered into quarters by the Governor in July 1862. Total rank and file 100 men.

Company "B," Amos B. Miller, Captain, was enrolled in Cerro Gordo, Worth, Hancock, Hamilton, and Winnebago counties, and was ordered into quarters August 25, 1862. Total rank and file 85 men.

Company "C," Herbert F. Peebles, Captain, was enrolled in the county of Blackhawk. Date of being ordered into quarters not given in Adjutant General's report. Total rank and file 92 men.

Company "D," Theodore De Tar, Captain, was enrolled in the county of Boone, and was ordered in-

to quarters August 11, 1862. Total rank and file 99 men.

Company "E," John R. Jones, Captain, was enrolled in the county of Butler during July and August 1862. Total rank and file, 96 men.

Company "F," Joseph Edgington, Captain, was enrolled in Hardin county, the enlistments being mostly from August 10 to 15, but reported as ordered into quarters July 3, 1862, as in the case of Company "A," whose enlistments were also mostly about August 10 to 16. Total rank and file 94 men.

Company "G," Charles A. L. Roszell, Captain, was enrolled in the counties of Butler and Floyd, going into quarters mostly from August 5 to 25, 1862. Total rank and file 83 men.

Company "H," James B. Reeve, Captain, was enrolled in Franklin county, but had members from adjacent parts of Butler and Hardin, dates of going into quarters ranging mostly about August 14, 1862. Total rank and file 84 men.

Company "I," Jonathan Hutchinson, Captain, was enrolled in Webster county, but several of the members were from Humboldt county, the dates ranging from August 12 to 22, 1862. Total rank and file 83 men.

Company "K," Joseph Cadwalader, Captain, was enrolled in Story and Marshall counties, most of the dates ranging from August 10, to August 22, 1862. Total rank and file, 96 men.

The line officers were chosen by members of the several companies, and these as well as the warrant officers were usually apportioned by agreement, more or less equitably, among the men from different

counties or neighborhoods. Some of these offices were bestowed because of activity in securing enlistments, and others because of personal qualifications, including military experience. In the main the selections were based upon absolute merit, and when the final mustering took place, October 6, and 7, 1862, at Camp Franklin, by Capt. Geo. S. Pierce, U. S. A., there was the customary hopefulness and enthusiasm of the Iowa Volunteer, entering upon the discharge of patriotic duty.

The Regiment was organized by the appointment of John Scott, of Story county as Colonel; Edward H. Mix, of Butler county, as Lieutenant Colonel; and Gustavus A. Eberhart, of Blackhawk county, as Major; and the commission Staff were Charles Aldrich, of Hamilton county, Adjutant; Thomas C. McCall, of Story county, Quarter Master; Stephen B. Olney, of Ft. Dodge, Surgeon; Jesse Wasson, of La Porte City, and Wm. B. Waters, of Marshalltown, Assistant Surgeons; and Lorenzo S. Coffin, of Webster county, Chaplain. Charles H. Huntley, of Company B. was made Sergeant Major; Allen T. Birchard, of Company I, became Quarter Master Sergeant, and Jason R. Millard, of Waterloo, Commissary Sergeant.¹

For a roster comprising the military history of each of the 1000 men more or less composing the Regiment, including recruits, the reader will consult

¹Note: In the organization of a Regiment there is an officer of much importance who bears neither Commission nor Warrant, yet who does much towards the comfort of the men and efficiency in the service, or by a selfish course gives results in other and less beneficial directions. This officer

the Appendix. and personal notes herein.

The body of this work will be devoted to the history of the Regiment as a military organization. Every member of the Regiment has a deep interest in the manner in which this shall be done, and especially in the success which should attend an honest effort to truthfully give, without fear or favor, the exact facts, in correction of the story so often wrongly told for purposes that will not bear investigation.

* * *

In the perusal of these pages the reader, whether an actor on the stage, a spectator of the drama, or a patient student of history, is requested to bear in mind the conflicting details in testimony which so often arise from the different points of view of the witnesses. Such differences do not indicate a disregard for truth, but only show the fallibility of memory, or how the sight may be warped by interest or prejudice. Time and patient investigation will finally reach the bottom of the mine, and truth will stand revealed. This book it is hoped will serve a purpose that will excuse, perhaps justify, its publication.

is the Sutler. Thomas B. Knapp, of Iowa Falls, filled this position. He had been tendered and had accepted the position of Major. Owing to the supposed claims of locality the Governor felt himself not able to carry out the program that had been arranged. This course greatly embarrassed Mr. Knapp. He determined to accompany the Regiment as an enlisted man if no more important duty could be assigned him, and was finally prevailed upon to act as regimental Sutler. It is due to him to say that he deserved and received the confidence and respect of every member of the regiment.

INTRODUCTION.

BY GOV. CARPENTER.

[These introductory remarks were furnished by Hon. C. C. Carpenter at the special request of the Historian. Their appearance in this volume needs no apology or explanation. Himself a pioneer among the men of this Regiment, a volunteer in the service, no man better understands the facts of which he writes.]

The fall of 1862 was the darkest period of the Civil War. The campaign of McClellan on the Virginia Peninsula, in front of Richmond, had resulted in several drawn battles, and in the final withdrawal of the army of the Potomac to the vicinity of Washington, from an almost besieged situation at Harrison's landing. The army under Grant, in the Mississippi Valley, whilst holding its own, had been employed in comparatively fruitless skirmishes, and had fought two severe battles—at Corinth and Iuka—to hold the territory which had been acquired by the brilliant campaign against Fort Donelson, and on the bloody field at Shiloh. The Army of the Cumberland, under Buell, had engaged in a foot race with the rebel Army under Bragg—each marching on parallel roads—the rebels intent on reaching the Ohio River and assailing Buells' communications by capturing Louisville and his Depots of supply; whilst the Union Army was putting forth its best efforts

solely to foil this attempt of its adversary. The fall elections in the north, as interpreted by those not in sympathy with the war measures of the government, had been a vote of want of confidence in the policy of the Administration. In the face of all these discouragements the President called for additional forces.

The meager knowledge of what was meant when the first regiments took the field was no longer an element to be counted upon in securing enlistments. The first flush of excitement after the fall of Sumter had been succeeded by the sober second thought. The long lists of killed and wounded; the pathetic reports from the hospitals; the accounts of suffering on the march and in the storms of the natural elements, and the fiercer storms of the battle, had chilled the hot blood of the earlier months of the war. The men who made up the new Regiments were not ignorant of the reception which awaited them at the front. Among these regiments was the Thirty Second Iowa Infantry.

It is doubtless true that the men who composed this Regiment had occasion to feel the seriousness of the chances of war in equal measure to those of any Regiment which entered the service from Iowa. They were mostly men of mature years and ripe judgment. Many of them were the heads of young families. A large proportion of them were men who had left the states farther east and sought a home on the frontier in accordance with a cherished idea of securing an independence. The war found them upon the threshold of their new enterprises; with a newly purchased farm, or a newly established business.

upon which perhaps were encumbrances involving their interest and their honor. Their enlistment also involved leaving families and friends in a new country with half completed homes and meager improvements. And yet, rising above all these considerations, which bound them to their homes, the young husband left his young wife, sons left their parents, brothers left sisters, and lovers left their loved ones, to go out and take the chances and endure the hardships of the soldier. There were localities within the territory from which the Thirty Second Regiment was raised where hardly an able bodied man remained at home. The women and children toiled in the field, husked the corn, cared for the stock and plowed the soil, until the men who survived the vicissitudes of the camp and battle-field returned to the fireside which had been kept aglow by a devoted wife, mother, or sister. The man who enlisted under the circumstances existing when the Thirty Second Infantry was called into the field carried a thinking bayonet. They left homes of intelligence stimulated solely by a moral purpose. The Bible lay on the center-table, books, magazines, and newspapers, well handled and well read, indicated the character and principles of these households. It was not a spirit of adventure that influenced the young men in these homes to bear the realities of the camp and the battle. It was a sense of duty and patriotic attachment to principle. It was with such men, and from such homes the ranks of the Thirty Second Iowa Infantry were filled.

The writer had a conversation with a young soldier, late in October 1862, who in his boyhood had

been one of his pupils in a country school. Although he was not a Thirty Second Iowa man, yet he was typical of the soldiers, of that Regiment. It was a few days after the battle of Cornith when we met for the first time in many years. The meeting and the greeting can better be imagined than told. Then for some hours there was a running fire of conversation. "Are you married?" the writer inquired. "Yes, have been married five years and have two children." "It must have been a pretty severe trial for you to leave home and become a soldier." "Trial," said he, "is no name for it; it was the next thing to death itself." Then he went on to say: "When the war began I said to my wife, 'I believe I ought to enlist. Some people say that we who voted for Lincoln are responsible for the war, and if that is true I ought to accept my share of the responsibility.' But she replied; 'You have a wife and two helpless children to care for, and very little to leave them if you should not return. It is not necessary for you to go when there are so many others, not encumbered as you are, who are ready to go.' I argued with her that if anything should befall me the government would take of care her; but she was incorrigible, and I dropped the subject. Months passed. The battle of Bull Run had been fought; other battles had taken place, and it was evident that the war was not to be a holiday. The call for re-enforcements was not responded to with the original alacrity. New Regiments were hard to raise. Finally I broached the subject again. I found she had been thinking about it, and she said, the tears filling her eyes and her accent thick with emotion: 'Well this is evidently going

to be a long war; and I have made up my mind that the women as well as the men must make great sacrifices; and as you are young and strong and healthy I don't know but it is your duty to enlist.' That settled the question and here I am."

I have told this story to illustrate the mental evolution which antedated the enlistment of thousands and thousands of soldiers when struggling with the question of their personal duty. This was an ideal soldier, from an ideal American home, fighting for an ideal country. Who will question that this story does not repeat the history, antecedent to entering the service, of a large majority of the members of the Thirty Second Iowa Infantry? If the conversation was not with wife, it was with father and mother, or with sister or with loved one. In how many of these frontier and half finished homes, where there were two sons with old and helpless parents, the question was settled that at least one of them should go into the service; and then with patriotic unselfishness the subject was canvassed as to which son was best equipped in health, endurance and character to meet the vicissitudes of the camp, the march and the battle.

The writer well remembers reading in a newspaper which reached him in the south, at the time the question of raising the Thirty Second Iowa Infantry, was being agitated, the synopsis of an address by Col. Scott, urging enlistments. This newspaper was the *Hamilton Freeman*, where Editor, Charles Aldrich, subsequently, locked up his printing office and went into the Regiment as its adjutant. Col. Scott had seen service, not only in the Mexican war

but in the Third Iowa Infantry, and knew that war was a serious business. But he in no manner attempted to soften its terrors. He did not promise the men who should enlist immunity from danger, or from hardship, or from deprivation. He did not hold out to them a prospect of fame. He did not minify the sacrifices of leaving home. The only promises which he made them were, that they would have long marches; that they would swelter beneath southern suns; that they would sometimes have scant food; that they would often thirst for a draught of cold water; that they would be called to stand on picket; and to lie in trenches confronting the enemy; and that the only thing of which they would never lack a full supply would be hard and dangerous service. But notwithstanding all this the Regiment was filled because he appealed to men who were ready to go where duty called.

The writer knew many of the soldiers who constituted the rank and file of this splendid Regiment; and he will be excused for briefly recalling some of the characteristics of a few, who are among the fallen, and whose names are an inspiring memory to their comrades who still survive.

It is doubtful if there was in the service a more lion hearted man than Major Johnathan Hutchison. It is tradition at his old home, that when the patriotic citizens assembled to consider the subject of raising a company for this Regiment in Fort Dodge and vicinity, his speech when called out was the most effective that was made; briefly and simply he said: "Uncle Sam has got a big job on hand and I am going to help him through with it." The men who en-

listed at Fort Dodge and vicinity were worthy followers of their Captain. The story is told of Alexander Doud, that when at New Madrid, whilst he was executing an order of the Brigade commander (not one of the Thirty Second Iowa Infantry) to spike the cannon and throw them into the Mississippi river to prevent them from falling into the hands of Marmaduke, who was approaching with a superior force, he believing that the detachment at New Madrid could defend their position, declared, as he was driving home a spike: "That this thing would be thrown up to the young Douds at Dayton a hundred years from that time."

One of the truest men the writer ever knew as a citizen and a professional man, was Dr. Stephen B. Olney, the surgeon of the Regiment. What he was in the military service is sufficiently attested by the tenderness with which his name is mentioned by every surviving soldier of the Regiment.

One among the noble men who fell at Pleasant Hill was Captain Amos B. Miller. He was a gentleman in every fiber of his nature; and a man of the most generous and patriotic impulses. He became a soldier because he believed it was a duty he owed to his country. The spirit of self-sacrifice which prompted him to enter the service, notwithstanding his contemplative habit of mind, his love of books and of civil employment, led him to meet all the requirements of the service with resolute will and unflinching fidelity, crowning all in death on the field of battle.

Lieutenant and Adjutant Huntley, a young man with bright promise of usefulness and distinction.

who entered the service by the side of Captain Miller, died upon the same battle-field. These were types of the entire Regiment and have been mentioned here because they were known to the writer and illustrate the character of the men who constituted the Thirty Second Iowa Infantry. The publication of a history of the Thirty Second Iowa Infantry is a most praiseworthy enterprise of its surviving comrades. Those who have a personal interest in this history will be able to verify its accuracy and impartiality. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the committee appointed to supervise this publication have a difficult task to perform. Much of the matter aside from the official records, which will make up this history, must be secured from the memory of living witnesses thirty years after the events which they are expected to recall have transpired. At all the re-unions of the surviving soldiers of the rebellion, since Appomattox, Regiments, and other initial organizations, have been encouraged to compile their histories and live over again in the printed page the events of their service. The future historian of the Great Rebellion, who goes outside of the cold, and often meager, official records, will find his richest veins of truth in the hitherto unworked mines of Regimental history. What member of the Thirty Second Iowa Infantry is willing that the future history of their struggle in the battle of Pleasant Hill shall rest solely upon the meager reports of Brigade and Division Commanders who were neither with them, nor near them in that supremest hour of their heroic courage and self-renunciation? The history of this noble Regiment will not only be read with interest

by its survivors; nor alone by the historian delving for facts with which to enrich his pages; nor by the descendants of the men who constituted the Regiment; but it will be read by all the citizens throughout this section of the state which was honored in making such a contribution as the Thirty Second Iowa Infantry to the cause of Free Government.

32nd Regiment Iowa Volunteers.

CHAPTER I.

CAMP FRANKLIN.

For convenience in organizing the Iowa Regiments several camps had been established, the accommodations consisting of temporary barracks, built of common lumber, having tiers of bunks, or boxes in which men could arrange their blankets and straw for sleeping, but with few comforts and no conveniences for a life in camp. They were at best only possible habitations for pleasant weather. One of these camps was situated on the west bank of the Mississippi River, above Dubuque, on the open commons and out-lots near the city, and was named Camp Franklin. The Governor ordered the various companies of the Thirty Second Regiment to this camp, where, with those of the Twenty Seventh and Thirty Eighth Regiments they remained for several weeks awaiting regular muster into the service of the United States.

The camp was under the control of the State authorities, and the supplies were furnished by the State; to be charged up to the Government. The business was conducted fairly well. Subsistence supplies were of good quality and abundant in quantity. The Field, Staff, and Line officers were charged with their several duties, and under the supervision of Major Broadtbeck as drill-master the companies and regiments soon assumed the military air, and the men began to put off the civilian and settle down to the school of the soldier.

During this period of waiting and preparation a malignant type of measles appeared. The Fall rains and early snows came on. These found their way through the open barracks, and several deaths from the epidemic occurred. Exposure also caused permanent injury to the health of some who survived the attack of measles, but who in consequence were discharged from the service. Thus even in the camp for muster the casualties of army life were not unknown.

One of the pleasant incidents at Camp Franklin was the presentation of a flag by the patriotic Ladies of Waterloo. This beautiful banner, the work of their fair hands, became the flag of the Regiment, and was borne aloft in storm of shot and shell, as the brave boys promised, stained with their blood but never with dishonor.

The tedium of this camp was relieved by not infrequent visits of friends and relatives, who "dropped in to see how the boys were getting along." The occasional presence of wives, mothers, daughters, and sweethearts, brought joy to some, envy to

others, and pleasure to many. The daily duties were but as play to the strong men and frisky boys who there took their first and easy lessons in the life of the soldier. But the short weeks thus spent served a valuable purpose in enabling officers and men to become acquainted, to estimate themselves and each other by comparison, and to form attachments and dislikes that can never be effaced or forgotten. Life in camp, even in a Camp of Instruction, dispels many illusions. Those who have been neighbors for years, and who think themselves acquainted with each other, may well go together on an outing for the purpose of proving or disproving the value of all former estimates. There is nothing so valuable for such a purpose. The gold and the glitter, the pinch-beck and the dross, here are so clearly discerned as never before.

CHAPTER II.

OFF FOR DIXIE.

Although the Regiment was formally mustered into the service on the sixth day of October, 1862, it was not till the middle of November that Camp Franklin was vacated. Sunday, the 16th, cold, raining, a gloomy day, the transfer to the steamers Jim Means and Bill Henderson was made. By reason of the low stage of water in the Mississippi River it became necessary to decrease the draught of the boats by transferring a large number of men and much of

the stores to barges in tow. Officers and men accepted with cheerfulness a situation that could not be declined, and among boxes bales and barrels, with the sky for a covering, five days and chilly nights passed before the camp at Benton Barracks, near St. Louis, was reached, on the morning of November 22nd.

Maj. Gen. S. R. Curtis was in command of the Department of Missouri, comprising a large territory west of the Mississippi, with head-quarters at St. Louis. It was a compliment that was hardly appreciated, and certainly not relished by the rank and file, when Gen. Curtis selected the Thirty Second Iowa to occupy the south eastern portion of Missouri, six companies to be stationed at New Madrid, and four at Cape Girardeau. Major Eberhart, with A, D, F, and G, took charge of the latter Post, while Colonel Scott with the other six companies established regimental Head Quarters at New Madrid. This arrangement was understood at the time as being for only a short period, but was destined to last until March, 1864. It was an experience that tested the loyalty of its members to the regimental unit of organization; and it is a matter of just pride that the men of both, as well as all subsequent detachments, endured the test, and came out with a fealty to their divided as well as their united services for the country that is well worthy of mention. All members of the Thirty Second Iowa Volunteers regard the record made by each individual member, as a part of one common heritage in which each has a property right, and of which each is disposed to claim a share.

This disposition of the Regiment was of impor-

tance to the service, in guarding a line across which contraband traffic was liable to be carried on. On the west and to the south-west of this line the people were intensely disloyal and vindictive. The region was populated in the main by a class of "poor whites," emigrants from the states south of the Ohio River, and their descendants, who had sought land and climate not for their intrinsic value, but for cheapness. Among them was much ignorance and equally great prejudice and criminality. It was the natural spawning ground of the guerilla, the bush-whackers, the assassin, whose amusements (not crimes) were murder and illicit traffic.

On the other side of this line were the rebel sympathizers of that part of Illinois known as "Egypt," where many a loyal soldier and citizen was ambushed, among whose inhabitants a traitor found aid and comfort for the asking.

Sagacity, vigilance, integrity, were the important qualifications for the duties in such a situation. And while many of our restless and ambitious men chafed under the restraint and comparative inactivity of this species of soldier life, and pined for the arduous march, the laborious and dangerous scout, the storming of breastworks, the bayonet charge on belching batteries, the hand to hand conflict in deadly battle, worried over the dread that they would never see even one great meeting of the armies, it is safe to say that often thereafter these men would have gladly returned to these routine duties, and left the chance to others to earn the fame that belongs to more active forms of war. Later experiences were

more exciting than these, but possibly, on the whole, not more satisfactory.

NOTE. The reason for the division of the Regiment, and the temper of General Curtis over the subsequent evacuation of New Madrid, when ordered by General Davies, may be best understood by referring to a letter of General Curtis to General Halleck. From that letter it appears that New Madrid had already been a bone of contention between the Commanders of the Departments on opposite sides of the River. Therefore, when Gen. Davies assumed to *again* take troops from New Madrid, without his permission, as Gen. Curtis alleged, and with Curtis' permission, as General Davies alleged, the indignant Curtis was ready to vent his anger on the Thirty Second Iowa, or Colonel Scott, or any other innocent party. These facts should be borne in mind when the reader reaches the story of the evacuation of New Madrid for the purpose of reinforcing Ft. Pillow, in another Department, which must be told in the story of the six companies.

The following Official Orders explain themselves:

Head Quarters St. Louis District of Mo.
Saint Louis Nov. 23, 1862.

Special Order)
No. 6.)

Col. Scott, 32nd Iowa Vol. Infantry, will send in charge of a field Officer of the regiment four (4) companies of his command to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, where they will take station and remain until further orders.

Col. Scott with the other six (6) companies will proceed to New Madrid, Missouri, where he will establish his Regimental Head Quarters and take station, and remain until further orders.

The Quarter Masters department will furnish the necessary transportation both for conveying the baggage and equipage from Benton Barracks and the Regiment to its destination.

By order of Brigadier General E. A. Carr.
James A. Greason,
Actg. Assistant Adjutant General.

Headquarters 32nd Iowa Infantry,
Benton Barracks, Mo., Nov. 25, 1862.
Major G. A. Eberhart.
32nd Iowa Vol.

Sir: You will proceed immediately to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, with companies A. D. F. and G. of this regiment and take command of that Post until further orders.

By command of Col. John Scott.
Chas. Aldrich Adjutant.

Letter of Curtis to Halleck, in review of circumstances that called for this disposition of the Thirty Second Iowa.

Hd. Qrs. Dept. of Missouri,
St. Louis, Nov. 23, 1862.

Col. J. C. Kelton, A. A. G. etc.

On 25th of Oct. Gen. Grant telegraphed as follows:

"*Maj. Gen. Curtis*: New Madrid being out of my department, I would like to withdraw the detachments of troops I have there as soon as they can be relieved. Will you send troops to relieve them."

I replied same day.

"Dispatch rec'd.—Can't spare troops from New Madrid at present."

Gen. Grant same day says:

"The troops at New Madrid are detachments from other troops of my command. If they cannot remain subject to my orders I must remove them."

On the 21st Nov., before I had opportunity to relieve the troops, Brig. Gen. Davies telegraphed:

"In accordance with orders from Maj. Gen. Grant the troops from New Madrid are being re-

moved to Island No. 10. If you intend sending troops to New Madrid the guns will be left. If not, they shall be removed."

On the 22nd. I answered as follows:

"Troops and forts in my department are under my command; not Gen. Grant's."

On 22nd, in reply Gen. Davies telegraphs:

"The troops belonging to this command which were at New Madrid have been ordered away. Notice was given you, that you might replace them if you so thought necessary, and no answer was received until this morning. Gen. Grant did not think it safe to leave the guns there without anybody to guard them, so ordered a boat to take them to Island No. 10."

I have stopped the Thirty Second Iowa to go and supply this vacuum, and briefly report the facts to Head Quarters, with a request that at least Gen. Grant should be ordered to return the guns. Please report to Gen. Grant.

Sam'l. R. Curtis.
Major General.

CHAPTER III.

AT CAPE GIRARDEAU.

The story of the four companies, A, D, F and G, under Major Eberhart, may be best told in the language of Sergeant J. M. Boyd, of F, from whose diary and narrative the facts are gleaned. Members of the Regiment will not complain of space devoted to comparatively unimportant details, and personal mention. These may not properly be styled "History," but the life of the soldier, in camp and field, is always of interest to his comrades, and to the families

of those who were participants in the same campaigns.

Sergeant Boyd says:

Sunday, the 23rd, the four Co's. got marching orders, went back again Tuesday the 25th, got orders again, went to the Levee, but only Co. A could be crowded on the boat. The other three companies tramped about and waited until night and then went on board another boat; lay all night among the coal piles on the boiler deck, and next morning were ordered back to Camp Benton. On the morning of the 27th marching orders came again; got into line, marched part way to Levee, then halted, marched part way back, then marched and countermarched until finally we reached the levee after dark and were stored away on the boiler deck. The steam was up, the boat shot out into the river and we were soon enjoying a good sleep among the coal piles, boxes and other goods and chattels of Uncle Sam, notwithstanding the stamping and kicking of the mules and horses which were closely jammed into intervening spaces.

Four o'clock P. M. of the 28th found the four companies at Cape Girardeau, marching to Camp Scott in a snow storm; scraped away the snow, pitched Fremont tents and soon turned in for the night. Sleep had not closed our eyes ere the cry rang through the camp, "Up! up! boys! here they come! here they are!" Soon the boys were out and looking to the west, the sky was ablaze with the fire of musketry. Every man seized his musket but not a man had a cartridge. Lieut. Campbell seized an old ax, broke open a cartridge box and distributed the cartridges. Guns were soon loaded and all in line for a fight, but no enemy appeared. All was again quiet on the picket line, and we lay down in our tents; but just as sleep was closing our eyes the cry came again, "Up! boys! here they are! no mistake this time!" Out sprang every man, gun in hand, into line. Surely our first fight was upon us, tho't we as we looked at the blaze of musketry along the picket line. After standing and shivering in line and around the camp

fires for several hours all again became quiet; and some one slanderously reported that it was only a little whiskey mixed with the powder on the picket line that caused the trouble. Occasionally, at least, too much whiskey got mixed with the powder during the war.

The stay at the Cape, doing garrison duty in the winters of 1862-3, was one of those irksome, monotonous times disliked by the soldier. About every third morning, a man could expect to get ready for guard mounting, be marched down to be reviewed and inspected by the post adjutant, and after parley and standing in line, march out as guard to Fort C, A, or B, or to picket the Benton, Bloomfield or Jackson road. The night might be dark, a misty rain and a dense fog on the Mississippi river, which will make the blackness of darkness, if anything in this world can, or it may be in a drenching storm of rain, snow and sleet, or the night may be piercing cold, but the sentinel must stand at his post; or, if on a fort, must quickly walk his beat on the breast work, keep his ears well open to give the alarm at the first approach of a wily foe; but the first alarm the cautious sentinel may receive may be the crack of a gun of a stealthy fire that brings to him death. This, together with occasional batalion drills, inspections and dress parades made up the work for the winter of 1862 and '63.

Nothing broke the monotony except an occasional false alarm, and some raids into the country. One was under the command of Captain Rozelle in which the noted Archie Price, a relative of old Pap Price, was captured. One was a trip down the river, on a boat, under Lieutenant Campbell, in which the boys had some romantic experiences with the treachery of the boat's crew. The boat was bound for Memphis. Five paymasters were on board armed with the necessary "greenbacks" to pay the troops below. Lieut. Campbell was ordered, with a squad from our regiment, to report to the boat to protect and guard the five P. M's. and their little iron safes, containing millions of the precious paper. But he soon discovered that the captain of the boat had an anxious care for some other goods marked "private," some

"dry goods," Kinne-Keenec tobacco, &c. The boat reached Island No. 10 in safety, delivered the mail to our troops there with dispatch, and then hastily drew in her cables and was swinging out into the channel, when the commander of the post ordered her again to "heave to and land." To this the captain objected, but just then a solid shot from one of the heavy guns of one of the forts, sweeping over her bow, said, "*you must!*" and she did.

A search disclosed the facts that the boxes marked "Tobacco" contained quinine and other medicines, and the others contained clothing and arms, and that the boat's crew was in a conspiracy to run the boat into a point on the Arkansas shore, then in the possession of a Guerrilla Band, and deliver all over to the enemy. A new captain and crew were placed in charge of the boat, and she was again sent on the way, while the old captain and crew were placed in durance vile. Treachery on the part of steamboat crews about this time was not infrequent. A few days after, the steamer White Cloud was made to haul to, and search discovered a large amount of rebel mail and over \$18,000 in gold, ready to be turned over to the enemy at the first convenient point.

During the holidays and the early part of January, scouts reported that the enemy was preparing to take the Cape. Bill Jeffries, a noted Methodist preacher in Southeast Missouri before the war, then a noted Guerrilla leader, and said to be familiar with every cow path in that part of the state, was patrolling the country, marshaling forces. And that "Swamp Fox," Jeff Thompson,—it was said had a force of 7,000 men collecting in and around Bloomfield and "Nigger Wool Swamp." (Nigger Wool Swamp is a vast slough of sunken lands extending from the river about New Madrid, back some thirty miles. In places it is at times navigable for large class steamboats. The banks and places through the swamps are covered with heavy timber. See Gen Pope's report of his campaign against New Madrid,) for the purpose of making a dash on the Cape. It was then guarded by our detachment, some home militia and a company of artillery then in a state of

mutiny which made some of our assistance an uncertain quantity at best, and caused a doubling up of our guard and picket duty; and from the fact that we then had no cavalry with us for general scout or picket work, the enemy could come within two miles of town without being perceived. It required us to be always on the alert, and ever ready to resist an attempted surprise. At times there were not men enough for a camp guard—so much picket work and the want of rest and sleep began to tell on the health of the men.

CHAPTER IV.

The winter passed off quietly, and not unpleasantly, the duties of the camp being rather monotonous. Daily drill, camp guard, rations and an appetite, were the lot of the Four Companies until, as told by Sergeant Boyd:—

The 14th of March brought marching orders for Bloomfield, the county seat of Stoddard county, Mo., and the boys rejoiced at the prospect of release from Garrison duty. Arriving at Bloomfield, on the 16th, the detachment was camped east of town near Henry Miller's big spring; Miller's big log house becoming headquarters and boarding house for our officers. Here for the soldier was another term of guard duty, picketing the roads and guarding the old log jail, generally well filled with rebel prisoners. These prisoners presented a medley of humanity. One of them was a Baptist minister, from Alabama, with the rank of 1st. Lieutenant in the Rebel army; an educated and accomplished gentleman. Another was a Methodist preacher from Kentucky. Another claimed to be a native of French Guiana, South America. He no doubt had been an adventurous fellow, had seen much of the world, and could tell many thrilling

stories of his adventures and hairbreadth escapes, by sea and by land. Many an hour was spent in social chat by the guards and some of the prisoners, sitting on the ground along the guard line.

One day a cavalry officer brought in a squad of prisoners, and, turning them over to the Sergeant of the guard, said, "There is a hard one. Look out for him," pointing to a man that some of the other prisoners called Judge Taylor. He was a stout, well built man, all muscle and nerve, and no doubt a man of great physical endurance. His countenance and skin looked as though he had been thoroughly steeped in filth and tobacco juice. His clothes, a butter-nut suit, were dirty and filthy. His physiognomy would indicate much low cunning and native shrewdness, mixed with a disposition of cruelty. He was a specimen leader among the swamp angel bushwhackers who infested the swamps and sunken lands of southeast Missouri. He bore the titles of Judge, Provost Marshal and recruiting officer. Just after he was passed into the guard lines, his wife approached the line with a change of clothing. The Sergeant of the guard was required to carefully examine the clothing and pass his thumb and finger over every seam to see that they contained nothing contraband. This was easily done with the clothes brought by the woman, for if they were not clean, if the dirt was *boiled in*, the graybacks were boiled dead. But when the Sergeant was compelled to stand over the old Judge while he changed suits and examine the cast off clothes before turning them over to the woman, then came the tug of war. To hold his nose as far away as possible from the stench and to hold the clothes away so that the graybacks might not fall on himself were the two main points; but every seam was carefully examined despite the falling graybacks, while officers and soldiers standing by enjoyed the sport at the Sergeant's expense.

One of the most notorious of these bushwhackers was a desperado known as Jack Cato, who boasted that he had made at least (80) eighty Union men bite the dust. Some forty rods down the hill, east of the old jail, was a piece of timber land, and at the point

of the timber was a tree, a large limb or branch spreading over the ploughed ground, on the upper side of which the bark was worn off, and Jack boasted that it was done by the rope, hanging Union men thereon. Three Union men were caught and made to dig three graves under that tree. The first was hung and thrown into the first grave, the second one hung and put into the second grave, the third was hung up and then let down and ordered to go and report to the Yanks, and his grave left open. Just as the first ray of light could be seen in the east on a beautiful April morning Jack was taken from jail, marched down to that grave where a rough coffin was placed, required to about face and kneel upon the coffin when the unerring bullet from the gun of one of the guards, selected for the purpose, sped to his heart. He fell upon his coffin with a terrible oath on his lips and soon filled a felon's grave. On the night before the execution of the wretched man, some of the boys were on guard at the jail, and when they informed him of his fate, he swore that he did not care; he had had his satisfaction in killing Union men; at least eighty "Yanks" had died from the shot of his rifle, when they didn't know he had the drop on them." Chaplain Wood called to see him, but was only met by defiant sneers and curses.

On the 19th of April we moved camp to the northwest part of town. We then supposed that we were to remain at Bloomfield all summer; went to work, carried old rails, timbers and boards and made comfortable summer quarters. The night of the 20th, worked late to get them nicely fixed. It was eleven o'clock at night before we were ready to lie down on our newly made bunks. But just then we heard the picket, on the Greenville road, call out, "*Halt! Who comes there?*" The rapidly approaching horseman reined up his horse, and, after a parley with the guards, was taken in charge and conducted to Major Eberhart's quarters. As he passed through camp he said, "Boys you have marching orders for Dallas at four o'clock." Soon the order rang through camp. "*Up, boys! every man! and draw three days rations; have them cooked and in your haversacks; forty rounds of*

cartridges in your cartridge box and be ready to march at four o'clock."

CHAPTER V.

A LIVELY FOOTTRACE. FINDING A SOFT SPOT IN THE LIFE OF THE SOLDIER.

By the first peep of day the detachment was in line, moving by the Cape Girardeau road. We met the train and mail some 20 miles from Bloomfield. They halted, delivered us our mail and then turned back for the Cape. The detachment continued the march on the Cape Girardeau road, camping the first night on the ground on which we camped when first going to Bloomfield. On the second day we turned for Dallas and were soon meandering among the swamps and sunken lands. Striking the head of Nigger Wool Swamp, at first the mud and slush came over shoe top, but soon we were in to our knees and even waist deep in the filthy water and slush. Sometimes an old log would come in our line along which you could see the boys crawl turtle like, but at the end of the log down again the boys must go, wading and plunging as we would sing out, *No bottom! No bottom!* These sunken lands and swamps are said to be the result of the earthquake of 1812, when the town of New Madrid was sunk and destroyed, and they run through some four or five counties of South East Missouri, and the country being heavily timbered the swamps made grand hiding places for Guerilla Bands, hence the name "Swamp Angels." After getting through the swamp we came to a nice farm belonging to an old rebel named Snider. But where were our teams? Back in the swamps. Six mule teams down in the mud and slush to their backs. The boys declared that they could see Tom Payne's lead mules wallowing through the mire and just see the tips of their ears above the water. Our detachment

train came through but General McNeill's team and troops were swamp bound. But the General riding into Snider's yard, presented his revolver at old man Snider's head and then turning to his wagon master said, "take that man with you and if he don't bring the train through by a better road, shoot him down and leave him on his tracks." They came through by a better road. In the mean time we were resting at Snider's house and enjoying our dinner on Snider's honey and hard tack. But our officers appeared to have no sweet tooth in their heads, or they were afraid of old Snider's honey.

The evening of the 22nd we were at Dallas, having made some 60 miles by our meandering route in two days. The latter part of the last day's march was over a rough hilly country. Here we had marching orders for the Cape at four o'clock next morning, and by four we were in line, but as we were rear guard the sun was ascending the Heavens before we were fairly in motion. Then we had orders to move with all possible speed and be ready for an attack at any moment from the rear or either flank. Squads of men could be seen hovering upon our rear and flanks. The road was hilly and in places rough and stony, yet the distance to Jackson, 22 miles, was made in a little less than six hours. The afternoon of the day we left Bloomfield, it was occupied by rebel troops concentrating there from Pine Bluffs, Des Arc, and other points in Arkansas. Marmaduke and Shelby had gone west of us, striking through the west part of Wayne county, taking the little town of Patterson and making a dash thence into Fredricktown, while Carter had concentrated his force, a brigade of Texas cavalry on the Mississippi river, below Cape Girardeau. Marmaduke's scouts claimed to have captured dispatches showing that General McNeill was ordered to move to Pilot Knob, and hence when we reached Dallas (then the county seat of Bollinger county, and now Marble Hill) Marmaduke and Shelby were between us and our destined point if that was our intended move on the warring chess board. And when we marched for the Cape, the force of Marmaduke and Shelby were moving in

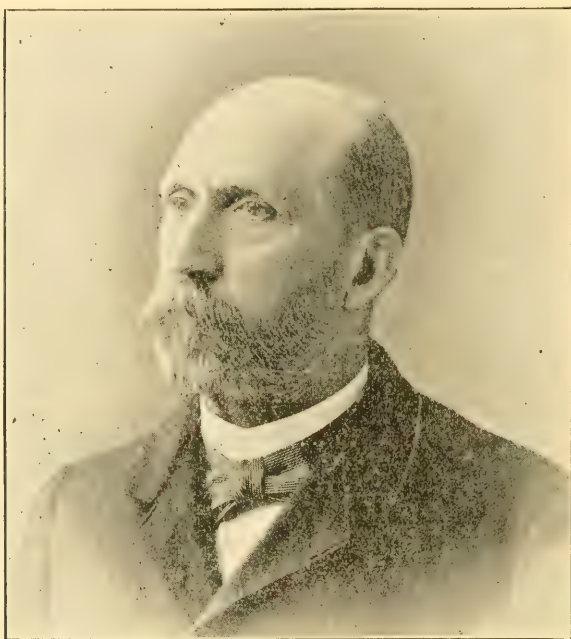
behind us, while Burbridge and Colton Green were moving for the Cape by the Bloomfield road, aiming to combine with Carter and unite all their forces to take the Cape, which, before our reaching it was garrisoned only by the 1st Nebraska and some artillery. Upon reaching Jackson, we rested until the afternoon of the 24th and then marched leisurely into Cape Girardeau. About ten o'clock, Saturday night, under a flag of truce, a demand for an unconditional surrender of the place with all its forts, troops, arms and army stores in thirty minutes, was sent to Gen. McNeill. The demand purported to be signed by Gen. Sterling Price. (Price was then at Pidgeon Hill, Arkansas.) Gen. McNeill replied, that he would only ask one minute to refuse the demand, and begged Gen. Price to give him credit for the other twenty-nine minutes.

CHAPTER VI.

A good story is none the worse for being told by other witnesses, if they see the facts from different stand-points. Sergeant Boyd gives the view as presented to him; that of an enlisted man, with subordinate duties; and it must be agreed that he has well told the tale as his notes and memory served him. Major Eberhart being in command of the Detachment was better informed, from necessity, of *the reasons* for the various movements. He was accompanied by Assistant Surgeon Wasson, the only member of the Regimental Staff that could be spared, and had almost sole authority in the Detachment.

In a letter of recent date Major Eberhart gives some of the details of the movements of the Four Companies, comprising the removal from Benton

Barracks to Cape Girardeau, and the occupation of that Post. At the risk of some repetition the compiler deems it proper to insert both versions, believing that those who were the actors will be equally interested in each of them.



COL. G. A. EBERHART.

Major Eberhart says:

At 12 M. of Nov. 25, 1862, I marched Companies A, D, F and G, from Benton Barracks expecting to embark on steamer "*Arago*" for Cape Girardeau. Arriving at the landing we found the steamer could carry but one company in addition to her cargo and passengers. Company A., Capt. Cutler in command,

was placed on board, and the steamer "*Isabella*" was assigned to transport the other companies to our destination. The Companies D, F, and G, were placed on board. Next morning learning that the steamer would not leave St. Louis until the evening of the 27th, the detachment marched back to Benton Barracks to comfortable quarters. Afternoon of the 27th we again marched to the steamer, embarked, and at 6 p. m. moved out from the landing and started for Cape Girardeau, where we arrived at 5 p. m. next day.

Before arrival of detachment the garrison at Cape Girardeau was Capt. Meisner's Company D, 2d, Mo. Artillery, 150 men and officers. This company had been very thoroughly drilled during nearly a year's service on garrison duty; and were quite expert in the "*manual*" with their muskets.

The manner in which our "awkward squads" handled our old Prussian Muskets amused the "dutchmen" and they did not conceal the fact. The men began to interest themselves in the manual of arms and made the work of the officers comparatively easy, so that in three months our men had a poor opinion of the slow motions of the dutchmen. In six months after landing at Cape Girardeau the four companies were well drilled in "*manual*," "Keltons Bayonet exercise," marching in line and all evolutions of company and battalion in the skirmish drill to bugle signals, and were not excelled by any Regiment of Volunteers we met in the service.

As ordered I assumed command of the Post on December 1st, and placed Lieut. Chas. A. Bannon of Co. G. on duty as Provost Marshal,

After the weather became cold we took possession of some buildings on Main street, and obtaining lumber from an old mill above town, fitted up comfortable bunks.

During the winter months, the rebels Col. M. Jeff Thompson and Col. Jeffers, with several hundred partly armed troops crossed the St. Francis River into Missouri, occupied Bloomfield and the roads leading to New Madrid and Cape Girardeau, threatening both points, but in no condition to attack

either.

On January 27, 1863, about 250 Missouri Militia made a dash into Bloomfield and captured a large number of these men.

Gen. Marmaduke after returning to Batesville, Arkansas, from his raid to Springfield, Mo., about the last of January wrote to Lieut. Gen. Holmes in command at Little Rock proposing a raid into South East Missouri. Answering on February 16, Lieut. Gen. Holmes says;

"Your plan is a bold one, but I think you are mistaken about the Missouri people. They are thoroughly cowed, and require an overwhelming force to assist if they raise their hands against their oppressors. * * Advise me where Blount's, Schofield's, and other Federal forces are."

Again on February 27th, Holmes writing to Marmaduke;

"Thinks if you go without large force of infantry and must abandon Missouri, the friends will be left to a merciless foe who would not hesitate to destroy every man, woman or child that showed you sympathy." * * "You over-estimate their zeal, under-estimate the effect of the iron and diabolical rule of the enemy over there." They will refuse to lift a hand unless sure of protection, *vide* Maryland, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

The official returns made March 1st 1863 by confederate commanders, place Marmaduke's command present for duty, officers 203, men 2354, aggregate present 3200, present and absent 5163. Whole force in District of Arkansas for duty, officers 1509, men 19178, aggregate present 25313, present and absent 41305.

On March 10th Col. Hughes at New Madrid sends message to head quarters that scouts report Marmaduke about to invade Missouri and strike Bloomfield. Col. John McNeil with his Regiment of Mo. S. M. occupied Bloomfield about the 1st of March, his advance driving out a small force of the enemy. His scouting parties meeting considerable resistance in Arkansas and Missouri, South and West from Bloomfield, he called for reinforcements to be

sent to Bloomfield. On March 13th orders were received at Cape Girardeau directing 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, Col. La Grange, Detachment Thirty Second Iowa Infantry, Major Eberhart, and Wellfly's Battery, to march to Bloomfield and report to Col. McNeil. On March 14th the command marched from Cape Girardeau arriving at Bloomfield at 11:30 a. m. on 17th. On March 15th, while the reinforcements were marching to Bloomfield, Gen. McNeil sent the following dispatch to Head Quarters at Cape Girardeau:

"I have just returned from a scout against Thompson. I have driven him from the state and captured half of his ragamuffins. Marmaduke now threatens me, and from the way I am reinforced, I expect they intend he shall have me and my regiment.

"Major, for God's sake! hurry up the command sent to me. Do get Wellfly to march night and day. Until he gets here with his battery, I shall not feel right."

On March 21st McNeil reports to Davidson that Marmaduke's advance is seven miles from Poplar Bluff, Mo., and on the 23rd he says, "Marmaduke is not this side of Pocahontas, if he has left Batesville." Then again on the 24th he says, "Marmaduke is still at Batesville, and cannot move before the middle of April!"

While at Bloomfield the detachment had a comfortable place to camp. The time was passed in guard duty and drill, more attention being given to skirmish drill, using the bugle for signals. The guard duty was something more than at Cape Girardeau, and the men began to learn something of service.

April 2nd, to 8th, Col. Green was on the march toward Doniphan, Mo., and reported to Gen. Marmaduke, who was at Powhattan, Ark. April 14th Jo. Shelby crossed into Missouri, and says: "I hear McNeil is at Poplar Bluffs; if he is I will find him."

April 16th. Greene at Pitman's Ferry, Current River, Mo. On same day Gen. Davidson telegraphs McNeil: "Concentrate all your command at Bloom-

field except one company at Chalk Bluff and one at Poplar Bluff; be prepared to fall back by way of Dallas and Fredericktown so as to concentrate with the troops from Patterson and Pilot Knob."

McNeil had at Bloomfield, 2nd Missouri Cavalry, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, 8 Companies 4th Missouri Cavalry, 4 Companies 32nd Iowa Infantry, and 8 guns from Batteries, in all about 2700 men. He decided to fortify, and told Gen. Davidson April 20th, he would send him plans. The camp of detachment was for this reason moved to the location where works would be built.

But on April 20th Marmaduke was at Patterson, Missouri, 50 miles from Arkansas, captured the place, and on the 21st sent Carter's Texas brigade with Pratt's battery against McNeil at Bloomfield, and sent Jo. Shelby with his brigade to Fredericktown.

(Marmaduke's report states he had 5000 men and ten guns; 1200 men were unarmed and 900 dismounted.)

On the night of April 20th orders were given to march out on Cape Girardeau road at four a. m. next day. The command moved about 5 a. m. and camped at night 28 miles from Bloomfield. The next day the command marched to Dallas; part of the way through swamps, and two miles of the distance through running water. Dallas was reached in the afternoon. Next forenoon marched to Jackson, because McNeil discovered that the rebels were between his troops and Pilot Knob.

On the 24th the command moved to Cape Girardeau. Carter reports that he pursued us to within four miles of that place.

* * *

These separate accounts bring us again to Cape Girardeau, on the evening of April 24th, having been absent since the morning of March 14th. Marmaduke was close upon the heels of McNeil, and the following morning disposed his forces for the capture of the place. He seems to have been met by an effect-

ive disposition of McNeil's limited force, and was repulsed, with some loss. McNeil received some reinforcement from St. Louis during the engagement, and the incessant screaming of the whistles of the boats appears to have caused the enemy to greatly magnify the aid thus rendered. But for this and some other blunders of Marmaduke it was thought he might have captured Cape Girardeau, with important stores and material.

The detachment of 32nd Iowa did good service. Some of them who had been on the advanced picket line fell back to a ravine between the contending forces, where, with no opportunity of firing a gun the shot and shell passed both ways over their heads. It can certainly be said of these that they were "under fire." The rebel gunners were quite careless, and some missiles fell among our boys, but none were struck. The body of the detachment held an important position that was not assailed, and happily no Iowa blood was shed in this affair.

Marmaduke retreated on the Jackson road. Gen. Vandever was coming down from Pilot Knob, and attacked Marmaduke next morning. There was an open way by the Bloomfield road by which McNeil could have gained the Whitewater bridge in front of Marmaduke, and held him for Vandever. The men expected such a movement. It was not made, and Marmaduke got away. Such is war under incompetent commanders. Either force can be relied upon with much probability for a blunder that will neutralize the blunder of the opposing force. Afterwards, on paper, any of us can fight the battle to bring about another result. Had Marmaduke not blunder-

ed he would have captured Cape Girardeau. Had McNeil and Vandever acted in concert they would have captured Marmaduke!

At daylight next morning Vandever attacked Marmaduke. At 5 p. m. in a steady rain, the Detachment started for Bloomfield, marched five miles, and camped for the night. They were hardly settled until an order came from Vandever for them to return to the Cape. Before they could get started Col. John C. Black, of the 37th Illinois, (later the famous Pension Commissioner,) appeared, and ordered Eberhart to "move at once for Bloomfield!" A short parley; Company A went to the Cape; the other three companies started to Bloomfield. An all night march, much of it in the swamps, the men often sprawling in the black mud and water, and continuing till four p. m. next day, brought the Detachment into camp six miles from Bloomfield.

After a running fight for forty miles beyond Bloomfield the enemy crossed the swollen St. Francis River, and escaped from Vandever, who returned to Bloomfield. On this chase some of the infantry marched more than thirty miles without food. The casualties were few, but the effect of such marches is disastrous and lasting.

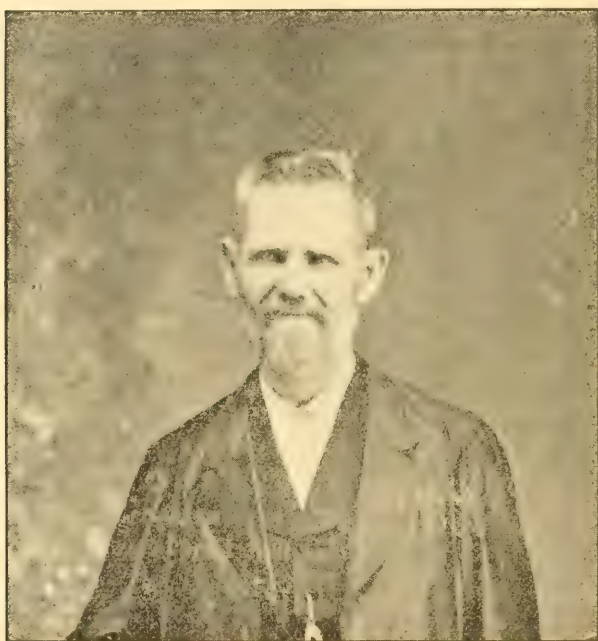
CHAPTER VII.

The Detachment having returned to Cape Girardeau remained until July, when the surrender of Vicksburg, battle of Helena, and the capture of Port Hudson, opening the Mississippi, suggested a campaign for the possession of Arkansas.

On this third march to Bloomfield, some members of the Detachment, acting without orders, remembering some of the outrages upon loyal citizens and captured soldiers at certain points on the road, burned some houses that had been a shelter for the offenders. This indiscretion gave great offence to Gen. Davidson, who was in command. It does not appear reasonable that a man entrusted with the command of patriotic Volunteers in such a war should vent his personal spleen upon an entire body of men because of the supposed faults of a few individuals. It is a fact, however, that men of a certain caliber, when in command of troops, regard every infraction of their orders, however foolish the order and unintentional the offense, as a direct insult to themselves, and to their shoulder-straps. They cannot persuade themselves to simply regard an act as an offense against the rules for the government of armies, and a proper subject for discipline under those rules. Such men resort to personal punishments, and in the case of individuals would order that the offender carry a rail *in front of the tent* of the brutal officer giving the order.

Whether or not by this means the Detachment incurred the hatred of the doughty officer in command, and became the victim of an unreasoning ven-

geance, may never be known. But it would be hard to persuade many of the men who suffered, and whose comrades died under the hardships of a long campaign in which a small body of infantry was compelled to follow a cavalry expedition, that the act was not one of brutality rather than idiocy! Of this campaign Sergeant Boyd says:



SERGT. J. M. BOYD.

At Bloomfield Gen. Davidson issued an order that we should be attached to the 3d brigade of his cavalry division. An extra pair of shoes was issued to each man, with an order that "he must carry them in his knapsack." The men must also carry their tents, 40 rounds of cartridges, three days rations, and

march to keep up with cavalry.

We left Bloomfield by the West Prairie and Chalk Bluff road, and although the day was hot, kept pace with the Reserve brigade of cavalry, Col. Caldwell commanding. By 2 o'clock p. m. next day had made forty miles, crossing the Saint Francis river at Chalk Bluff and continued the meandering march down that stream among the miasmatic marshes, under the heat of a scorching sun, where good water was unknown.

Reaching Wittsburg, the command halted, to have the sick sent to Helena, and to procure supplies. Here scouts reported that Price and Marmaduke were between us and Jacksonport preparing to give us battle. Preparations were made to receive them, fortifying the approaches to Wittsburg and the junction of the Jacksonport and Helena roads, and keeping out a strong picket force, and the reserves well in hand. No enemy appearing in force, the command started again and moved towards Helena, but when some twenty-five miles west of that place it halted and made a flank movement to the west, reaching Clarendon, on White river, on the 24th. The weather was exceedingly hot, and especially so when coming in contact with the trains and cavalry as they would pass and repass. Men marched in dense clouds of dust, and many, overcome with the heat and dust, gave out and fell by the wayside, and were unable to reach camp until far in the night. At Clarendon more sick men were left. Camp dysentery and malarial fevers now commenced to tell fearfully among the men.

August 10th Major Eberhart received orders to hold battalion in readiness, with five days rations, to go on gunboats up the river to capture boats of the enemy. On the 12th Captain DeTar, with A and D, boarded the gunboat Cricket, while F and G went upon the Marmora, with Major Eberhart. At Des Arc the Major went aboard the Lexington, with Capt. Bache, who commanded the flotilla. They proceeded carefully up the Little Red river, a tributary of the White river, a narrow, deep stream, and then bank full from recent rains. The three boats carried each six guns; two on the Lexington were

long range Parrot guns, and the others were 24 pound howitzers. At Des Arc, a corporal's guard was sent ashore, with a squad of men as pickets, and to see where the Johnnies went. Going to a house not far away, they found a man who knew nothing, as a matter of course, but he was taken in all the same, and put in charge of one of our scouts. An old darkey said: "Two small boats went up the river carrying supplies to Marmaduke's men. The white folks said, 'No, hadn't seen any boats for months,' but darkey says 'Dey up de ribber in de bend.'" Darkies didn't often lie to Union soldiers. Continuing up the river and turning a sharp bend near Searcy landing, hove in sight of a pontoon bridge, over which a portion of Marmaduke's troops had just crossed, leaving their pickets at the bridge, when lo! there lay two small transports, the Tom Suggs and Kaskaskia, and our captured man, who "knew nothing," was the pilot who ran them in there. One shot from our bow gun caused them to surrender, and our own men boarded them, throwing out skirmishers, driving away their pickets, capturing their dinner of corn-bread and roasting ears, and throwing a few shells as a salute into Shelby's camp just to let the "dashing Joe" know that we were in friendly nearness to him, (in fact, we were 'almost to the camp of Shelby's brigade,') burned the pontoon, and then turned down stream, Lieutenant Templin in command on the Kaskaskia in the lead. Before returning, cotton bales were taken on board and a line of bullet-proof breast-works built around the boats composing the little fleet. Shelby, taken by surprise at the bold, defiant bearing of the little squad, shelling the woods on either side, and throwing shot and shell so interestingly near his own camp, ordered Thompson's brigade of infantry, a company of light artillery, and a company of sharp shooters to pursue and capture them by cutting across one of the great bends of the very winding little stream. When near West Point under cover of heavy timber and thick underbrush, they opened a murderous fire, the aim appearing to be to kill the pilots, and thereby cripple the movement of the little fleet; but the

Cricket coming up, gave them a volley of grape and canister. Col. Gilky, commanding their advance regiment and splendidly mounted, fell mortally wounded within ten feet of the Cricket, and died within a few hours. Major Sankey of the same regiment was also wounded. At times the Kaskaskia, the stream being very narrow, the limbs on both sides would brush the boats and swing them against the bank, and the enemy was only prevented from boarding her at the point of the bayonet. Had it not been for the protection of the cotton bales as breast-works hardly a man could have escaped. The utmost coolness and bravery was throughout exhibited by both officers and men. George H. Fox, of Co. D, was mortally wounded and died that night, and five or six others were also wounded. The enemy's loss must have been very severe. One of their own reports admits that "they paid dearly for their temerity."

On the 30th we went down White river about ten miles below Clarendon, and landed under the cover of the gunboats about 9 o'clock at night, and drove the enemy before us, they making a hasty retreat.

On the 1st day of August the march was again resumed in the direction of Little Rock. On the 2d day of August that place bearing the euphonious name of Dead Man's Lake was reached. It was a sort of lake or pond or old river bed, filled with filthy water, covered with a thick coating of green scum, and innumerable insects, large and small, floating on the surface, and with plenty of dead fish in it. The day was hot, the country through which we marched, destitute of water, and men marched through clouds of dust, especially when coming in contact with trains and in passing and repassing the cavalry. The men's eyes, mouths, and nostrils were full of dust, and when we reached even the water of Dead Man's Lake, it was pre-empted by the cavalry, but a guard was placed over a portion of it. After it had been mixed by the horses feet, men crazed by thirst, drank what horses would not taste. The time spent in that part of Arkansas was one of suffering from heat and thirst. And the four Co's. of the Thirty Second

Iowa, not only marched to keep up with the cavalry, but did picket guard duty every night.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gen. Marmaduke, after the affair of the Little Red, formed a junction with General Walker, and they moved their united commands for Brownsville.

Gen. Davidson with his cavalry division and artillery (our four companies of infantry being the support to the artillery) also moved for Brownsville. Striking the open prairie of Prairie county, Ark., the entire command was thrown out in battle line, the four companies of the 32nd keeping pace as support to the artillery. Across the prairie, and at times in full sight, could be seen the enemy's infantry, cavalry and artillery, retreating before us. The whole presented a grand army scene. Just before reaching Brownsville, the enemy commenced a rather precipitate retreat, and moved somewhat rapidly for the skirt of pine timber to the left and beyond the village. Gen. Davidson then checked his advancing lines and ordered a halt. He suspected the decoy. The timber was planted with masked batteries, and men in ambush. Davidson preferred a flank movement to being caught in such a trap. It was probable on this day that the difficulty between Gen. Walker and Gen. Marmaduke commenced, that resulted in a duel and the death of Walker, on the morning of Sept. 6, 1863, seven miles below Little Rock. No doubt the envy and jealousy between Walker and Marmaduke gave us an easier victory at Little Rock.

On the 23d, the Detachment again returned to DuVall's Bluffs, as guard to the supply train.

On the 25th of August the command again marched from Du Vall's Bluffs to Brownsville. It was another hot day and it was 11 o'clock at night when the detachment marched into the little court house

yard. As we marched in at the gate Gen. Davidson, who was standing near by, said: "Boys, lie down quickly and get some rest, for I will need you at an early hour," and then to another officer at his side said: "These brave boys have marched five hundred miles and kept up with the cavalry." And I might add that Gen. McPherson's medical director afterwards remarked at Vicksburg, when one of our men applied for a sick furlough: "The marching of four companies of infantry through on that campaign, to keep up with the cavalry was a burning shame, and one of the grandest outrages of the war. It was no wonder the men were all broken down." Gen. Davidson was a fine cavalry officer, but what have we to thank him for? Almost the entire way, from Du Vall's Bluffs to Brownsville, was a level prairie, destitute of water. Many of the men, overcome by heat, fell by the wayside. The ambulances could not haul all the sick. They would load up all that could possibly be crowded in, then drive ahead of the column as far as it was thought safe; unload them by the roadside in the broiling sun and then return for another load. Thus the sick men were alternately hauled in ambulances and left by the roadside, in the scorching heat of the August sun, where not a drop of water could be had.

At 2 a. m. of the 26th we were called out by reveille, giving very little rest to the tired soldier. A march of nine miles, part of the time on double quick, brought us to the enemy's out posts and other rifle pits which were stormed and taken on the double quick. The enemy then retreated to another rise or ridge, where they attempted to plant their artillery, but our artillery opening on them, the shells sweeping through their lines, they again retreated. Our command was then ordered forward in pursuit down a long hill, through the timber and thick matted brush almost impossible to get through, to the edge of the bayou.

Bayou Metaire is a sluggish, miry stream, with steep banks covered with a heavy growth of underbrush, and at all points difficult to cross. The bridge across the stream was prepared for destruction by a

thorough coating of tar and turpentine. The artillery was so posted as to rake the road across it and sweep the bridge, and their infantry and dismounted cavalry deployed in strong skirmish lines on the opposite banks; the unevenness of the ground and the heavy timber and matted growth of underbrush, making for them a complete ambushade. When the last of their rear guard had crossed the bridge, the torch was applied, and dense clouds of smoke rolled up. The enemy then opened with their artillery and a thousand muskets rang out from their ambushade, thus disclosing to us their line and position, for so completely sheltered were they that we could only discover their whereabouts by the flash of their guns. Gen. Davidson brought his artillery quickly into play, and for a time the ringing of the musketry along the entire lines from both sides was incessant, and the roaring of the artillery, as they sent shot and shell on their errands of destruction lent its voice to swell the diapason of harmonious discord. After a time the musketry in a great measure ceased, and the engagement took more the form of an artillery duel. Gen. Davidson rode a splendid chestnut horse, and his movements during the day was a matter of comment. Watching as he did with his field glass every movement of the enemy, now directing the firing of our artillery, watching the execution of the shot and shell, and then off to the right flank and next to the left, in short, watching and directing every movement of his entire line. Our detachment lost one man; Robert Atkinson, of Co. D, shot through the bowels. And John Kirby shot through the thigh. S. B. Williams was shot in the breast just above the heart. The ball striking a rib passed clear around the body, coming out through his clothes on the opposite side.

The First Iowa Cavalry had twenty-one men killed in attempting to pass the bridge, being fired upon by the enemy in their ambush. In the evening the Detachment was ordered to fall back on the hill to support the artillery in an artillery duel with the enemy, and a portion of it was sent out as skirmishers and sharpshooters. Here the enemy got our range

so completely that their shot and shell would scale the brow of the hill, making the dust and dirt fly, but by lying down a little back of the brow they passed over us. Darkness found us here, and all the other troops and the artillery had withdrawn from the field, with the enemy closing around us. But we returned that night to the rear of Brownsville, Horace Greeley and all other authority to the contrary, notwithstanding. It was 1 o'clock that night when we were halted in an old corn-field near Brownsville. At the word "halt!" men laid down between corn rows (no attempt being made at encampment or an alignment) and were soon asleep. But dense, dark clouds over-hung the skies, and soon the rain came down in torrents thoroughly soaking ground and men alike. When daylight dawned that old field was a vast slough of red mud, and the boys drenched and muddied, without any rations. They soon discovered a sweet-potato patch, and had a sweet-potato breakfast, and then moved out of the old mud field to a decent camping place in the timber. After a few days, moved camp to the north side of town and camped at the edge of a little grove of oaks, and an old double log house, and back of the camp was a pond of stagnant water where the men could go to wash their clothes. In a few days nearly every man was on the sick list. (In the report of the battle of Bayou Metairie, as published first in the Chicago papers, not an officer or troop, engaged in the fight was mentioned. It was a great victory, gained by Gen. Steele and his troops—Steele was at Du Vall's Bluffs, thirty-nine miles away!)

On the last night of August, owing to the intense heat, the supply train was ordered to go to Du Vall's Bluffs in the night, and our Detachment to go as train guard. Only forty men could be raised in the four companies, and fifteen of them were too weak to march, but the order was, "They must go; they can be piled on the wagon, and can shoot in case of attack." The train returned again in the night.

By the 5th of September, there was scarcely a well man in that camp; not a man subject to detail.

Every nook and corner of that old house, on the porch, in the gangway, between the old houses, and in the old lofts, wherever a sick man could be laid, was taken up. Sick and dying were under trees, wherever shelter could be made for them. The camp had formerly been used by cavalry and could not be properly policed. It was crawling with maggots, and there were not well men enough to care for the sick and bury the dead. There was not men enough subject to detail to dig a grave. Dr. Byam did all that any doctor could, under the circumstances, but he was crippled in his work for want of medicine. Our four companies of infantry were in advance of the main infantry army, and in advance of proper medical and sanitary supplies, and even of the ordinary food of the soldier. Some of our hardtack was full of the "wee things." I have seen the men break up their hardtack into small bits and blow out the "little things" alive. Eat that, or nothing. In fact, in those days little was required or wanted to eat by the boys.

On the 8th of September, camp was moved to the other side of town. All that could be were moved to a little grove south of the court house; an improvement in camps, but disease was doing its work, and the little graveyard in the brush back of the court house taking its full share.

CHAPTER IX.

On the 13th an order came that all who could ride on the wagons should go to Little Rock. As the train moved away, the sick men from the little grove who were too sick to go were brought in and piled down in the broiling sun in the sand in front of the old Arkansas log tavern, that stood just across the road from the court house. That sand, I know, was crawling with "graybacks," but there they were laid

until those in the house could be laid more closely together, so as to make room for them in the inn. Look out to the little grove. Under a little oak tree on a cot is a young man—George Macy. He was shot by bushwhackers, and his life is fast ebbing away. Kneeling by his side is Calvin M. Sayre, supplicating the throne of a merciful God on behalf of the dying boy. Sayre himself, was unable to walk to that cot, but was helped there by another soldier, that he might pray for his young comrade. In a few weeks he, too, was gone, and doubtless met his young friend around that Throne of Mercy. Looking over those lying in the sand into one of the rooms in the old tavern, side by side are two young men. Wilson Boyd, of Co. F, as he was raised up on his little pallet of raw cotton, attempts to raise his hands, as with quivering lips he says, "Up! Up! Home! Home!" as the spirit takes its upward flight. The other, John H. Cain, of Co. G, is raging in the delirium of burning fever, and is muttering of home, of friends, of loved ones, far away. Their spirits are soon in the spirit land, and their little cotton beds left for others. The worst were soon in their graves, the others taken to Little Rock, and the old tavern possibly left for a time without boarders. One morning, a squad of the enemy's cavalry came dashing into the village, shooting as they came. They shot two sick men, who had been able to walk out into the cool of the morning, both dying from the effects.

A squad of "Merrill's Horse" who had been out on a scout had come and camped in the little grove. The night being very hot, they had taken off all their clothes, except their shirts, and laid down with their horses tied around them. On hearing the firing of the rebs they sprang to their feet, carbines and revolvers in hand, when one of the liveliest of lively little shirt-tail fights took place, and the "Johnnies" went galloping out of town. For a few days after the command left Brownsville, the sick were treated by an Arkansas doctor living there. He treated them kindly, and possibly his knowledge of the malignant types of malarial fevers and dysentery, terminating at times in pleuro-pneumonia, and which were pecu-

liar to that malarial climate, especially in a season, as that was said to be more than usually hot and dry, enabled him to treat them more successfully than our own physicians. That Arkansas doctor showed himself a gentleman. But camp dysentery in this malarial climate was a fearful scourge to the Union soldier. At Brownsville, it was mostly young men who died, but on reaching Little Rock numbers of our strong and most robust men of mature years appeared unable to rally, but sank to soldiers' graves. Here Gen. Davidson issued an order that the Detachment should be relieved from all duty, except the care of its own sick in camp, adding that that was as much as it could do.

CHAPTER X.

THE DETACHMENT AT LITTLE ROCK JOINS THE SIX COMPANIES AT VICKSBURG.

The sick men left behind on this campaign certainly received no extra care. They were shipped back to Wittsburg, thence to Helena, that death-hole to Union soldiers, and packed into the Hindman House Hospital, out of which sixteen Union soldiers per day were carried to the dead-house. Then all who could be moved were again sent around by boat to Clarendon on White river, where they were placed in an old shell of a building that had loose boards for a floor and neither doors nor windows. A camp kettle full of hardtack and another full of coffee twice a day was furnished these sick men. If a man had a tin cup or could borrow one, he could get some hardtack and coffee. The sick helped each other as well as they could, but such was the only food furnished men too sick and weak to walk.

On the 21st day of July, 1863, a small stern-wheel

boat sailed up White river, and all the sick at Clarendon were ordered on board. It was a *scorching hot July day for Arkansas*, and there was not a place on that boat, from the boiler deck to the hurricane deck where men could be laid, but was occupied by sick men, except the ladies' cabin, which was occupied by officers. Sick and dying men were laid on the hurricane deck of that boat in the broiling sun. The officers in charge appeared to do and care nothing for the sick men. On the run of about four hours from Clarendon to DuVall's Bluffs, twenty-six men died. One of them was Corporal Carter, of Co. G, Thirty Second Iowa.

At DuVall's Bluffs, a number of our Detachment were sick, but a pompous puppet, on Gen. Steele's staff, ordered that they should receive no rations, because they had no officer to draw them, and therefore issued about sixteen "red tape" orders, before the sick men could get rations, or sanitary stores. The command was only a mile away. Those who were ablest to walk helped the weaker, and thus reached the command. Several men died on reaching Brownsville.

To all who had sufficient vitality left, Little Rock proved a healthy place.

In October we moved to Benton, a small town twenty-five miles southwest of Little Rock. Our stay here was one of our best times. The timber was all pine, and the water good and healthy. The Detachment made several excursions into the country, one being down towards the Washita in which we captured a young officer from Bragg's army. He was then sanguine of their success.

A SCARE.

The night of Nov. 21st, was a beautiful night. Surely, I never saw a more lovely night in southern clime; and quite a number of the boys concluded that they must have a general "wash up." Tubs and water were brought into requisition, and clothes were taken off. Just as the water was being fairly splashed over the bare backs and naked limbs, the long roll began to beat, and the cry rang along the line

of cabins: "*Thirty Second into line! Quick! Quick!*" The effort to put on linsey woolen shirts over our wet shoulders, in the hurried attempt to dress, caused us to present a scene decidedly ludicrous; while our officers kept nervously calling out, "*Into line! Quick! Quick!*" We could hear the crack of the musketry on a portion of the picket line, and the thought that the pickets might be driven in, pell mell upon us, and we captured, while dressed in our natural state, was not especially comforting. Finally, all were dressed and in line, moving to the left of the village and through the open pine timber, to the scene of action. The night was very light, and on moved the battalion, at first in regular line of battle, and then it was ordered to deploy as skirmishers, and each man to keep a sharp lookout for the approaching foe. On reaching the scene of expected fight, all was quiet. But just then the musketry was blazing away to the right, and again, off to the left. So after marching and counter-marching among the stately pines, it was discovered that one of the Videttes saw a cow some distance outside the line and tried his hand at milking, but the "Johnnie" seeing him, shot at him with a revolver and wounded him in the hand. The shot was returned by one of the pickets, causing the alarm along the entire line.

Some of our boys who had been left sick at Little Rock, and a number who had gone home on sick furlough and returned, started from Little Rock to Benton with the supply train, but when the train got out into the big pine woods, a body of cavalry came dashing upon them. It was Jacob's guerilla band. They made quick work of the train, burning and destroying what they could not take away. It was the work of but a few minutes to cut loose the mules, fire the wagons and scoop in the unarmed men as prisoners, and then dash off into the thick pine forests on the byways of Arkansas. Our boys having mostly been sick, were not in very good trim for a forced march. As the weaker ones gave out the stronger ones would take them by the arms and help them along, and thus they were taken to the camp of Gen. Price, near Camden. Before leaving Little

Rock the men had been furnished with new uniforms, but of these they were soon relieved and got in exchange some butternut rags. When returned to Benton for exchange the men showed strong signs of hard usage. Some had pieces of old hats on their heads, and some had skull caps made of rags. Among the number thus taken were: A. J. Ripley, of Co. A, and James Barrett, W. O. Wickham and J. C. Gordon of Co. F. By the time the Detachment reached Benton we were about destitute of even a soldier's kitchen furniture. There was scarcely a tin plate, tin cup or frying pan in the Detachment. Camp kettles were gone, and even our hardtack did not come. Just then came the order, "No foraging!" and did you ever know a hungry soldier to disobey such an order? Well, we got some corn and we did "jay hawk" an old saw mill down on a branch of the Saline river. It had a little pair of mill-stones. We ground our corn, got Dutch ovens, and made pone; got pumpkins and squashes and occasionally had a pumpkin pie. We got axes and cut down the nice pine trees, made houses, and from old deserted buildings got lumber and brick, roofed our houses and made fireplaces, and with the red mud and pine sticks made chimneys, made bunks, seats and tables, and out of the corn husks made beds. Each company had two houses 15x22, and a kitchen besides, and altogether, as soldiers we were having a good time. Our officers had their quarters in a large frame house, occupied by a man named Moore. It was in a grove, a little above and just overlooking our camp. It was built up on blocks high enough for chickens to roost and pigs to sleep under. After the boys had their houses all completed, they went to work and nicely policed the street in front of the row. The sun was sinking in the west behind the tall and shading pines when the boys got all completed, and they had it all nicely smoothed and leveled, as with a roller. Just then Adjutant Carpenter came walking down the nicely cleaned street with the order, "Pack up, boys! Pack up! and be ready to march tomorrow morning at 4 o'clock."

It was the 23d of December. In the morning a

slight snow was on the ground. In a few hours the snow was melted. The roads were muddy and slippery, and the march to Little Rock was by no means an easy one. We camped in the pine woods near the city. A wedge tent was furnished to four men—just enough for them to lie under, with head and feet both unprotected. In a few days the weather became intensely cold for that latitude. The Arkansas river froze over solid enough for cavalrymen to cross on the ice. On a pond near camp ice froze three and one-half inches thick in one night. The last day of 1863 and New Years, 1864, were said by old settlers to have been the coldest known there for thirty years. The thermometer went down to 10° below zero. The officers in their wall tents with sheet-iron stoves, could make themselves comfortable. The men, although they built up pens of pine poles and hoisted their tents on top for covering, could not but suffer. They cut down large pitch pine trees and made huge camp fires, yet to shiver around them, while one side was freezing and the other burning was not extra comfortable.

From January 30th until February 9th 1864 we were on the route, by boat, to Vicksburg; and on the 11th camped near that city. On the 27th we removed to Black River, fourteen miles out; and on March 4th again removed to a camp near the city, where we joined the Six Companies of the Regiment that had just returned from the expedition to Meridian, under Sherman. We returned to the Regiment; but not all; for our pathway from Cape Girardeau, by way of Bloomfield, Helena, Clarendon, Du Vall's Bluffs, Brownsville, Little Rock and the pine forests of Arkansas, was lined with the graves of our dead.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SIX COMPANIES AT NEW MADRID, MO.

The circumstances under which the Six Companies of the 32nd Iowa Volunteers took Post at New Madrid, Mo., late in November, 1862, are shown in the orders published on pages 39 and 40; including the letter of Major General Curtis, in command of the Department of Missouri, to General Halleck, then in command of the Army, at Washington, D. C.

The closing paragraph of Gen. Curtis's letter clearly indicates his petulance over the ordering away from New Madrid of the troops recently at that Post, without his consent. Had this temper been known to Colonel Scott when he received orders to re-inforce Ft. Pillow, he might well have given the matter of military etiquette more serious thought. As time passed and brought an apparent crisis, that seemed to demand prompt action in the best interests of the service, he discovered that it was much safer for a ranking Major General, (Grant), to shock the fastidiousness of Gen. Curtis, than it was for a subordinate Colonel to involuntarily commit a similar imaginary offence. But, more of this in its proper place.

Though it has no bearing on the matters discussed in this History other than as it illustrates the punctilious habits of Gen. Curtis, an anecdote that has probably never been told in print may be excused. The General was a grand man and a good soldier, and had long had the friendship and admiration of his old neighbor in Ohio, that other grand man and distinguished citizen, Governor Kirkwood. In the matter of punctiliousness the two great men

were antipodes. One would carefully solve a knotty problem that related simply to etiquette; the other would ignore it, or promptly cut the knot in twain. Those who knew both the gentlemen can hardly fail to appreciate the absurdity and embarrassment of an interview between them which was founded entirely on military etiquette.

During the early months of the great war Gen. Curtis was in command of Benton Barracks, the great camp of instruction for the western soldier, near St. Louis. Many of the Iowa Regiments were quartered there awaiting assignment. Governor Kirkwood visited St. Louis at such a time, and was waited upon informally at his hotel by hundreds of Iowa soldiers, who paid their personal respects, or submitted to his consideration matters of business. Not so with General Curtis.

As the sultry day wore on, and the brassy noon-tide passed, "Sam" Kirkwood, wearied with the constant meeting of many friends, and no doubt missing "Sam" Curtis, and wondering at his absence, went to his room for a period of rest. Divesting himself of garments not necessary to his comfort in the privacy of his own apartments—which included all his outer clothing—he threw himself upon the bed. In due time he responded to a knock on the door with a hearty, "Come in!" The waiter presented the card of General S. R. Curtis, and Staff, etc., etc. The Governor ordered his old chum *to be shown to his room!*

Major General Samuel Ryan Curtis, buttoned to the throat, belted and sashed, "sword and pistols by his side," with regulation gold lace and silken cords and tassels, epauletts and plumes in place, with firm and angry step followed the African guide; and his brilliant and numerous Staff, similarly arrayed, in amazement mingled with mirth *followed him!* The guests were received by the War Governor, the Patriot and Statesman, sitting on the side of the bed from which he had thus far risen, *sans coat, sans vest, sans boots,* with open collar, and one suspender dangling in most picturesque fashion by his side, an embodiment of comfort and repose, until he saw the ar-

ray before him, and realized that there is such a thing as etiquette! He could never forget that he was always "Sam" Kirkwood! But in that interview there was but one "Sam," where he supposed there would be two!

The reader may better imagine than I describe the feelings of both the distinguished gentlemen in this ludicrous situation. The presence of the gorgeously arrayed Staff rendered it impossible for the General to dismount from his high-horse dignity at a mere moments notice; and for once in his life the cool and practical War Governor could but agree that he was taken by surprise, and captured in bed! A hurried introduction of the Staff Officers to the Governor in *deshabille* followed, and the military visitors made a hasty and undignified retreat, both parties to the engagement acknowledged themselves vanquished!

It need not be said that in the misrepresentations and annoyances growing out of the affair at New Madrid, his boys had the hearty sympathy of the Governor, who always felt that the course taken by General Carr, (under General Curtis,) was an unpardonable outrage.

The weeks passed by the Regiment at New Madrid were uneventful. From the time of the capture of the place by Gen. Pope it had been occupied by a small garrison, some heavy guns being mounted on the earthworks constructed by the rebels for commanding the Mississippi River. The occupation of the place appeared to be of importance in preventing the enemy from obstructing the River by a temporary raid from Arkansas, across the great swamp that was only to be passed at a few points; and also to prevent contraband trade. Some barracks had been constructed by the troops formerly in possession, consisting of rows of shanties lightly boarded up, and covered with shingles split from logs obtained in the adjacent forests. The people of the village and the

neighboring farms had a few swine in a semi-wild condition, that the soldiers regarded as game, and from which they occasionally secured a very welcome change of diet:—in violation of orders, of course!

As illustrating the duties involved in this particular service, and showing the surrounding conditions, attention is called to the following report:

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND IOWA INFANTRY,
New Madrid, Mo., December 6, 1862.
BRIG. GEN. E. A. CARR,

St. Louis, Mo., Commanding Southeastern Mo.

GENERAL: Under your orders, I left Saint Louis on the 25th ultimo with part of my regiment, and stopped over at Cape Girardeau from the evening of the 26th ultimo until the morning of the 1st instant, arranging the companies left there. Maj. G. A. Eberhart, of the Thirty-Second Iowa, commands that post. Lieutenant Bannon is provost-marshal.

I found a state of affairs there that in some respects was unsatisfactory. The Germans as a class and some few others are fully loyal. The loyal citizens of that place and vicinity are much dissatisfied with the appointment of General Stockton over the Enrolled Missouri Militia of that district. I think they will never acquiesce, nor do I believe he will ever aid the Government or really sustain it. I had no intercourse with him, and am reliably informed that he has not usually called on parties commanding loyal troops. I look upon his appointment as very injudicious. What bad results may follow remains for the future to show.

I arrived at this point on the evening of the 3d instant. I have endeavored to inform myself respecting the state of affairs in this section. I have already learned that, with the exception of Captain Moore's company of Illinois Cavalry, the troops here have been and still are quite popular with the rebels. Matters at this post have gone at loose ends to a degree that rendered our troops quite a convenience to the rebels. There has been quite a trade in contra-

band stores from this point to the country west of "the swamps," and much of it to Arkansas.

On the 4th instant I stopped several teams bound to Gainesville, Ark., and each carrying from two to four barrels of salt. I am informed that certain parties have made regular trips. This state of affairs could only have occurred through the connivance of the commander of the post, or at least through great negligence,

I have appointed First Lieut. A. Converse, of Thirty-second Iowa, provost-marshal for this place. I have no fears that contraband trade will be carried on under his eye.

I learn that the rebels are now preparing to carry off large numbers of fat hogs from the counties of Stoddard and Dunklin. If I had 100 mounted men, I could send an infantry force as a nucleus, and could gather in much of this stock, thus distressing our enemy and obtaining supplies for the Government. I will perhaps do so, or attempt it, as it is, at the earliest practicable moment.

It strikes me that an active force could occupy a central position near Chalk Bluff, on the Saint Francis, and save the counties of Stoddard, Scott, Mississippi, New Madrid, Cape Girardeau, and nearly all of Dunklin and Pemiscot from the ravages of the rebels. An important advantage would be that they would draw most of their subsistence from disloyal men.

It is said that Jeff. Thompson was at Four Mile, Dunklin County, eight days since, and made a speech to his followers. He is represented as being now without a command, and on a stealing expedition.

As far as I can learn, the settlers out through and beyond the swamp are more of them loyal than in this section.

This statement embodies the material facts in my possession. I might add that, only for the delay in removing the troops from this place to No. 10, the rebels would most likely have been in possession. I

learn that they were counting on such a state of facts.

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

JOHN SCOTT,

Colonel Thirty-second Iowa Infantry, Commanding Post.

During the occupation of New Madrid, Lieut. Converse administered as Provost Marshal, with an office in the village, and imposed and enforced due and proper limitations upon traffic with the neighboring country and the region beyond the swamp. This was the principal object of the occupation of the Post, and for this duty the Thirty-second Iowa was detailed. Part of the service consisted in making trips to Cape Girardeau, and return, on a small steamer that was attached to the command for that purpose, and taking note of any suspicious circumstances indicating contraband trade.

On December 17th, Colonel Scott sent Captain Peebles across the swamp, to the borders of Arkansas, for the double purpose of intimidating the guerilla bands and obtaining information. The manner in which this duty was performed by that most meritorious officer is told in the subjoined Report:

HEADQUARTERS,

New Madrid, Mo., December 22, 1862.

I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the forces under my command in the late expedition to Clarkton, Mo.:

The command consisted of Captain [J.] Hutchinson, Second Lieutenant [A.] Dowd, and 40 men of Company I; First Lieutenant [H. C.] Raymond, and 57 men of Company C; Chaplain Coffin, and Surgeon Waters. The command left New Madrid at about 8 a. m. December 17, and went as far as Weaversville, a distance of 22 miles, the first day. Little River, at this place, is from two to five feet deep at the ford,

the bridge having been destroyed some time since, by order of Major Jones, then in command at New Madrid; the width of the ford is some 5 rods. We were obliged to ferry the men across in a small skiff. The roads, notwithstanding the recent heavy rains, were in excellent condition to this point. The Plank road begins at Weaversville and runs to Clarkton, a distance of 12 miles, through a swamp.

At daylight on the 18th, we continued our march, and arrived at Clarkton the same evening. We found the roads almost impassable; culverts, to the number of some 20, had all been destroyed, and the teams were obliged to pass around them, going down the bank into the water and mud to the depth of from 3 to 5 feet. The bridge across New River, 4 miles from Clarkton, we also found destroyed, and we were compelled to cross in the small skiff which we had brought from Weaversville. The horses and teams were obliged to ford a distance of 200 yards. The bridges and culverts could be repaired at small expense, as the foundation works are in very good condition. We halted about 1 mile from Clarkton, and rested until after dark, keeping close guard that no one should carry intelligence of our approach. Soon after dark, we marched into town, and immediately surrounded every house, placed our pickets on all the avenues of approach, and commenced our search for prisoners. Captain McDonald was found at the house of——, and arrested. Learning that Captain Pankey was at home on a furlough, Captain Hutchinson was dispatched with a detachment of men, and soon returned with him as prisoner.

On the following morning three expeditions were organized—one of 15 men, under command of Chaplain Coffin, who went south toward Kennett, some 5 miles, and took prisoner Quartermaster-Sergeant Sebecker; he also secured several valuable horses belonging to rebels. One detachment of 15 men, under command of Captain Hutchinson, went north from Clarkton, and returned with Captain Page and one Montgomery and his son Lentz, as prisoners, all of whom were engaged in the guerrilla service; he also took several valuable horses. Another detachment

of 15 horsemen, under command of Captain Peebles, went to Halkolm's Island and to the Saint Francis River, to the Arkansas border. The last mentioned detachment took Surgeon Bartlett and considerable rebel property. We could hear of depredations committed by small bands of guerrillas, but we were unable to meet any of them. I learned that a band of from 100 to 200 guerrillas were making their headquarters at Chalk Bluff, on the Saint Francis River.

Depredations are frequently committed by guerrillas in the vicinity of Clarkton, and the perpetrators flee to Chalk Bluff, and thence across the river into Arkansas. A force stationed at the bluff would do much toward restoring quiet and safety to the law-abiding citizens of Southeastern Missouri. Many of the citizens claim to be loyal.

The result of our expedition was the taking prisoners of two captains, one surgeon, and one quartermaster-sergeant, all of the Regular Confederate Army; one captain and three privates in the guerrilla service. Besides the prisoners, we took fifteen horses, some valuable ones; one mule team, wagon, harness, &c.; forty head of cattle, and several stand of small-arms. Could the expedition have been absent several days longer, much additional good might have been accomplished.

On the 20th we returned from Clarkton to Weaversville, and on the 21st arrived at New Madrid, all the men in better health and spirits than when they started.

I would make honorable mention of Captain Hutchinson, Chaplain Coffin, Lieutenants Raymond and Dowd for the prompt and faithful manner in which they discharged the duties devolving upon them.

I am glad to bear witness that every man in the command acted throughout as becomes a patriot soldier battling for a just cause.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

H. F. PEEBLES,

Captain Company C, Commanding.

COL. JOHN SCOTT,

Comdg. Thirty-second Regiment Iowa Volunteer Infantry.

During one of the to and from Cape Girardeau voyages, made by Col. Scott in person, at a time when the air was full of rumors, and "the grapevine telegraph" was in active operation, the boat stopped at Columbus, Kentucky, to report to the officer of the Port, which was required of all passing vessels. Without any expectation that his call upon Gen. Davies would be other than one of courtesy, Col. Scott presented himself at the General's Headquarters. He found General Fisk, from St. Louis, and also General Tuttle, of Iowa, closeted with General Davies, and the latter in a state of excitement that seemed hardly justified by any facts that could be known to him. He claimed that he had reliable advices that the enemy in large force was concentrating from several directions upon the Mississippi River. He eagerly inquired as to the conditions in Southeast Missouri and the adjacent region in Arkansas. Nothing alarming was reported in that direction. This appeared to confirm General Davies in the belief that the Thirty-Second Iowa should be forthwith thrown into Ft. Pillow as a reinforcement, to aid in repelling the threatened attack on that important point.

He thereupon handed Colonel Scott the following written order:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF COLUMBUS,

Columbus, Ky., December 27, 1862,

COL. SCOTT,

New Madrid, Mo., Commanding 32nd Iowa.

You will immediately proceed to New Madrid, burn the gun carriages and wooden platforms, spike the guns and destroy the ammunition totally; take

the same boat and proceed to Fort Pillow, under convoy of Gun Boat, and report to Colonel Wolfe, Commanding that place.

[Signed] THOMAS A. DAVIES,
Brigadier General.

On the receipt of this astounding order, Colonel Scott questioned Gen. Davies' right to give it. He was assured that he (Davies) had express authority from Gen. Curtis to use in emergency forces in the contiguous part of the Department of Missouri, and directed his Adjutant General to produce the telegram to that effect. Failing to find the document Davies appealed to Gen. Fisk, who was temporarily at Columbus because of the supposed emergency, in command of troops that belonged to Gen. Curtis' Department. Gen. Fisk assented to a knowledge of the suggested facts. Colonel Scott further conferred with General Tuttle on the subject, and was advised that there was nothing to be done but to obey the order, which was ample authority.

The following is an extract from the testimony of General Tuttle, as taken before the Commission of Inquiry afterwards appointed:

"During the time that Columbus was threatened, Colonel Scott, of the 32nd Iowa, stopped at Columbus on his way from Cape Girardeau to New Madrid. During a consultation in which were present Gen. Davies, Gen. Fisk, Col. Scott and myself, the Colonel expressed great confidence that he could hold New Madrid against whatever force might be supposed to threaten it. He said Gen. Davies was about to order him to evacuate, and wanted my opinion as to whether he must obey the order, which he did not wish to do. I told him that Gen. Davies had a telegram from Gen. Curtis conferring on Davies authority over a portion of Gen. Curtis' troops, and before disobey-

ing such an order he had better be certain about Davies' authority over him. We called in Gen. Fisk, and Col. Scott asked his opinion. Gen. Fisk went to Gen. Davies, and, as I supposed, saw the telegram; came back and told Col. Scott there was no doubt about Gen. Davies having authority to give the order. Col. Scott protested against the evacuation, but on advice from Gen. Fisk and myself he thought better of it and said he would obey it."

Arriving at New Madrid in the evening the Staff officers and Captains of Companies were called together, the order was shown, and the extraordinary circumstances explained. On the following morning the order was carried out in detail, and the Regiment proceeded to Fort Pillow. By a thoughtless and careless act of one of the men the shanty barracks were partly burned. The fire was said to have been started by some one throwing some barrels and cracker boxes in the fire place of one of the barracks. This added materially to the feelings of disgust felt by the Regiment, not so much over the removal to Fort Pillow as the apparent wanton destruction of property. And when Fort Pillow was reached and the apprehended attack thereon was found to be a false alarm, "a scare" of the one man who assumed responsibility for the movement, disgust was followed very closely by something bordering on indignation.

One of the incidents of the evacuation was the disposal of the terrified contrabands. Quite a number of negroes from the adjacent country had found their way to the house of refuge, and had fully made up their minds that they preferred freedom to the comparatively mild administration of human slavery

as it existed even in the border states. Among these were the numerous members of the family of Anthony, lately of the House of Waller. Anthony was a reliable servant, and no doubt the general manager of the Waller interests on the plantation, during the absence of the male whites of that name, in search of their rights, through secession.

Among the children was a boy of ten or twelve years, named John. Probably very few of the comrades have any remembrance of the members of this colored family, who, with others, were furnished transportation to Central Iowa. It may interest them to know that the boy, John, is the identical Hon. John L. Waller, late Presidential Elector from Kansas; later, United States Consul in Madagascar; and at present, November 1895, enjoying the hospitality of a French Prison, under a twenty-years sentence of a Military Court, for a political offence.

CHAPTER XII.

INVESTIGATING THE EVACUATION.

On reaching Fort Pillow and finding that there remained nothing to be done except to make the regiment as comfortable as circumstances would permit, the Colonel wrote the following letter to General Curtis:

Fort Pillow, January 1, 1863.

GENERAL: On the 27th ultimo, I received orders to destroy public property and remove the detachment to Fort Pillow. On the 28th this was accomplished. I was much disappointed, and feared you would be also; but the order was peremptory from General Davies, and General Fisk informed me that General Davies had authority from you.

The detachment is now here. As far as I can see, we are of no use here. There is no artillery and the works are much extended. With a few pieces the place might be held against a large force. As it is, an attack from a largely superior force would be fatal. I know, of course, nothing of the policy that sent me here in such haste. I do know, however, that my regiment is divided, and that I would be pleased to have it united.

When at New Madrid and Cape Girardeau, I felt that the detached parts were in the same neighborhood; now we are certainly not neighbors, and are embarrassed by being in two departments. It is not my place to suggest either the when or the where, but only my wish, that, if consistent with the public service, it would be remembered as a kindness, could we again be brought together.

JOHN SCOTT,

Colonel Thirty-second Iowa Infantry.

Maj. Gen. SAMUEL R. CURTIS,
Saint Louis, Mo.

To this Curtis made no reply; asked no explanations; but endorsed the letter as follows:

Saint Louis, Mo.,
January 5, 1863.

The abandonment of Fort Pillow, must be punished. General Carr reports that he communicated different orders to Colonel Scott. He should have obeyed Carr, not Davies, and must be arrested.

SAML. R. CURTIS,
Major General.

It is seen by this that on Jan. 5, Curtis was not able to distinguish between New Madrid and Fort Pillow.

From Gen. Curtis' letter of January 2nd to Col. Chipman he seems by that time to have obtained a fair idea of the situation, and the proper responsibility for it. He says: "The General's whole line seems to have been left in a crazy kind of style, and General Davies seems to have been quite possessed." On the 3rd he wrote Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief of the Army: "General Grant has ordered all my force now at Columbus to Memphis. This strips the country about Cairo and New Madrid, leaving no reserve in this region. General Davies has stripped everything, got all I could spare for temporary purposes, taken my garrison from New Madrid, and then stopped a regiment I sent to resume New Madrid. Please check matters. At Columbus they need something."

The reference to his "force now at Columbus" means the command of General Fisk. Fisk had advised Curtis of Davies' questionable acts, including

his order for the evacuation of New Madrid; all this before January 3rd.

On January 5th General Carr wrote General Curtis:

HEADQUARTERS SAINT LOUIS DISTRICT,

Saint Louis, January 5, 1863.

Maj. H. Z. CURTIS,

A. A. G. Hdqrs. Dept. of the Missouri, St. Louis, Mo.:

SIR: From all I can learn, I believe that the post of New Madrid, in my district, was abandoned without any cause whatever, and to the great detriment of the public interest, in the destruction of a large amount of valuable property, and in giving the rebels an opportunity to take possession of the works and interrupt our river communication.

It appears that, upon the report of Colonel Scott, General Davies ordered the evacuation, thus assuming control of troops in my district and in the Department of the Missouri, and not only assuming authority not his, but assuming and exercising the same to the great detriment of the public service.

I had stripped my district of troops to re-enforce General Davies at Columbus; and at the time New Madrid was evacuated the pressing emergency at Columbus had nearly passed, and he could have returned the favor by re-enforcing my post, which there would have been time enough to do even after an attack had commenced, as Colonel Scott had six companies and seven heavy guns.

Colonel Scott, in obeying the orders of General Davies, acted contrary to all military rules and discipline, as he was under my command, in so doing he acted as I believe, also contrary to the public interest and in a shameful and cowardly manner.

I had been lately in communication with him by telegraph, and had ordered him "to make everything secure" at New Madrid, and advised him that it was an "important place to keep."

Colonel Scott has deserted the limits of my com-

mand with his whole force.

I would, therefore, respectfully recommend to the major-general commanding that he recommend to the General-in-Chief to cause the arrest of General Davies and Colonel Scott and have them held for trial.

I will make out the formal charges as soon as I can obtain the exact dates, amount of property destroyed, &c.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. A. CARR,

Brigadier-General, Commanding.

On this letter—*on same date*—the Headquarters of Carr and Curtis being at same place, Curtis made this indorsement:

Saint Louis, January 5, 1863.

Respectfully referred to headquarters, Washington.

So far as General Davies is concerned, he made the proper report to me, and I have expressed my regrets to him. His apprehensions induced the order, and his immediate commander will be the proper officer to determine whether further action should be taken.

Colonel Scott should be arrested for neglecting orders which I directed General Carr to communicate to him, and sent with his command back to my department to answer in the premises.

SAML. R. CURTIS,

Major-General.

And on the same date, but at Columbus, Ky., General Fisk wrote General Curtis the following explanation of the facts; but Curtis would not receive the letter until the following day. This should have so fully advised Curtis that instead of annoying Colonel Scott with a further foolish pursuit he should

have turned his attention to the interests of the public service.

Extract from letter of Fisk to Curtis, Jan. 5, 1863:

I forward to you by this mail a letter from Col. Hughes, announcing his arrival at and occupation of New Madrid. I don't regard him in any danger of an attack. If a company of cavalry, with two howitzers, could be sent to New Madrid, and Colonel Scott ordered back there from Fort Pillow, Colonel Hughes' entire regiment might be relieved and proceed down stream. Colonel Scott was here in person when General Davies ordered him to abandon New Madrid and destroy the works. Colonel Scott questioned the authority of General Davies to make such an order, when General Davies informed him that he had your order to command the force at New Madrid, as also that of Colonel Chipman, chief of staff. Colonel Scott was opposed to the evacuation; no one favored it but General Davies. Consultation with me was simply a statement to me that the post must be abandoned and the force ordered to Fort Pillow. General Davies thought he had reliable information that Van Dorn, with an immense force, was marching on Fort Pillow, and that Jeff Thompson and Jeffers with their consolidated hordes of rebels, were in close proximity to New Madrid and Island No. 10; that the plan was to seize the guns at these several points and blockade the Mississippi River. General Tuttle and myself were both opposed to the abandonment, blowing up, and spiking proposition. I had all I could do to convince General Davies that it was madness to abandon Paducah even; his dispatches to Colonel Dougherty ordering him to give up Paducah were written when General Tuttle and myself were advised of his intentions. General Halleck's dispatches to General Davies, three in number, were definite and imperative to hold this post at all hazards, and allow no movement to be made that would in the least endanger the Mississippi between Cairo and Memphis. I have not believed that Co-

lumbus was in real danger at any time, although had you not thus promptly re-enforced it, it would have been given up. It has been an unpleasant episode in my military history, but I have obeyed orders.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CLINTON B. FISK,

Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

On January 7th, General Curtis wrote Fisk a letter in which he says:

"Scott's forces ought to go back. They have learned something of the country. Carr reports Scott as having disobeyed orders and behaved cowardly, and demands his arrest. Scott says you wrote him I would approve. The thing looks as though he sought orders conflicting with those I directed General Carr to give him, and therefore went to Columbus instead of going to New Madrid from Cape Girardeau."

On January 9th, Fisk wrote Curtis from his command, on his boat, near Memphis, and says:

"I stopped at Island No. 10. Saw the destruction which had been worked, and had a conference with Major Jones, commanding. Visited Colonel Hughes at New Madrid, which post can be well cared for by Colonel Scott's six companies, now at Fort Pillow. Called at Fort Pillow this morning to see Colonel Scott; found he was at Saint Louis. My plan was to send a steamer from Memphis to remove his command to New Madrid, and return with Colonel Hughes' regiment to Helena; but, as you will doubtless see and order Colonel Scott, I advised Lieutenant-Colonel Mix to make no move until Colonel Scott should return."

Meantime Colonel Scott went to Cape Girardeau to look after some matters in the four Companies there under Major Eberhart; reported his presence there to General Carr, at Saint Louis, and was met

by an order of arrest from General Carr. Supposing that the circumstances were not understood, and that when explained by General Davies the order of arrest would be countermanded, Scott wrote Davies requesting him to advise Gen. Carr in the premises. This was done by General Davies, as follows:

Columbus, January 12, 1864,

Brigadier-General CARR,

Saint Louis, Mo.

SIR: I hear you have placed Colonel Scott under arrest for evacuating New Madrid.

The circumstances of the case were these: Col. Scott happened to be in Columbus during the excitement along the river, and information, such as was supposed reliable, reached here that New Madrid was threatened by a very large (force) under Thompson and Jeffers; that Fort Pillow was in like manner threatened, as was true, by Van Dorn.

I called General Tuttle and General Fisk to my office, and we carefully looked over the ground, and agreed that the force at New Madrid was insufficient to stand a heavy attack, and the six pieces (siege guns) then in position, if they fell into the hands of the enemy, would, in the present position of the army below, prove almost fatal to us, we having no gunboats or forces to displace them immediately.

As a precaution, which we deemed bound to take it was determined to evacuate New Madrid and cripple the armament and re-enforce Fort Pillow. I had great hesitancy in giving the order, the troops not being under my command; but on the assurance of General Fisk that it would be all right, and that General Curtis would approve of it (not knowing that you commanded the district,) I gave the order to Colonel Scott to evacuate New Madrid, spike the guns with soft iron, and destroy the ammunition, which I understand, was done.

I took the ground we would be blamable to allow any chance, however remote, to be embraced by the

enemy to capture any heavy ordinance on the river at this particular juncture.

I think the position is a correct one, and I hope this explanation will relieve Colonel Scott, at least, from any blame. We acted according to our best judgment in the premises.

I am, general, very respectfully,

THOS. A. DAVIES,

Brigadier-General, Commanding.

Columbus, Ky., January 15, 1863.

Brigadier-General CARR,

Saint Louis, Mo.,

GENERAL: On the 12th of January I wrote you a communication respecting the evacuation of New Madrid, and, as dispatches sometimes miscarry, I send you duplicate.

I have to add that the telegram to General Curtis, in the following words, needs some explanation:

Colonel Scott sends me back word to-day that Jeff Thompson and Jeffers were within 10 miles of him with a force; that he could not have held the place.

Colonel Scott has since told me that he did not send me such a message, which is, no doubt, true. It was brought to me by the captain of the steamer O'Brien, a boat owned by Government, who was at Island 10 the morning of the evacuation, who said that it was a verbal message from Colonel Scott. The boat is now at New Madrid delivering supplies, and, when the captain returns, will investigate the source of information and send you a statement. The only point in the affair where Colonel Scott is in fault, it seems to me, was in not reporting to you the order; but I am sure, from the little knowledge I have of him, that such failure was owing to neglect of military rule. I reported the order to Major-General Curtis, not knowing that you was his immediate commanding officer.

The extent of property destroyed was six secesh gun carriages and platforms and some secesh ammunition, which, I was informed, had just been sent

there from Island No. 10. The siege guns can be unspiked by a few hours' work.

There is any quantity of gun carriages lying about Columbus and at Island 10, which I can send you to New Madrid if you desire at any time to remove the siege guns at that place

I also inclose you a copy of my order to Colonel Scott.

I am, general, very respectfully,

THOS. A. DAVIES,

Brigadier-General, Commanding.

When the order of arrest had nearly expired by limitation (ten days) it was renewed; and similarly it was renewed a second time, without any charges being preferred by Gen. Carr. Finally, after vigorous and emphatic remonstrances from the accused against this unjust persecution, Gen. Carr preferred charges. Instead of ordering a military court to investigate these charges a Special Commission was constituted to "investigate and report upon the facts of the destruction of the ordnance and ordnance stores at New Madrid, * * and as to the culpability of the officer or officers responsible, and whether or not he or they should be dismissed the service of the United States."

It is due Gen. Davies to state that under oath, in the presence of the Commission, he assumed all responsibility for the matters investigated, and showed telegrams giving color to his claims of having authority from Gen. Curtis to issue the order of evacuation. After a weary investigation the Commission reported the findings, Feb 26, as follows:

The Commission, after mature deliberation, find the following facts:

That on the 28th day of December, A. D. 1862, six iron siege guns were spiked at New Madrid, Mo.;

six gun carriages and platforms were burned, and a quantity of ammunition destroyed. The loss to the Government, aside from the loss of the ammunition, the value of which is not ascertained, was about \$350 or \$450. A set of barracks were on the same day burned at New Madrid, but this was purely the result of an accident. No other Government property was destroyed.

The ordnance and ordnance stores above mentioned were destroyed by men of the garrison of New Madrid, under above command of Col. John Scott, of the Thirty-second Regiment Iowa Volunteer Infantry, commanding post. This was done by virtue of an order which Colonel Scott received from Brig. Gen. Thomas A. Davies, commanding District of Columbus; and although Colonel Scott was not under the direct command of Brigadier General Davies, he did right under the circumstances in obeying Brigadier-General Davies' order, and not only did his duty, but is honorably acquitted of all blame.

Brig. Gen. Thomas A. Davies, U. S. Volunteers, commanding at that time the District of Columbus, gave Colonel John Scott the order, and is responsible for it. The post at Columbus, he had good reason to suppose, was in imminent danger of capture by the forces, and he acted the part of a prudent and faithful officer in crippling the armament at New Madrid, Mo., and removing the United States troops from that place to Fort Pillow. He is not only free from culpability, but is honorably acquitted of all blame.

Neither Brig. Gen. Thomas A. Davies, U. S. Volunteers, nor Col. John Scott, Thirty-second Regiment of Iowa Volunteers, should be dismissed the service of the United States.

There being no further business to transact, the Special Commission adjourned *sine die*.

WM. K. STRONG,

Brigadier-General, U. S. Volunteers, President.

ALBERT G. BRACKETT, Col. Ninth Ill. Cavalry, Recorder.
Findings approved.

SAML. R. CURTIS,

Major-General.

Following this action Colonel Scott was ordered on duty with the Regiment; the action of the Commission was not officially given out; and during all this time the unfounded charges of Gen. Carr had been widely published in the Associate Press despatches, in the special correspondence of the Journals, and by correspondents of other papers, many of them in Iowa, emanating from the Head Quarters of Gen. Carr and General Curtis. These slanderous charges and innuendoes went far and wide, and while they can never be overtaken by plain facts in the case, it is but a matter of justice that the truth be recorded here, and shown by testimony taken at the time.

After repeated and vain attempts to obtain an authorized promulgation of the results of the investigation the following correspondence took place, and a complete copy of the record of the Commission was obtained in June, 1864, sixteen months after the Commission was discharged:

HEADQUARTERS POST OF COLUMBUS,
Columbus, Ky., September 1, 1863.

COLONEL: A Military Commission, of which Brig. Gen. W. K. Strong was president, was convened in Saint Louis in February last, by order of Major General Halleck, to investigate as to the evacuation of New Madrid and destruction of property there and at Island No. 10.

Grave charges were preferred against me, as commanding officer, for the evacuation of New Madrid, under alleged "pretended orders," and I was in arrest for two months. On the finding of that Commission, I was ordered to duty by General Curtis, but the finding was not made public, nor has been to this time, to my knowledge.

Feeling that my arrest was an outrage, and that

the Commission fully justified my action, I deem myself entitled to a copy of the finding. I have applied for it heretofore in vain.

I respectfully ask that the major-general commanding the department will secure me a copy of the finding of said Commission.

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN SCOTT,

Colonel Thirty-second Iowa Infantry, Commanding Post.

COL. JOHN A. RAWLINS, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Indorsements.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE,

Vicksburg, Miss., September 14, 1863.

Respectfully forwarded to Headquarters of the Army, Washington, D. C., with the request that, if deemed proper, Colonel Scott be furnished with a copy of such part of the proceedings as interest him,

U. S. GRANT,

Major-General.

October 3, 1863.

I see no objection to the Adjutant-General furnishing Colonel Scott with the opinion of the court of inquiry in his case

H. W. HALLECK,

General-in-Chief.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT FORT PILLOW.

On January 31, 1863, General W. A. Gorman wrote from Helena, where he was in command, three letters to General Curtis. The first two treat of movements of troops, and discuss the military situation. The third is suggestive in several respects, and bears upon the duties required of officers in charge of Posts upon the Mississippi River, and the manner in which these duties were discharged *at this particular time*. The letter is marked "private." Why should such a letter be regarded by the writer as a personal one, and to be considered confidential? If private, how came it to be published in the official Records?

The effects of "this rage for cotton speculation" were felt everywhere. A loyal and incorruptible officer was surrounded by spies and enemies, and was liable to be undermined both in his own household and at the office of his commander. The division of profits in these illegitimate speculations was demoralizing in the extreme, and did much, no doubt, to color the stories of correspondents which went broadcast, and had much influence on the conduct of the war, and on the reputation of officers and soldiers. Perhaps no Regiment in the service suffered more from these cowardly attacks and jealousies than did the Thirty-second Iowa. Among the disloyal and dishonest both within and without our army this was known as the "Abolition Regiment." The epithet is one, however malignantly spoken at that time, and emphasized by

profane expletives, in which we may *now* feel an honest pride. But at that time it had its inconveniences, especially when, as was often the case, it was greatly in the minority.

Perhaps in all this we may see very good reason for the precaution taken by General Gorman in marking this letter "private":

PRIVATE.] HDQRS. DISTRICT OF EASTERN ARK.

Helena, January 3, 1863.

Maj. Gen. SAMUEL R. CURTIS:

GENERAL: Allow me to devote one letter to cotton and commerce. This river from here to Memphis is lined with cotton speculators. The people of Mississippi and Arkansas are being supplied with salt, flour, pork, bacon, coffee, quinine, shoes, boots, hats, caps, shirts, drawers, socks, whisky, mackerel, cheese, and a thousand and one other such things, all of which are cleared and permitted by Mr. Yeatman, special agent of the Treasury Department, at Memphis, six-tenths of which pass into the hands of the public enemy.

These things don't come here by stint, but by hundreds and thousands of barrels, boxes, casks, and packages. One single boat landed here day before yesterday with 100 barrels of whiskey and 35 bottles of quinine. The blockade of the Atlantic coast has no terrors for rebels. From here to Memphis, guerrillas line the shore, and are as familiar with traders as if they had sent for their goods. Without a corrective is soon applied to their shipments from Memphis, the public enemy will be as well supplied with all the necessities of life as the citizens of the loyal States. The guerrillas act as commissaries to the interior. This may be the policy of the Government, but, if so, we are feeding them with one hand and fighting them with the other.

I will copy and forward you a few of the manifests permitted and cleared from the Board of Trade

and Mr. Yeatman, special agent of the Treasury Department, and in some cases permitted and cleared by the Treasury officers in Saint Louis. If these contraband articles came here only in small quantities, and to special families, it might not be so obnoxious. But until this river is clear of the public enemy, I would not allow them a pound of meat or a stitch of clothing, until the well disposed portion of the population would guarantee protection to trade; but if cotton and commerce are kings all subjects must obey.

The rage for cotton speculation seriously embarrasses all military operations in this region. The trading boats land men at all the ports, and send them as runners through the enemy's country to hunt up and drum up cotton. The loyalty of such runners cannot be relied upon; every movement of the army is known and spread by them over the enemy's country. While there, they tell all about our army, to protect themselves from arrest, and avow themselves the best of Southern men; when they return, they tell all about the rebel army, and avow themselves the best of Union men; and thus they are spies in a double sense. Every facility ought to be given by the Government to get out the cotton in exchange for money, except gold. Provisions and family supplies ought to be given for wood only, as it is highly important to our army transportation.

Write me privately on this subject.

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. A. GORMAN.

Fort Pillow is a nice location for a camp. It is situated on the East bank of the Mississippi, on a series of bluffs that overlook the stream, all being before it was arranged for the troops covered with heavy timber. The earth-works in the rear were not strong, but of considerable extent, and to fully

occupy and defend them would require a force of several thousand troops. The place had been for some time occupied by Col. E. H. Wolfe, with the 52nd Indiana Infantry. The duties were not arduous, and though the Iowa Regiment materially increased his command there was no very warm welcome extended them. In fact it was soon discovered that between the officers and men of the two regiments there were radical differences of opinion as to the purposes and conduct of the war, and especially as to slavery, and the status of the negro. These differences were more often manifested by the enlisted men than by the officers.

Arrangements were hastily made for quarters, for hospitals, for storing the supplies, etc., and a pleasant camp was the result. Captain Amos B. Miller, with Company B of the 32nd Iowa, was sent into camp at Fulton landing, about three miles down the river; but as there was daily communication this was regarded as being but an out-post of the command at Fort Pillow.

The tedium of the camp was relieved to some extent by the hospitality of Judge Green, who lived on his plantation some three miles distant, and who occasionally invited members of the Field and Staff to vary camp fare by eating baked buffalo-fish and the accompaniments at his table. On a certain occasion it is said that some officers of the 32nd Iowa had their legs under the good Judge's mahogany when quite a number of very unwelcome visitors came un-noted to the place. The Judge requested his guests to remain seated; interviewed the strangers, who departed, "casting longing, lingering

looks" upon a number of valuable steeds near the house! It was nicely done. The Judge was a man of character, respected by all parties, and his home may be said to have been within the Union lines. These officers were his guests. They came at his invitation. His character as a host was at stake. If they were molested it might be thought that it was done by his consent. His remonstrance was effectual; and some very nervous fellows rode into camp instead of setting off on foot for rebel prisons, and at the almost certain penalty of being dismissed the service in disgrace! Due respect for the modesty of the participants in this "hair-breadth escape" suggests the withholding of the names, but some of them do now talk freely about that romantic adventure.

Colonel Scott returned to the Regiment, at Fort Pillow, March 16th and on that day certain negroes, refugees, were delivered to persons claiming them, and taken from the camp, bound. This caused such indignation among the members of the 32nd Iowa that measures were at once taken to have the parties brought back, which was accomplished by the morning of the second day.

There being no immediate prospect of removal from Fort Pillow the Companies set about the removal of some abandoned cabins that had been discovered in the neighborhood, and removed them to the regimental camping ground, rebuilding them better than they had previously been, and occupying them as quarters.

April, May, and the first half of June, passed uneventfully in the quiet camp at Fort Pillow. Al-

though the place had the appearance of being reasonably exempt from malarious influences there was considerable sickness among members of the Regiment, quite a number of cases proving fatal. The streams that entered the river near this point were sluggish, and those in the rear of the bluffs were of the same character, and the seeds of future attacks were here sown, which developed later, causing other deaths.

Most of the duties were of the usual routine of such a camp; daily drill, attention to the subsistence and health of the men, and watching with anxiety the movements of the forces that were engaged more actively in the great Conflict.

A ripple of excitement was felt on May 23d, when it was reported that a bright negro, a servant of one of the officers of the 52nd Indiana, had been waylaid and killed at the Hatchie Ferry, a few miles from our camp. Colonel Wolfe took no measures looking toward the punishment of the murderers; which it might not have been practicable to do even if he had wished. The soldiers from Iowa were always ready, however, to espouse the cause of the loyal as against the disloyal, regardless of the color line.

The following incidents are from the pen of Albert Trask, of Company C, (now an Attorney in Saginaw, Mich.) and illustrate some of the lights and shadows of a soldier's life:

Soon after our arrival at Fort Pillow Sergeant Cutter and twelve corporals and privates were post-

ed at the Fulton road picket-post. During the day they were outside the works at a point where the road from Fulton forked, one branch coming into the fort, and the other going on to Ripley; in the evening the men were drawn back to where the road to Fulton passed through the works, at which point they were very high, and the road passed through a square opening.

During the night two men were kept at the opening in the works, and the plank across the outer ditch was taken up. One night, after it had been raining all day and the men were wet to the skin, and soon after they had established themselves at the works, it began to snow and turn cold. Two men were left on duty, and sergeant Cutter and the rest went a short distance into the interior of the fort, and made a log fire that contained at least a cord of wood. There was no chance for sleep for any one, because we were all so wet, and the muskets of all had been left where the two guards were posted to keep them dry. Soon after midnight, while all hands about the fire engaged in singing songs, we heard the sharp clear cry of both guards, "Halt! Halt!" followed by the quick bang, bang, of both muskets. Immediately we were tumbling over one another to get to our guns, and when we reached the post we found both guards loading as fast as they could, and they reported that a body of cavalry had come up the road near to their post, and not stopping at the order to halt they had fired, when they had wheeled about and ran out of sight.

Forthwith sergeant Cutter ordered all the guards to hold themselves ready to resist the passage of the walls, and we staid there, our feet so wet that it seemed they must freeze. It was suggested that half remain and half return to the fire, and change off every 30 minutes, but the sergeant was inexorable. Finally after nearly freezing to death, and no further sign of the enemy appearing, a couple of the boys volunteered to follow out the road and see what they could find.

After walking out to the point where the tracks showed the animals had turned and run, something

induced one of the boys to feel in the tracks, and he found that they all *parted the hoof*. So that the attack had been made by cattle, and not horses, and as none of us had ever heard that Forest mounted his men that way we concluded it was a false alarm, and all but the two whose duty it was to stay went back to the fire and their songs.

In April, 1863, Captain Moore, of the 2nd Illinois Cavalry, was ordered to take his Company, (which constituted the mounted force at Fort Pillow,) and 100 men from the 32nd Iowa and a like number from the 52nd Indiana, and break up a recruiting station about 20 miles East of Ft. Randolph, supposed to number about 700 men, and commanded by the rebel Colonel Faulkner. We all except the Cavalry went aboard a small steamer named the "Davenport," soon after dark, and at once dropped down the river about 17 miles to the remains of Ft. Randolph, where we landed and began our twenty-mile march.

Before day light we had reached the vicinity of the camp, which was located in a Methodist church, and a lot of sheds and outbuildings connected with the same, where, prior to the war, there used each year to be held camp meetings of that church.

We halted about a mile from the buildings, to give the mounted men a chance to pass around the other side of the grounds, and just as the first gleam of daylight began to show in the East we started for the church. As soon as we came within about 60 rods of the church we halted, and the detail from the 52nd Indiana fired a volley from their Enfields into the church, and at the sound of the volley, the Cavalry charged from one side and the detail from the 32nd charged from the other, (the 52nd Indiana being held in reserve,) and we met around the buildings. We soon found that our catch was pretty near a water-haul, for owing to the facilities of the grape vine telegraph news of our starting had been carried to the camp early in the evening, and Faulkner and his

band had decamped. There had been a squad out scouting, of 8 men, and they and their horses were the extent of the capture. They had come in late in the night and finding all the rest gone went to bed, and were waked by the volley through the church, none of them, owing to the fact they were all sleeping on the floor, were hit by the balls, although the body of the church seemed pretty well riddled.

We fired the buildings, and started on our return to Ft. Pillow. All the boys had heard wonderful stories about the free and easy way that Capt. Frank Moore had of dealing with rebels and rebel property, and we had all anticipated a joyous time after the object of the expedition should be accomplished, on our way back to the river, jay-hawking chickens and other dainties to eke out the rather limited bill of fare that Uncle Sam is wont to furnish his steady boarders.

Judge then of our feelings, when, soon after we had started on our return, we were halted, and Capt. Moore made a little speech, in which he said we were not to fire a shot on our return, unless we were attacked. He said that Faulkner, with his whole gang, over two to our one, was hanging on our rear, watching for a chance to attack us. He said he and his Cavalry would take the rear, and if he heard a single shot, he wished to know that it meant business.

He evidently realized that this command was a great disappointment to us, for a close observer might have detected a merry twinkle in his eyes, as he observed our disappointed looks; and after a short pause, long enough to let the words strike home, he added, "But, boys, remember that clubs will kill, and if you find anything that has'nt taken the oath, kill it." It is unnecessary to say that we all "twigged," and by the time we reached the river it was very evident that poultry, at least, had'nt taken the oath worth a cent in that region. We reached Ft. Pillow about sunset, having ridden 34 miles by boat and marched 40 miles within 24 hours.

On the 17th of June the Regiment received or-

ders to remove to Columbus, Kentucky. On the 18th Companies C and K took boat for that place. The following day, at 6 A. M., the remaining Companies went on board the Steamer Nebraska, and were duly landed at the same destination.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT COLUMBUS, KY.

The Six Companies went into camp at Columbus, Ky., June 20th, 1863. This was a critical period in the war. The recent desperate assault upon the works at Vicksburg had been repulsed with heavy loss, and the enemy was making ready to cross the Potomac. Many thousands enrolled in our armies were skulking in the rear. The copper-head was hopeful. The rebel was defiant and aggressive. Under the circumstances it was little suited to the taste of the earnest soldiers of the 32nd Iowa to find themselves at a distance from the points of greatest danger. As yet they had hardly smelled powder, and many of them had aspirations to be tried in the furnace of hot conflict. They envied the comrades who were daily called into line by the long roll, and some of whose lives were almost hourly laid upon the altar.

Although their duties were not at this point so full of danger nor so suggestive of the honors to be attained in deadly conflict, they were nevertheless *the duties* of the soldier, and these were imposed by orders that must be obeyed. The District of Columbus was under the command of General Asboth, and

the Post was commanded by Col. Geo. E. Waring, afterward noted as a progressive industrialist, author, civil-engineer, and health commissioner of the city of New York.

In the discharge of essential duties at and near Columbus the Companies were still farther divided. Companies H and K were sent to the famous Island Number Ten. Companies B, E, and I, were quartered in the town, at first under command of Lt. Col. Mix, and when he was detailed for duty on Court Martial, then under Captain Amos B. Miller, and had charge of the good order of the city, and the safety of the Military Prison. Company C, under Captain Peebles, became mounted infantry, and was attached to the Fourth Mo. Cavalry, under Colonel Waring, who was ordered on scouting duty in the adjacent country in Tennessee. These movements placed Colonel Scott of the 32nd Iowa, in command of the Post of Columbus, July 11th 1863.

Prior to this date, and while Col. Waring commanded the Post, the adjutant of the Fourth Mo. Cavalry acted as adjutant of the Post. He was a dapper little fellow of the order of Bantams, with plumage bright and gaudy, and known as being very strict in the observance of the many details in the 'Army Regulations.' Within a few days of the arrival of the 32nd Iowa a call was made for a detail of a Lieutenant and twenty-five sergeants, corporals and privates for guard duty. Comrade Albert Trask, of Company C, tells what follows:—

We had previously been informed that the Post Adjutant was a great strickler for Regulations, and

that everything had to be just so to pass muster at guard mounting. We had not yet sent our dress coats home, and consequently they were brought forth, and a vast amount of elbow grease was expended in burnishing our buttons, blacking our shoes, and furbishing up our equipment, so that when we were finally in line ready to march down to guard mounting we really thought we were "*quite swell*."

There was one drawback however in the person of comrade James Speers whom all will remember as "the infant" of our Regiment. He had been called off as one of the detail of Company K, and he stood there in the ranks as large as life. He was nearly six-and-a-half feet high, and of proportionate weight, and had consequently never been able to find, up to this point of our service, any covering such as is known by "The Regulation" that was large enough for his head. Hence, while all the government property that was with him was as bright and clean as a new pin, his head was covered by the same hat he had worn when he enlisted, and at this time it was a very shabby brown in color.

After we had taken our place in line, and had arrived at that stage in the proceedings of guard mounting when an inspection takes place, who should we see swooping down upon our part of the line, but the celebrated Adjutant, in his own proper person, with a countenance at once so angry and vindictive that I doubt if any one with less avordupois than "our infant" could have withstood the majesty of his wrath.

It was in vain that the joint explanations of both the "infant" and our Lieutenant that he was not wearing a regulation hat for the simple reason that he had never had one furnished him that he could wear, were proffered; our whole detail was rejected in disgrace, and ordered to report at once to the commandant in the fort, near which we were encamped, with the request from the irate Adjutant that a new detail be at once sent down.

By this time the sun was shining quite hot, and

we did not much enjoy our march back to the top of the hill on which the fort was located.

We reported to Colonel Messmore, in command of the fort, who was highly indignant at the rejection of the whole guard, because one man did not have a regulation hat. He looked the guard over closely, and complimented the Lieutenant on their fine appearance; expressed himself more emphatic than polite as to the Post Adjutant, and called up the Captain of a Company of regulars that were located in the fort and asked him if the guard was not good enough for the regulars. Upon being told that the guard was a credit to any regiment, the Colonel turned on his heel and confronting our Lieutenant said, "Lieutenant, present my compliments to that d——d Poppinjay of a Post Adjutant, and tell him that if he wants any better guards, by G—d he can make them!"

Whether the Lieutenant made a verbatim report of the message I do not know, but the writer has a vivid remembrance that when he went to eat his dinner on picket that day, instead of some good homely bread and milk that he had expected to have, he had to get along with butter milk, his new milk having been churned, by the evolutions he went through to get on guard that morning!

The particular reason for ordering Colonel War-ing's cavalry force to take the field appears to have been a raid made by the enemy upon Union City, only some twenty miles distant, and the capture of that outpost, July 10th, in which were taken 90 prisoners, 116 horses, some stores and other property, and in which two of our men were killed and eight wounded. When the alarm was given Gen. Asboth ordered the 32nd Iowa under Colonel Scott to pro-

ceed at once to Union City by train, but the enemy had departed in hot haste an hour before we arrived.

One of the incidents which occurred at Columbus, and worthy of note for several reasons, was the hanging of three negroes, on Friday October 9th. 1863. They had been tried by a Military Commission of which Col. W. T. Shaw of the 14th Iowa was president, and found guilty of murdering a family not very distant from Island Number Ten, from which the fighting negroes had gone on their expedition for revenge of alleged previous outrages. There were said to be extenuating circumstances, but the finding of the court was approved by General Hurlbut, in command at Memphis, and an order returned for the early execution of the condemned men.

This order was directed to Gen. A. J. Smith, who had succeeded Gen. Asboth in command of the District of Columbus. Gen. Smith transmitted the order for the execution to Colonel Scott, in command of the Post, with directions to have it carried out. Colonel Scott repaired in person, with the orders and the Army Regulations in hand, to General Smith's Head Quarters, and called his attention to the fact that no capital sentence could be carried out until it had been approved by the President of the United States. Gen. Smith declined to interpose any objections to the order of his superior, or to modify it by granting time, or otherwise, and very

emphatically advised Col. Scott not to take the responsibility of disobeying such an order. Thus, in return, Colonel Scott passed the order to the Provost Marshal, and he hanged them by the neck until they were dead.

Return was made through the regular channel of the execution of the orders, and these returns went through the War Department to President Lincoln, who, nearly a year after the men had been illegally executed, *returned the same with his disapproval*, referring to the article in the Army Regulations that had been violated!

Early in July Company C of the 32nd Iowa, as before noted, was transformed into *mounted* infantry, and attached to the Fourth Missouri Cavalry. Of this, and of their experiences for the ensuing six months, Albert Trask, of that Company, says:—

The reason assigned for this was that the whole, or some portion of the Company might attend each scouting party of the Fourth Missouri, to protect that regiment from being fired into at long range by the rebels and bushwhackers that infested the region that regiment was required to scout over.

The Fourth Missouri Cavalry at that time were armed with sabers and revolvers, and the bushwhackers would ambush them at points where the cavalry could not reach them by a charge, firing from such a distance that pistol shots would not be effective. The Enfield rifles with which Company C was armed was a weapon of very long range.

Company C drew their horses and cavalry equipments, and a sorry looking lot of horses they were. Some were better than others, of course, and in or-

der that no partiality should be shown, and that the horses selected might go by lot, as it were, Capt. Peebles directed they should be hitched in a row, as they came from the corral, and that the orderly Sergeant should call the roll, the first man taking the first horse, the second man the second horse, and so on until all the horses were drawn. The writer of this sketch well remembers the prize he drew, and the earnest remonstrance, verging on profanity, with which he untied him, the Captain laughing, almost to the point of convulsions, and promising him an early chance to trade;—a promise that he faithfully redeemed within the next ten days.

As soon as the company was mounted we began to try hand and foot at drilling. Some few had had no experience whatever in horseback riding, and scarcely one had ever ridden with spurs; and the efforts of those who tried to maintain an equilibrium by clinging to their horses with their spurs was not remarkably successful. However a little practice at dismounting, without the formality of orders to that effect, soon cured the men of that idiosyncrasy, and on the 8th of July we accompanied the Fourth Mo., Cavalry to Clinton, Ky., to resist the advance of General Forest, as he had at that time approached to the near vicinity of Union City, Tenn., and was threatening an attack upon Columbus. On the 9th, our tents and cooking utensils were sent out to us from Columbus, but the next day we were ordered to send them back with our horses.

On the 11th we received orders to return to Columbus, and got there about sunset.

We remained about Columbus until the 19th of July, doing picket duty a few miles out, most of the time, and on that date we returned to Clinton, where we remained, picketing and patrolling the roads until July 23rd, when we started, in company with the Fourth Missouri Cavalry upon a scout that took us through Farmington, Paris, Conyersville, Boysdville, Fulton, Jacksonville, and finally we brought up at Union City, Tenn., at which point we were informed we were going to establish headquarters for an in-

definite time, and probably as long as we should remain mounted.

We first lived in Sibley tents, but as cold weather approached we put up substantial wooden barracks. Our duties were mainly to keep down the bushwhacking element, disperse the guerrilla bands, prevent the smuggling of salt, quinine, medical and military stores, and keep thoroughly advised of any movements of Gen. Forest.

Our duties required us to do a great deal of night scouting, and on several occasions we captured from ten to fourteen two horse teams, principally loaded with salt, that was being smuggled into the interior for shipment to the rebel army.

Of course we sometimes brought in teams that on further inquiry we found were all right, and had to let them go again. Upon one occasion we had captured a number of loads of goods, in which salt cut a prominent figure, that we learned the next day belonged to union people, and had to be returned. Among other arrivals to claim goods at this time was a young man in the uniform of a union Lieutenant of Infantry, who belonged to a Tennessee Infantry command. He came in laughing, and informed the boys that he could appreciate the position they were in, for he had been there himself; but the fact was, he was home on a few days furlough and had been out to town to get a supply for his family, and that everything had been gobbled by our scout. He was asked to give a schedule of his goods, which he was able to quickly do from his bill of purchase, and within 30 minutes the whole list was delivered to him, except a pair of baby-shoes which it was supposed had been lost from the wagon when the search was being made.

Along near the middle of August one of the enrolling officers in the county in Kentucky nearest to Union City, that had been appointed by the Governor of the State to enroll the militia of the state for a draft, applied for a guard to protect him from the bushwhackers, in the discharge of his duties, and Sergeant Cutter and twelve men, of whom the writer of this sketch was one, were detailed for that

duty. We rode as rapidly as possible from place to place, and as a rule the enrolling officer did not dismount.

He would ride up to the door of a house, and call an inmate to the gate. Ordinarily the summons would be answered by a woman or a very old man, and as a rule we found few liable to military duty that were at home. They were in the service on one side or the other.

The frequent recurrence of a certain dialogue fixed the same upon my mind, until the lapse of thirty years has not dimmed it in the least. It would run something after the following form:

Enrolling Officer. "Who lives here?"

Ans. "John Jones."

Q. "How old is he?"

A. "Don't know."

Q. "Have you a family bible?"

A. "I reckon."

Q. "Bring it to me."

An inspection would generally serve the purpose, and a few questions would develop the fact that it had been filled in from time to time by a school teacher, or some other person that could write. It would also develop whether any sons were in the family and where they were, and if any were liable for draft they would be enrolled. Then the dialogue would be renewed;

Q. "Where is your post office address?"

A. "My what?"

Q. "Where do you get your letters?"

A. "Don't get any."

Q. "Well, where would they come if you did get any?"

A. (After due deliberation) "Philliseann, I reckon."

The amount of ignorance displayed by the whites was simply amazing. I have seen men that owned from 25 to 30 slaves that would have to call up a slave to make change for them.

Quite a number of times, during the Summer and Autumn our scouting parties encountered small bodies of the enemy's cavalry, mostly Falkner's Tennessee

Regiment, but such encounters usually ended in slight skirmishes, at long range, and it so happened that none of Company C were injured in them.

On the 18th day of November 1863, one of our scouts informed us that Major Solstreet, of the 2nd Mississippi Cavalry had crossed Sharp's Ferry, on the Osion River, which was about 13 miles from Union City, with 120 men, on his way to raid some Jew clothing stores at Hickman. By the way these Jew merchants that were so frequently robbed by the rebels had such a quick way of recuperating from their losses, and starting right in again with a new stock at the same old stand, that we had a strong suspicion that they did not lose so much as might appear at first blush, and that in fact they stood in with the rebels and selected their stock with a view to just what the robbers wished for.

But be that as it may, on this occasion Capt. Moore, of Company D 2nd Illinois cavalry, with about sixty of his men was started direct for Hickman, and Capt. Peebles with Company C, and enough of the 4th Missouri Cavalry to make up 125 men, was sent to guard Sharp's and Circe's Ferries, they being the only ferries any where near having boats large enough to carry horses.

Part of our command went to Sharp's and the balance to Circe's ferry, and remained until near noon the next day, when hearing nothing of the enemy we started for camp. On the way we encountered Capt. Moore escorting about 40 prisoners, and leading twice as many captured horses.

It seems that the rebels, through their usual means of communication, known as the grape vine telegraph, had become apprised that both Ferries were guarded, so they could not cross there, and had gone further down the river to Merriweather's Ferry, where they had to cross the men in a small boat, and swim the horses; at this point Capt. Moore overtook them soon after they started to cross, had killed and wounded quite a number, and captured the prisoners and horses as above stated.

During our various scouts we picked up and sent

north quite a number of prisoners, a large proportion of whom were commissioned officers, on short visits home. We were quite successful in gathering prisoners around the very many small distilleries scattered over the country, it seeming to be a favorite place for the Johnnies as well as some of our boys to lay in a supply of the 'necessaries of life.'

Quite a tragic event occurred upon one occasion, when Lieutenant Thomas and a part of the Company were on a scout. While the command was halted to feed their horses about eighty rods from one of these distilleries, but with a small hill intervening, Lieutenant Thomas was informed that a union officer belonging to a Tennessee regiment was stopping at the dwelling house attached to the distillery. The Lieutenant wishing to see him asked one of the boys who had just joined us from a long absence in a hospital, to ride down to the distillery and bring back the officer, naming his rank, if he found him there. John had been out on a few scouts since he had rejoined the command, and on each occasion we had made descents on distilleries, and in most instances captured prisoners; so at once supposed he was to capture the officer. He rode away in full speed, and in a very short time came back full as fast as he went, but bringing no man with him. The Lieutenant asked if he did not find him, and was told that he did, but that he refused to come, drew his pistol, and John had had to shoot him. The Lieutenant mounted his horse in hot haste and visited the distillery himself, where he found the officer shot through the neck, but fortunately it had hit no bone or artery, and the officer soon recovered.

The officer fully excused John from all blame, saying that he mistook John for a bushwhacker and drew his revolver, but John was too quick for him, and got in his shot first. It is needless to say that the recovery of the officer was a great relief to the mind of John.

During the early part of December 1863, we received quite an addition to our forces in the way of Cavalry, Infantry and some artillery.

On the 12th, the 7th Indiana Cavalry, the 17th

New York Infantry, and the 35th New Jersey Infantry arrived, and about the same time the 19th Pennsylvania Cavalry came into camp.

There were quite a number of other Regiments arrived during the next week, and on December 23rd we all started, under General A. J. Smith, for Jackson, Tennessee, at which point we were informed Forest had gone into winter quarters.

A couple of mountain howitzers had been attached to the cavalry command, and Company C was detailed to act as a support to them, and as a result of that duty we were exempt from picket or other guard duty during the whole expedition, except to guard the howitzers and our own horses.

Soon after we started the weather began to get very cold, and the snow fell to quite a depth. I think we suffered more from the cold on that trip than we did at any other time in the service.

We reached Jackson on the evening of December 29th, but far in advance of the Infantry and train. In fact they did not get as far as Jackson at all, and as Forest had got out of there with his command before we reached there we had no fighting whatever. We remained there until January 2nd 1864, when we started on our return. The frost had been so great that we crossed some streams on the ice, and the new men who had not yet learned to care for themselves suffered greatly.

We finally reached Union City, on the 7th of January, and were glad to get into our warm barracks once more.

January 17th 1864 we received orders to march to Columbus, Kentucky, and turn over our horses, and rejoin the six companies; and thus ended the services of Company C as mounted Infantry.

Duty at Columbus for the seven months prior to January 22nd, 1864, was rather monotonous, being

mainly the routine of camp-life. But the 32nd Iowa made its impress upon the policy adopted toward the freedman and his late owner, and that Post was soon known as a safe refuge for those escaping from bondage. Captain Cadwallader of the 32nd Iowa, being a Methodist preacher, was at his own request transferred from the command of his Company to the Chaplaincy of the Regiment, a vacancy in that position having occurred, and was made Superintendent of Contrabands. In due course this position became one of responsibility. Kentucky not having formally joined the Confederacy her slavholding citizens were 'loyal'; and were not slow in asserting their rights under the Constitution. They brought suits in the State courts to recover wages from those within our lines who employed their alleged slaves; the plaintiffs coming from their homes to Clinton, the county seat, for that purpose. The defendants could not safely appear in Clinton, and judgments went against them by default. Prior to the service of the 32nd Iowa in Columbus the officers of the State courts had freely come within our lines and served their notices and warrants,

But affairs took a change in the Summer and Fall of 1863. The State officers were forbidden to serve such papers under penalty of confinement in the Military Prison, and one of them was actually incarcerated to satisfy his court that its jurisdiction did not then include Columbus. Even this did not deter the court from going through the forms prescribed by the State laws, and finally the Court and the plaintiffs, all dignified 'Kentucky gentlemen, sah,' were brought to Fort Halleck within the lines

of the Post of Columbus, and placed in the guard-house of the Second Tennessee Heavy Artillery. (This Regiment consisted of colored soldiers, most of them having previously been held as slaves in that region, and the place of confinement was familiarly and pleasantly known as "the Nigger Guard-House!")

This summary course was taken by the Post Commander, and carefully kept for a day or two from the knowledge of the General commanding the District, who was highly incensed over the indignity visited upon the distinguished citizens; but who was made to understand that some had come to the conclusion that what was good enough for a colored man serving under the flag was good enough for a disloyal white man! The incident served a double purpose. It intimidated those who had annoyed the Post authorities, and it opened the eyes of at least one excellent General of our army to a phase of the question to which he had apparently not previously given a thought. He was not afterwards known to speak of the colored troops as "niggers."

Duty at Columbus ceased on January 22nd, 1864, when the 32nd Iowa—six Companies—went on board the Steamer Lucy, and her bow was turned down the great River.

CHAPTER XV.

TO VICKSBURG, AND MERIDIAN.

The first day of January 1864 will be long remembered as most bitterly cold, both North and South. The six Companies were fortunate in having quarters that enabled them to make themselves if not fairly comfortable, at least secure from being frozen. Preparations for a movement to the front were being made, and the more or less pleasant associations and memories of the camp at Columbus were finally left behind us on the 22nd of January, when we went on board the "Lucy," under orders for the farther South. This movement was hailed with much satisfaction by members of the Regiment. Alas! how many never came back!

On reaching Memphis, the Headquarters of the 16th Army Corps, commanded by General Hurlbut, we received General Order, No. 17 by which Gen. A. J. Smith was assigned to the command of the Third Division, the Second Brigade of which was composed of the Fourteenth, Twenty-Seventh, and Thirty-second Regiments of Iowa Infantry Volunteers, and the 178th New York. Later an exchange was made of the last named regiment for the Twenty-Fourth Missouri. This order was dated January 24th 1864.

Passed Helena on the 26th, reached Vicksburg on the 27th, and went into camp below the city, near the river, and three days later removed to a point some three miles farther east, where we had a chance to study some of the incidents of the famous siege of

the captured strong-hold of the rebellion.

The first day of February was occupied in preparation for light marching. Effective men were to carry a light outfit. Transportation was furnished for twenty days rations of salt, coffee, and bread, and for light valises of Field and General Officers. All else, including tents, to be left behind.

Reached Black River, February 2nd.

Crossed Black River on pontoons, February 4th. Being the last regiment in the Division on this particular day it fell to us to guard the pontoons until the next Division came up. Reached camp at 8 p.m.

Some mounted rebels hovered on our flanks, and among the casualties of the day was the loss of our pet drummer boy, little George A. Tod, who was picked up by some adventurous fellows that swooped across our line of march. He was carried off to rebel prison.

February 7th. Passed through Jackson, the State Capital, and camped at Brandon.

Composed the rear-guard on the 8th, and had a fine experience in keeping straggles in the march. Made but eight miles.

Next day started early, and went into camp at midnight, having marched twenty-four miles; and the following day got over but one-third that distance. These details indicate the nature of this tramp. At times the road was through the rolling pine lands; at others it was across river bottoms, including morasses and quicksands, where 'corduroy' must needs be laid for the passage of trains and artillery. Through the greater part of the entire march the enemy made demonstrations that threat-

ened the trains, but were evidently not of much strength.

By this time it became apparent that we were on "Uncle Billy Sherman's" raid toward the heart of the Confederacy. We were bound for Alabama or Georgia; possibly Mobile; possibly Savannah; certainly for Selma; much being dependent upon the movement of co-operating forces.

The weather was very fine. The temperature was mild for February. There was no rain. More than once the troops were called into line of march at four o'clock in the morning and tramped till past the following midnight. Had the weather been unfavorable the expedition must of necessity have been abandoned. Rations of salt, coffee, and bread, must be supplemented by what the country could supply. Beef on foot, bacon in concealment, poultry in the yards, corn in the cribs, fodder in the stacks, honey in the hives, all these were the fruits of legitimate foraging under the code which then governed. It was not the season of the year for potatoes and green corn, but the camp-fire often threw off the savor of bacon on the coals, and that of the broiling chicken; and the smell of corn bread, rose from the ashes; all of which were as incense to the nostrils of the thousands of hungry soldiers.

Our valentine was found to be the important railway station of Meridian, which was reached on the 14th of February. The Brigade was moved a few miles east of the town, and about the 16th and 17th began the work of railway destruction. Other portions of the force went in other directions, and a large amount of damage was soon done to the rebel

lines of communication.

Much public and some private property was destroyed. Some abandoned dwellings were plundered. It was said that under the trees some of the soldiers slept soundly on feather beds in this brief camp near Meridian. In extenuation it may be said that it took a wearisome march to reach that distant point; tearing up railways, burning the ties, and bending the rails, greatly fatigued those so engaged; and the poor fellows, far from home, no doubt greatly enjoyed an addition to the customary soldier's blanket as a couch. After the lapse of more than a third of a century, and the State of Mississippi has been restored to a condition of 'loyalty' to the flag we then carried, the writer of these chronicles has no regrets over having very promptly and emphatically declined to put members of his command on guard, either day or night, over the feather beds or other property of Mississippians who would without compunction have shot the sentinels on their beats, when so engaged. The then condition was war. Those people were responsible for the condition, and it was their fortune to take the consequences. This is not meant as an apology for wrongs perpetrated upon non-combatants, yet such an apology might often be found in the acts of those who were loudest in claiming protection, and who then, and since, in safe company, have boasted, of the assassination of soldiers.

As a general thing members of the 32nd Iowa were innocent of acts of wanton destruction of private property. Among so many it were not to be wondered if some were found who could not discrim-

inate between liberty and license. The sentiment that it was more important that a rebel should have dainties than that a loyal soldier should have food was never encouraged; and it may have been a member of that regiment who urged upon the remonstrating mistress of the poultry yard that "this accursed rebellion must be put down, even if it should take the last chicken in the Confederacy!"

On the 19th, the work of railway destruction having been well done, "the boys" were ready to look up some of those who were reported by the 'intelligent contraband' as worthy of attention. Among these was a brutal slave-driver in the neighborhood of the camp. He was said to have mutilated, and even murdered, some of his slaves, for which he had never even been held to answer by the authorities. He was brought into camp by some of the officers' servants, who, with Sergeant B—— of the 32nd Iowa, took him before the Commander of the Brigade, and narrated the story of the crimes laid to his charge. That officer is said to have ordered them to "take him out into the woods, and hang him!" The Sergeant was one of those conscientious men who would do and stand by the right tho' the Heavens should fall, but with no more appreciation of the grim humor of his superior than would have been shown by an oyster, and forthwith he headed the procession in search of a convenient sapling!

It was more the result of the Sergeant's religious convictions, and his disinclination to be the

means of hurrying such a sinner before the bar of the final judgement without a moment for repentance, than from any suspicion as to his duty, that delayed the execution until the officer of the day got wind of the matter, and took the entire party before the commander of the Division. The Sergeant unhesitatingly referred to the orders received as his authority. The commander of the Brigade explained that the order to hang the man was merely a jest, meant to terrify the victim, and the farce that might have been a tragedy, came to an end much more to the satisfaction of the cruel monster than to that of the camp-followers!

Early in the morning of the 20th the return to Vicksburg was begun, and twenty miles were completed before night came on. This movement settled the character of the expedition. Whatever may have been the original objective point, and whatever the purpose in view, it culminated in the crippling of the railways in the heart of the enemy's country, and in the demonstration of the capacity of an army to partially subsist itself without dependence on its base of supplies. Perhaps Gen. Sherman gained from this "Expedition to Meridian" much experience that was valuable to him on his subsequent famous "March to the Sea."

February 26th, arrived at Canton without incident of note. Many negroes and some whites join-

ed our line of march, fleeing from slavery, conscription, and other evils.

February 28th. The regiment was mainly engaged in destroying railways; but Captain Peebles was out with a foraging party, lost six teams, and had one man killed, private Flood, of Company C.

March 1st, left Canton in a rain-storm, accompanied by a special train in charge of the Chaplain of the 32nd Iowa, consisting of non-descript vehicles, ranging from ox-carts to Conestoga wagons, and filled with negroes of all ages, colors, and sexes, and many previous conditions of servitude. Hundreds of woolly heads rose from the miscellaneous plunder with which the carts and wagons were filled, making it a most memorable as well as a most motley procession. The Chaplain had a grave responsibility as well as a dangerous task. Had a few wellarmed rebels or guerillas pounced upon his charge the whole party would have been sent to Kingdom Come without benefit of clergy. He knew all this, was equal to the occasion, and reached Vicksburg without other disaster than the loss of his valuable horse.

On the evening of March 3d the command reached Black River, and the 32nd Iowa was cheered by meeting some of the officers of the Four Companies from the other Department. Next day a march of 18 miles brought us to the camp in the rear of Vicksburg, and the Regiment was again an entirety, after a separation that began at St. Louis in November, 1862. It was a time of great rejoicing. Each detachment lustily cheered the other, and the whole gave cheer after cheer for the occasion. Thirty

days mail, and the newspapers for February were distributed. It was a memorable day in the history of the regiment, and a happy conclusion of the Meridian Expedition.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE UNITED REGIMENT ON THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION; FORT DE RUSSY; ALEXANDRIA; TO PLEASANT HILL.

The morning report of March 7th, 1864, shows a total enrolment of 864 men. Recruits said to be on the way are expected to swell this number to 950.

The air is full of rumors. Some great movement is on foot. Transports crowd the Vicksburg levee. Though foot-sore and leg-weary from the tramp of 400 miles through alternate morass and pine forest of Mississippi the 32nd Iowa had a keen appetite for what was supposed to be somewhere at the front, and wanted to taste it. There were suggestions of the March to the Sea. Wherever Uncle Billy would lead the Iowa boys were anxious to follow.

It was to a certain extent known that the rich Red River country was feeding large forces of the enemy. Ninety per cent of the white males able to bear arms were in the rebel army. Old men, children, the women, and hordes of negroes, recent slaves, but now fully knowing that they had been emanci-

pated, constituted the population of that region. In 1863 the women and the negroes made the crops that gave themselves subsistence, and furnished large amounts to sustain the armies in the field. The loyalty of the negroes to the race that held them in slavery, and was making every effort to perpetuate that condition, as against those whose victory would enfranchise them, must be regarded as one of the most wonderful things in history. There is no record of a threat of resistance to the old authority, no uprising, no rapine, no revenge for long continued oppression of the race, or for personal outrages without number! What a record as compared with the history of the third of a century which followed their complete emancipation! What a comparison between the order the negroes maintained when all power was in their hands, and the brutalities inflicted on them by the old oppressor when protection was shamefully withdrawn!

Food crops were those most largely produced, but each woman in the cotton belt knew that the possession of the fleecy staple meant gold. So all tried to grow a little cotton. With it they could buy medicines for their sick children and a few of the luxuries of the life that seemed so far away in the dreadful war time. Then, too, it must be remembered, the Confederates did not lose the great cotton States until the war was nearly over. The States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas in particular were in Confederate possession, and the Union armies held only the strategic points. Could the Confederacy have gotten the cotton out there would have been no scarcity of military stores and supplies.

But the blockade was too firmly maintained. It could not be broken.

The enormous amount of cotton in that region was known to our authorities, and it was known that from there much of the subsistence of the rebel armies was drawn. Cotton was then worth more than one dollar per pound, Northern mills stood idle for lack of the staple, and great efforts were made to induce the President to get these supplies for use, and to save them from destruction. The Spragues received permits to buy cotton for their mills in Rhode Island, and perhaps another house or two got the same privilege. It is said that a Jewish house in New York offered \$1,000,000 in gold for permission to send their agents into Arkansas alone.

The high price of cotton made such a temptation both to the producers and to treasury agents that enormous frauds were perpetrated, and like risks were taken. Members of our Army and navy became infected, and many a name otherwise without a stain was smirched by being connected with these transactions. It may be safely assumed that hundreds to whom the charge has never been openly brought participated in these profits of shame.

So much by way of prelude to the story of the Red River Expedition, on which it was now known that we were to embark for thirty days.

The Historian has the benefit of data furnished heretofore published by Sergeant Boyd, whose work

has been formally endorsed by the Regimental Association. No apology is therefore necessary for any quotations made from Sergeant Boyd's work, however extended. He wrote from copious notes recorded at the time the events occurred, and these he amplified from a well-stored memory, before they had time to fade and from the evidence of contemporaneous witnesses that were about him. Of these events Sergeant Boyd says:—

As a united regiment we were designed to form a part of the grand army of General Sherman's that was to disembowel the Southern Confederacy on his march to the sea. But in conformity to special order, No. 63, from Gen. McPherson, issued in obedience to instructions from Gen. Sherman, 7,500 men from the Sixteenth Army Corps, under command of General Joseph A. Mower, and 2,500 under General T. Kilby Smith from the 17th Army Corps, and all under command of General A. J. Smith, were loaned to General Banks for thirty days, to date from the time of our entering the Red river country, to aid him to dissect the cotton and sugar regions of Western Louisiana, and capture Shreveport.

For this expedition the Thirty-second Iowa formed a part of Shaw's brigade of Mower's command.

On the 10th day of March we boarded the steamer South Wester, and about 4 o'clock p. m., the signal gun was fired, and 21 transports hauled in their cables and swung out into the Mississippi on that ill-fated expedition. At 2 p. m. of the 11th we were at the lower or southern mouth of the Red river (an old channel of the Mississippi) where lay Admiral Ellet's marine brigade.

As the fleet of gunboats and transports moved up the channel of the old river, about noon of the 12th, the scene as presented to the eye of the soldier from the hurricane deck of the South Wester, was truly grand. At times the fleet moved in groups or clusters, and in some bends the whole could be seen at one view; and as the transports were densely packed

from boiler to hurricane deck, with soldiers in blue, together with the gaudy uniforms of the marines on the gunboats, and all with the stars and stripes floating in the breeze, was a scene not soon to be forgotten.

We moved up to the head of the Atchafalaya and then turned down that stream, and on the morning of the 13th disembarked at Simms' Landing, the enemy's pickets falling back, and we taking possession of their camp. The fleet returned and went up by way of Red river.

We at once started from Simms' port for a fort some five miles out on Yellow bayou, said to be garrisoned by 2,500 men under Gen. Scurry. We found an extensive uncomplete earthen fort from which the enemy had retreated. We captured a few men and teams and then returned to the Landing. Orders then came to draw five days rations of hardtack, coffee and salt, and an extra supply of ammunition, and be ready to start at any moment. Starting again at 9 o'clock at night, we marched nine miles halting about midnight. The boys made coffee, hastily ate a soldier's meal and laid down for a sleep; but at 4 o'clock reveille sounded. At 5:30 we were on the move harassed by side or flank skirmishing, until we reached a stream or bayou, where the enemy had just destroyed the bridge, (the burning timbers were still floating on the water) and were on the opposite bank to dispute our passage.

The third Indiana battery moved quickly up, unlimbered and sent her shells into the enemy's ranks with great rapidity. Under the protection of the battery we were ferried over in some rickety old flat boats. The enemy retired. The bridge was rebuilt in about two hours, and the march resumed.

About 4 o'clock we came to a lane turning to the right at right angle, when we were startled by the boom of artillery, and solid shot and shell coming greetingly down the lane to meet us. Starting on double quick, forward, and filing through a piece of heavy timber, we were exposed to a full raking fire from the heavy guns of the fort, when "*forward*" yelled Colonel Scott, and we sprung quickly into bat-

the line to a slight hollow, among some scrubby thorn bushes, where Colonel Scott ordered: "*Down! down! every man, down flat!*" As down we dropped to mother earth, torrents of shot, shell and minnie balls passed over us, some vines over our heads were cut clean as if mown with a scythe. Again came the voice of Colonel Scott: "*Up, quick; by the right flank, double quick.*" Just as the regiment started forward by the flank, a large shell from the fort came whizzing by, a little to our right and a little higher than our heads, and sweeping parrallel with the regimental line; a little lower and a little farther to our left, a little delay on the part of the commanding Colonel, and the Thirty-second Iowa would doubtless have been swept out of existence. But the clear ringing voice of Colonel Scott was heard amidst the din and roar of musketry and artillery. "*Left half wheel, double quick, forward; and shelter yourselves behind the old logs and stumps, and pick the gunners*" This brought the regiment within close musket range under the heavy guns of the fort. The old stumps and logs on the field made a fair shelter. But here came a new danger. Commodore Porter was just coming up the river with his fleet of Gunboats, and his advance boats, the Eastport and Neosho began to throw their shells with fearful rapidity, and we were in more danger from the explosion of his shells than from the guns of the enemy. Porter discovering the condition of affairs caused his boats to cease firing. And the fleet stood at bay, mute spectators of the land force taking the works by storm.

Soon the guns were silenced for want of gunners to man them, and again came the order, "*Up! forward, charge!*" The ditch was leaped; the white flag was up; the fort was ours, and the Stars and Stripes were waving in the breeze over defences that had cost the enemy much labor, and taxed the ingenuity of the noted engineer, Colonel De Russy, to build. Col. De Russy had spent over a year with 5,000 contrabands building the fort and strengthening the defences on Red river about Marksville. Rebel prisoners afterwards taken at Henderson's hill, above Alexandria, informed us that Dick Taylor had assur-

ed them that no Yankee troops could ever pass Fort De Russy. The first intimation they had that it was taken, was the whistling of our fleet steaming up to Alexandria. The Regiment lost only three men. James Rood of Company I was killed and James Kent of Company A was shot through the lungs and was unconscious for some ten days but finally recovered. And one man was wounded by a piece of the shell when it exploded, after sweeping parallel with, and the entire length of the Regiment line. It certainly seems strange that the Regiment escaped as it did. On the 15th the Regiment again boarded the old South Wester, and the next day was at Alexandria.

When we left Vicksburg for Red river, we were shipped on the hurricane deck of a steamer direct from the smoky city of Pittsburg. And as we lay around her pilot house and smoke stacks, we certainly enjoyed a fair amount of her soot and coal-dust. And after storming Fort De Russy, we took our old place and were thankful to there rest and ride even in the coal-smoke and soot. On reaching Alexandria our already threadbare clothes did not present a very fine appearance. After getting there, some one complained to Colonel Shaw, then commanding the brigade, that we ought to have something better to eat, as our rations were not then first class, even for a soldier. The Colonel ordered a squad of men to go out into the country and get something better and issue it regularly to the men. "No Jayhawking about." So the Quarter Master and Major Eberhart took a squad of thirteen men and went out to the residence of Governor Moore, the then Rebel Governor of Louisiana. On approaching the place we found the premises very fine. A beautiful lawn ran all around the residence, neatly leveled and shaven as with a lawn mower. Just as the squad approached the left of the premises they discovered a nice lot of young porkers, the hams and shoulders of which would fry nicely in a soldier's frying pan, and near by was a large poultry yard well filled with ducks, chickens, etc., and a little farther off and to the right was an apiary. We could

taste the sweetness of the honey as a gentle breeze blew in our faces. Ah! now, thought we, here is a paradise for a hungry soldier. But just as we moved up towards the porkers, *Halt! Halt!* rang out upon our ears as a Union soldier stepped out on our front, dressed in a handsome new uniform of blue, his shoes well polished, a paper collar around his neck, and with his gun and bayonet well polished and glistening in the sun, repeated with emphasis, *Halt! Halt!* Just then stepped out a corporal of the guard, also well dressed in splendid new uniform, paper collar, and with white cotton gloves on his hands, and soon appeared a Lieutenant and even Captain of the guard, all dressed in handsome new officers uniforms, their swords dangling by their sides, their scarfs around their shoulders with golden tassels trailing to the ground.

And on looking up to the veranda of the house we could see a well dressed Union Colonel sitting in an easy chair, the eagle glistening on his shoulders, as there he sat with golden glasses on his face, quietly reading a newspaper. In short we were informed that an entire Massachusetts regiment was there on guard, and "not a thing should be touched." We halted, we looked at them, in their fine uniforms, we looked at our own clothes, much worn and decidedly shabby, not a paper collar in the squad, not a "biled shirt." Our shoes were not blacked, nor our guns very well polished, (but they were in shooting trim) and our stomachs possessed a decided vacuum. But our officer thought the first duty of the soldier was to obey orders. So we returned to camp and made our supper on rusty bacon and decidedly musty "hardtack" while we soliloquized on the propriety of an entire regiment of Union soldiers guarding the premises of the Rebel Governor of the state, while he was devoting his every energy to destroy the lives of Union soldiers and the Union itself. But some six weeks passed away, and look at that same palatial residence and the surroundings as they lay between the contending armies. The Rebel commander never hesitated to send his shot and shell over and through it if thereby he could reach the Union lines.

The destruction of Gov. Moore's fine peach orchard, and even his entire premises, was to the Rebel General a military necessity if they stood in his way of destroying the Union army. Was it a military necessity for us to protect them and save his porkers, and provisions for the men who were aiming to destroy the Union!

Gov. Moore's plantation contained some four thousand acres of rich land, and had been well stocked with negroes. Some forage trips afterwards made to that vicinity proved more successful, especially the one under Lieutenant Shannon, in which he procured "ten thousand chickens," and ducks not counted, and loaded them in less than one hour. But then Lieutenant Shannon was something extra on such forage trips.

The regiment remained at Alexandria until the 26th, awaiting the arrival of Banks and Franklin and the 19th army corps. A two days march 27th and 28th, brought us to Bayou Cote in the northwest part of the Parish of Rapides, where the regiment remained until April 2nd and had its first battalion drill as a united regiment since leaving camp at Dubuque, Iowa.

On the 2nd again boarded the "South Wester" and on the afternoon of the next day were at Grand E'Core. On the 4th went up on the north side of the river, above the town of Campte, to aid in protecting a gunboat and get it off a sand bar, skirmishing with the enemy. Returned to Grand E'Core on the evening of the fifth and crossed to the south side of the river, and camped in line of battle on the ridge or bluffs above Grand E'Core. The bluffs, in places, were one hundred and twenty feet high, perpendicular above the river. Before daylight on the morning of the 6th, we received orders to leave all surplus baggage on the boat, even to our portfolios and writing material, carry nothing but a rubber blanket, three days rations in our haversacks, forty rounds of cartridges in our cartridge boxes, and be ready to move at daylight on a rapid, forced march for Shreveport by way of Pleasant Hill. Pleasant Hill is 25

miles west and three miles north of Grand E'Core, by the section lines, but our road bore southeast of Spanish Lake, carrying us six miles further south, when we struck the divide between the streams flowing southwest into the Sabine river, and those flowing north into Red river and Bayou La-Pierre Lake. Our road then bore to the northwest meandering along the divide in the direction of Mansfield. We did not move until after nine o'clock on the morning of the 7th. At first the roads were very dusty, but a heavy rain changed the sandy red clay and dust to mud. After getting started Gen. Banks and Staff passed us moving rapidly to the front. We marched sixteen miles through a rough, poor country, mostly covered with pine timber and a thick, matted growth of underbrush. The improvements were very poor. The buildings were mostly huts, built of pine poles and daubed with red clay. The command was considerably annoyed and the march impeded by the narrow road being obstructed by a train, none of the teams belonging to us, but said by the boys to be loaded with paper collars and iron bedsteads for Banks' command.

A heavy rain that night made the marching very hard the next day in the red mud. Twenty miles brought us to an old log church and graveyard, in the rear of the little village of Pleasant Hill, where the command halted for the night. But before we laid down to rest in our beds of leaves among the graves, rumors were rife in camp of disaster in our front, it being reported that the Thirteenth Army Corps had been all cut to pieces; General Ransom, commanding, mortally wounded, and that the Nineteenth Corps was falling back on us badly demoralized. About 11 o'clock at night an officer on Banks' staff arrived in camp and confirmed the news of disaster. About an hour later orders came to General Smith's command to be ready to move at once; that the entire force in our front was falling back on us, and that we would be marched to the front. At 2 o'clock a. m., we were called into line.

After getting the true state of facts, as near as

possible, Colonel Scott called his men around him, and told them the news from the front, and then added, "Now, my boys, I have told you the worst, and if it comes to the worst, *I ask of you to show yourselves to be men.*"

In that trying ordeal through which the regiment passed on that eventful day, need I say that Colonel Scott was not ashamed of his regiment, and that his men were not ashamed of their Colonel?

CHAPTER XVII.

BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL AS TOLD BY SER- GEANT BOYD.

It was near 9 o'clock before we actually moved out of that graveyard camp. As we marched out to the road, a scene of indescribable confusion presented itself. It was impossible for infantry to get into the road without being trampled under foot. The road was a "jam" of six-mule teams, each striving to make the most speed to the rear. The mules were entangled each with their feet in the harness of the other. The drivers were whipping and swearing; and, as an accompaniment of the music of their whiplashes, was their fearful cursings of General Banks and other officers. In fact nearly all the Generals in command the day previous appeared to come in for a share of their imprecations. One exception was the youthful General Ransom, then supposed to be mortally wounded.

But by tearing through the thick underbrush until we reached the open ground near the village, we passed the retreating rabble. We passed to the left of the village, and then bearing to the right we crossed a small stream to the edge of a large open field, and then, filing left, moved down along the edge of

the field, forming a line at the edge of the timber, facing westward over the open field. The left of the regiment extended to within a few rods of the corner of the field. A body of heavy timber, with thick matted growth of underbrush, being to the south of the field. The right of the regiment extended over the small stream.

As we formed into line a body of troops then holding that position fell back or changed their positions. One of these was the 47th Pennsylvania. Our regiment composed the extreme left of the brigade. The 27th and 14th Iowa and the 24th Missouri were on our right. To the extreme right of the brigade, on a ridge in an open field and a little in advance of its right wing, was a battery, so stationed as to sweep with raking fire the Shreveport road and any force that the enemy might attempt to mass there. Colonel Shaw moved the right of his brigade slightly forward in order to be in supporting distance of the battery and defence of that road. His position was inspected, and action approved by General Stone, then Banks' Chief of Staff, and if properly supported and protected on the right and left was the best that could be taken.

It was Gen. Charles P. Stone, of melancholy history—the same whom Wm. H. Seward afterwards met in Egypt, as chief of staff to the Khedive. He appeared to us a more genial and courteous officer than Gen. Dwight who succeeded him as chief of Banks' staff, but possibly did not carry as much "poor commissary."

But the volunteer soldier was not a good machine soldier. He would think, and at times would criticize even the actions of his officers, from the cheverone dsergeant to the double-starred General. And as the men lay there that day, with a light skirmish line thrown out over the open field, they would cast their eyes along the line to the extreme right of the brigade, and ask, is that flank properly supported and strengthened? And if the enemy masses his forces and charges in on that road, may he not force the right back or double it back on itself in spite of the bravest troops and one of the best brigade com-

manders who ever drew a sword? On going to the left of our regiment, we could detect a road coming through the timber to the corner of the field at an acute angle with our line, and the thick undergrowth of matted brush enabled them to mass their forces there unseen, while the support of our left was to our left and rear, and a brigade of colored troops was said to be somewhere. But our orders were *positive and emphatic*. "*Hold this position at all hazards.*" *We must stem the tide of the exulting and victorious foe.*

But with the exception of some skirmishing all was comparatively quiet until after 4 o'clock p. m.

Major Eberhart had just been down to the left of our regiment, and was walking leisurely back in front of the line, when he remarked: "Boys, there will be no fight to-day." The remark was reiterated by a number of the officers and men. But stop! there is lively firing on the skirmish line. Our skirmishers are hotly engaged, and are rapidly falling back on the main line. And looking across the field to the timber beyond, it was alive with troops; the woods were full of cavalry preparing for a charge, and coming into line on a gallop. Here they come on a gallop and with a yell!

Col. Scott and our officers passed quickly along our line cautioning the men to keep cool. He said: "Keep cool, boys! Down! Hold your fire! Let them come within fifty yards and empty their carbines; and then take careful aim and not shoot too high!" We were lying down, Their carbines were emptied, and they overshot us. Their right hands reached for their saber to make a saber charge, when the rifles of Shaw's brigade answered back. The range was close and deadly. If anything in the destruction of human life could be grand and fearfully sublime, the repulsing of that charge surely was. Horses reared and plunged, and horses and riders fell. A number, I noticed, ran down our line dragging their wounded and mangled riders by the stirrups, and a number ran, riderless, off into the woods to our left. One man on the right of our regiment rode clear into our lines, and was taken prisoner.

Another, riding a magnificent horse, dashed into the 14th Iowa, and fell from his horse, dead. On his revolver was engraved the name "Col. Buechel."

A rebel officer, who came home on the same boat with us—from Vicksburg to St. Louis—and who witnessed the charge, said that no more than five or six men out of the 1,200 who made the charge but were either killed, wounded or unhorsed !

After the cavalry charge there was a lull for a few moments. Then came the infantry. At first they came at right shoulder shift. You could hear the command of their officers: "Dress up on the right ! Steady on the center ! Steady ! Steady. boys ! Keep cool ! Keep cool !" as with measured step they moved steadily forward. Colonel Scott and other officers again passed along the line, cautioning the men to keep cool and hold their fire. "Let them come; let them empty their guns, and then shoot low; never shoot above the belt!" he said. Their fire was delivered. We had a little the lower ground, and were overshot. "Fire! Fire!" was the order, as our Springfield rifles answered back. Their line wavered and reeled back, as many fell to the ground. That charge was broken. A rebel officer taken prisoner that night, said that the volley of our regiment killed two hundred men. But still came charge and volley after volley of musketry, although

"Still with murderous slaughter
Pelted back, they came again."

But we, occupying a little the lower ground and lying down, received but little injury. The twilight of evening was thickening around us when the firing in our front, and even the cannonading on our right, had ceased. For a few moments there was again a lull. But here from our right flank, from our left flank, and even from our rear, comes a murderous fire. In short, we are flanked both on the right and left, and the enemy is hotly engaged with our reserve line in our rear, and we are cut off, and our men falling fast around us. The enemy had passed our left flank, and the other regiments of our brigade on the right had been ordered to fall back, but no order was sent the Thirty-second. Col. Shaw had himself, tried

to reach us to order us back, but found a line of the enemy already between him and us. And here we were, our ammunition exhausted, and *Zip! Zip!* came the minnie balls from right, left and rear. Col. Scott comprehending the situation, ordered a careful movement to the left and rear, with open ranks, to avoid if possible the fire of our own troops; and in the dark we made our way out and formed a junction with the 12th and 35th Iowa brigade.

The regiment lost 210 men going into action with 415. In the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, immortalized in story and in song, Lord Cardigan took 673 officers and men into that action. They lost 113 killed and 134 wounded, or 36.7 per cent. The loss of the 32d at Pleasant Hill was 13.9 per cent greater. (See May number of the *Century* article—"The chances of being hit in battle.") That article gives our number in action at 420. My diary makes it five men less.

In a very short time, six companies to-wit: A, B, H, E, G, and D, lost over twice as many men as the entire state of Texas lost in killed and wounded in the Mexican war, although she is credited with furnishing 8,018 men for that war; and seven times as many as the state of Louisiana had killed and wounded in the Mexican war where her quota is given at 7,947; and more than 12 times as many as all the killed and wounded of the great state of Georgia, although she was credited with 2,132 men.

As the fragments of the regiment were gathered together, our feelings could not be described. As name after name was called, some comrade would answer, "He was killed at my side;" another, "He was killed just as we turned into the timber;" and of others, "Wounded and left on the field;" and there were others whose fate was unknown, but doubtless they fell in the woods as the regiment was cutting its way back.

As the men who were left attempted to lie down and get some sleep, they had reason to be thankful that their lives were spared; but then so many of our comrades were dead, and so many whose fate was as yet unknown. We could hear the moaning of the

wounded in the woods, through which we had made our way, and hear the ambulance corps and see their lights as they were gathering up the dead and wounded. The woods were strewn with friend and foe.

At midnight the order of Smith and Mower was, "Go into line of battle at 4 o'clock!" but at 2 o'clock the order was, "Fall in retreat!" Silently and sullenly, but not without murmuring, did the men start on the retreat, to leave their dead and wounded to fall into the hands of the enemy. But the retreating advance of the 19th Corps and the trains and cavalry were then at Grand E'Core, thirty-six miles away, having been ordered back by Gen. Banks on the morning before the battle.

The next day the enemy sent in a flag of truce, asking permission to bury their dead, but were astonished to find no one to receive it. It was two armies running away from each other. We were not retreating from a well organized army flushed with victory, as the 13th and 19th Corps had done after Sabine cross roads; but so far as the troops of Smith and Mower were concerned, it was a well organized army, officers and men having each full and complete confidence in the other, retreating from a beaten and retreating foe.

Owing to the marching and want of rest, men were becoming worn out. The morning passed slowly. Our haversacks contained no breakfast. "We and rations had not met." Banks had ordered them all to Grand E'Core, but Smith swore that ours should not go, and they didn't go quite. The sun was well up in the heavens; the line was moving up a long hill; the boys were feeling tired and feeling the gnawings of hunger. On looking up they saw a man on a sorrel pony, and another horseman behind him coming back. It was Quartermaster McCall, and his commissary, Clark Fuller, issuing rations of hard tack. That hard tack tasted good.

We marched about twenty miles that day, and many of our men became very tired and began to lag. After getting started, Col. Scott got off his horse, tucked his pants into his boots, walked back along

the line, and finding a man badly worn out, got him in an ambulance, another on a wagon, and finally got all the worst provided for but one, and taking him by the shoulder stuck him on his own horse, and then walking along with the boys, he said, "Come on, boys, we will do the best we can."

The next day, being in the rear, the enemy's cavalry made a dash upon us. They appeared to have just found out that we were retreating. In the afternoon we had considerable skirmishing and were much harrassed by their cavalry, but reached Grand E'Core in the evening. The regiment was then sent out on picket. Poor rest for the tired soldier. The next day we received a mail, it being the first news from home since before leaving Vicksburg—thirty-four days. Our previous mails had been captured by the enemy. The rebels getting sixteen sacks when they captured the steamer, "City Belle."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL; AS SEEN FROM DIFFER- ENT STAND-POINTS BY MEMBERS OF THE 32ND IOWA VOLUNTEERS.

The preceding chapter gives the facts in relation to Pleasant Hill as seen and remembered by Sergeant Boyd. He has embodied in his narrative some of the recollections of other witnesses, and some matters gleaned from published records. But as there was much controversy, greatly conflicting testimony, and some bitterness, unpleasant memories of which still remain, the Historian believes it his duty to supplement the story of Sergeant Boyd with

a portion of other testimony that has come into his hands. The separate facts narrated by these witnesses are consistent with independent testimony as given by others, and it is hoped that taken together they will throw a light upon the subject that will enable the unprejudiced to give due credit to the men in the command of Gen. A. J. Smith,—to the Iowa Regiments,—to Shaw's Brigade,—and especially to the 32nd Iowa Volunteers.

Comrade E. V. Moore, of Company I, who kept a diary, and in 1894 was Post Master at Benkelman, Nebraska, says:

“At the time of the advance of the enemy upon our lines I was on the skirmish line with others, about forty rods in advance of the Regiment. Some rebel officers showed themselves in our front, on the opposite side of the open field. I fired at them, and they immediately disappeared in the brush. In a few minutes the enemy's cavalry came out of the timber at the same spot, and formed for a charge. Almost at the same moment their infantry opened upon our Regiment, across the corner of the open field, to our left front, which was sufficient hint for the skirmishers to fall back. This was done in some haste, after delivering their fire,—from which two of the enemy fell.

The cavalry charge upon the right of our brigade very soon followed. * * *

On reaching the Company I dropped into a shallow and dry depression, and while regaining my wind I heard the sharp crack of a rifle, saw the smoke rise from a tree-top, heard a thud in my rear, and glancing back saw Mathias Hutchinson sink back,

without a groan. His father went to him, raised his head, but immediately laid it down, saying—"He is dead!" I think he was shot through the heart. *

* * After the first repulse of the enemy he was carried back, I think by Geo. Williams and James Baldrige.

In all the charges on our line after the death of his son Captain Hutchinson encouraged us by his voice and his example, taking no thought for himself. When the last charge had been repulsed, and the enemy had passed us in strong force on both our flanks, Colonel Scott came to Captain H. and told him we were completely cut off from the main body of our army, and asked if he had any suggestions. Captain H. replied, 'Let us stay right here ! ' "

Comrade Rollin P. Mead, of Company E, now a farmer near Aplington, Iowa, says:—

"I was wounded in my right arm at Pleasant Hill, and managed to reach the hospital, about two miles to the rear of our line, where my arm was taken off at the shoulder during the evening. In the latter part of the night I was told our army was going to retreat. I got up and tried to get a place in an ambulance, and was told there was no chance for me. Determined that I would not go to rebel prison I walked till after sunrise, and with a few miles on an ammunition wagon the first day, and an ambulance the second day, I got to Grand E'Core."

Comrade Edwin Nichols, of Company B, now a

farmer near Clear Lake, Iowa, says:—

“On the 9th of April, 1864, was called up about 3 a. m., took our coffee and hard-tack, and while waiting for something better to do a pack of cards was brought out by some one, and we set down to a game of poker. The stakes were grains of corn, not representing any particular value. When the day was ended I was the only one of the ten in that game that answered the roll-call.

As we went to the place assigned us in the extreme front, on the road to Mansfield, we met many of the troops who had been driven back the previous afternoon. They encouraged (?) us by expressions of sympathy, advice, and prophecy; telling us that those who lived to return would travel faster on the return trip, and that we had better send word to our sweet-hearts now, while able to do so, and much more of the same sort. * * * We took our position, and soon saw many signs of an approaching battle. The noise, smoke, and smell of powder burning, made me wish that the General in command would think it necessary to have a bottle of water out of the Atlantic Ocean, and would detail me to bring it. I am sure I could have got ready to start within thirty-days! * * After the skirmish line was called in I felt that it was the other fellow who was in danger. * *

All through the day we expected an attack at any moment, but about four o'clock the fire of the skirmishers and sharp-shooters slackened up, and many of us began to think the enemy was retiring. Just then Colonel Scott passed along the line, and when near our company said,—“Boys, if they come to-day

they will be here within half an hour." James Turner then said he would take our three-quart pail and make some coffee at a fire in the rear of the line. After the fight was over he found three balls had gone through the pail.

The Colonel was right as to the time they would pitch in. - - The skirmish line was called in. Then came the cavalry charge. - - It looked as though we would not furnish a mouthful apiece for them. But they went down, falling in all directions, - - there was no time for fooling, - - the infantry followed up, - - the other Regiments of our brigade fell back, and the rebels followed them, passing about four rods to our right, and on to the rear.

It was wonderful that anything could live in such a storm of iron and lead. A ball struck the ground and filled my face with dirt; another took a bit of skin from the knuckle of my right fore finger; another pulled the hair over my left; and another lodged in the rolled blanket on my shoulder.

Adjutant Huntley stood near me when Colonel Scott directed him carry the word to Col. Gilbert and Col. Shaw that the enemy was passing our left in heavy force. Huntley delivered the message, and fell as he was returning to his place. Lieutenant Howard stood with his left hand against a small tree, his sword in his right, the point resting on the ground. He soon fell. Jacob G. Brown was at my left; Wilbur Hoyt was behind him; and John P. Ford was behind me. All of them were killed. Hoyt was shot after we had fallen back to a log that seemed to offer some shelter, but the balls soon struck the log

from the rear, showing that we had the enemy on all sides of us. - - - After the fighting was over, and it was quite dark, Quartermaster McCall asked two of us to go with him to help our wounded on the field. He carried a lantern, and when we reached a guard under charge of a Major from Maine the light was ordered to be blown out, and though we could hear the moans of the dying in our front nothing could be done for them. This was more dreadful than the thickest of the battle ! As our retreat began before daylight, next morning, we never saw or heard our dying comrades again!"

Comrade W. H. Guy, now an influential citizen of Granola, Kansas, and who was then acting orderly Sergeant of Company E, says:—

- - - Early in the morning of April 9th, I learned that during the latter part of the night that portion of Bank's army which had been engaged the previous day were retreating about as promiscuously as the soldiers had done at Bull Run. This was not stimulating news; and the remark of General A. J. Smith, as he sat on his horse, while we marched by on the Mansfield road, was very welcome. He said in his positive way,—“Boys, remember where you belong!” - - - About 4 p. m., that most desperate battle of Pleasant Hill began. - - - The Cavalry charge was repulsed. - - - Out of the woods beyond the open field came the rebel Infantry, their guns at right shoulder. - - - A

volley from our line hurled them back. Forming again they found an opening on our left, and passed through. In the progress of the battle I was captured, and with some ten others was hurried from the field, and met a rebel battery coming into the fight, and cheering at their apparent success. When about half way across the open field we heard the roar of the guns of Gen. A. J. Smith, and before we reached the woods we saw that the rebels were following the example Banks' troops had set the day previous, and were going to the rear. We were hurried back six miles and camped in the dusty road. Next morning we were pushed on to Mansfield, passing many of our dead of the day previous, naked and unburied."

Sergeant Guy and Lieutenant Fallis effected their escape, at Mansfield, and made their way to the Regiment at Grand Ecore, eight days after the battle.

Captain Michael Ackerman, of Company A, now Clerk of Courts at Howard, South Dakota, and who was left on the field, terribly wounded, and without other notice for more than twenty-eight hours than that of the rebels who robbed the dead and wounded, says:—

"Late in the evening of April 8, in the camp among the old graves, some of us were discussing the defeat of our troops in the advance, and their de-

moralized condition as they came into our lines. In this party were Lieutenant Col. Mix, Captains Miller and Peebles, Lieutenant Howard, myself and others. Colonel Mix, looking up, said: "There, I see the moon over my right shoulder. It is a good omen for me. I need not fret." Within twenty-four hours Colonel Mix lay dead on the field of the hard-fought battle; Miller, Peebles, and Howard, were mortally wounded; and I was left for dead, with my left knee and right hip crushed by the bullets that fell among us like hail upon the house top. My Company went into line of battle with thirty-four men, only five of whom answered the next roll-call; and half the Regiment was wiped out!

I fell near the close of the engagement, and soon after the Regiment left the field it had so gallantly and desperately held, I was stripped of my outer clothing. One of these vultures thrust his hand into my pocket, but drew it out covered with my blood, and with an oath left \$85.00 there, which no doubt subsequently saved my life.

I rolled into a ditch near me to escape the still fast falling bullets, and about mid-night was helped out by a rebel chaplain, who was trying to care for the wounded. I crawled to a fire, was soon asleep, and did not wake till the sun was high in the heavens. Some one had thrown a dog-tent over me to shield me from the sun. John Talbott, Company A. came to me. A minnie ball had entered his mouth, cut off his tongue, and passed through his neck. The poor boy could not speak or eat, and at the end of about nine days died of starvation.

Looking about, where the day previous we stood

in the strength of manhood, the ground was all stewn with dead and wounded that it seemed that one could step from one to another as far as I could see, without touching the ground. Here and there a group of wounded were gathered about little fires that had been kindled by those able to partly help themselves.

About 9 o'clock that evening Captain Miller and myself were taken in an ambulance to a log house, and placed on the floor with a single blanket under us. Robert Mack, of my company, and eight or ten others were with us. We were in this house four days before we were discovered by the Surgeons who had been left to care for us,—they having two hospitals that required their continuous attention, and we were over-looked. We had had nothing to eat after the battle, except four crackers that Captain Miller had saved, of which he and I each ate one. That night, April 11th, Captain Miller died. He was shot through the bowels, knew his wound was mortal, and was brave and cheerful to the last minute. He left no message with me, for neither of us had any thought that I would live to deliver it.

While we were thus unattended by the Surgeons, and were left to dress our wounds with water and our under clothing, torn up for bandages, George Mack, who was wounded in the shoulder, the ball lodging under the shoulder-blade, came to me with an old, rusty knife, and asked me to cut out the ball. The knife was so dull I could not operate with it, so he went and whetted it on a stone, and came to me again. My nerves and strength were not equal to the butchery, so he got other assistance, and am happy to say

he prospered finely.

I was removed after four days to another hospital, and placed on a blanket with Captain Peebles. He was shot through the knee, and his leg had been already taken off. Lieutenant Howard died before I was taken to the hospital. Captain Peebles appeared to be doing well, but about eight days later I was awaked by his singing and praying, and found him quite wild, and tearing at his wound. I called the surgeon, but he had lost so much blood that he died before morning.

There were about three hundred men in there hospitals, and they were supplied as food three kettles of musty corn meal, mixed with water, with a piece of bloody beef in it, and scarcely more than warmed through. It was not wounds that killed our men. The wonder is that any survived.

From time to time convalescents were sent on to the prison at Tyler, Texas. Others died. After our numbers were thus reduced we had more attention, and more and better prepared food, but the conditions were still so deplorable that death was a welcome release to those to whom it came,

But I forbear to tell of the sufferings and death of the poor fellows who went under, and turn to the more pleasing theme of the ministrations of the wife of a rebel officer who lived in the neighborhood, a Mrs. Cole, who came every week with such supplies as her home afforded, the tears running down her cheeks as she looked upon the starving men she could not feed! - - - Of the two army wagons loaded with sanitary stores, that came under a flag of truce, and for which the women at home

have our blessings as long as we may live. . . .
 And of things which my bloody money bought at the
 rate of one dollar for a chicken, one dollar per doz-
 en for eggs, and four dollars per pound for tobacco.
 And of our parole, about June 17th, and
 a trip of seventeen miles in carts and jolting wagons
 to the boat on Red River, and of
 the opium and Louisiana rum the doctor gave me on
 the road, and how the entire fifty-two
 who started from Pleasant Hill that June morning,
all reached New Orleans !”

CHAPTER XIX.

BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL; TESTIMONY OF HON.
 H. N. BROCKWAY, HON. W. V. ALLEN.
 W. P. HISERODT, CORPORAL ROBBINS,
 AND D. S. JEWETT; OF THE
 32ND IOWA VOLUNTEERS

Judge Brockway, at date of Battle of Pleasant Hill, was a Sergeant in Company B. He became Captain of the Company by promotion. He wrote at request of Adjutant General Baker an account of that battle, which was published in *The Picket Guard* in 1867. The following extracts from that article will interest the comrades:—

Late in the morning of the 8th the command ar-

rived at Pleasant Hill, and early on the morning of the 9th, was marched out to the relief of that part of the army which had been so disastrously repulsed the day before. In the battle of Pleasant Hill the brigade to which the 32nd Iowa was attached occupied the Union centre, and the 32nd was on the left of the brigade, Company B, with Captain Miller as ranking Captain holding the right of the regiment. About four o'clock p. m. a tremendous cannonade was opened upon our lines, followed soon after by a cavalry charge. This was so fatally repulsed, that scarce one of them returned to their lines. The credit of this belongs chiefly to the 14th Iowa. Then came on the infantry, in solid column, with reckless daring, marching with their guns at right shoulder shift, until they arrived at the crest of a hill about twenty rods in front of our line. At the command to fire they melted away. Again and again they rallied, aided by fresh troops, and came on with fierce yells to the charge, but each time were driven back from our front. The troops on our left gave way, and the enemy, getting into our rear, opened a galling fire from that quarter.

At this time, Col. Scott came down the regiment from the extreme left, and ordered Adjutant C. H. Huntley (formerly a private in Company B, and at that time fighting with a musket with the company,) to report to Col. Gilbert (commanding the 27th Iowa, next on our right) that he was flanked, and whatever was done must be in concert with him. Adjutant Huntley started on his errand, and was never afterwards seen by any of the command.

Just about this time, the right of the brigade was forced back, and orders were given to retire, but no orderly could reach us, as the enemy were too thick in our rear. When the 27th Iowa commenced falling back, Capt. Miller called to Lieut. Colonel Mix, that the 27th Iowa were going away. The men were becoming alarmed, for the enemy were entering the woods on the right. Col. Mix noticed it, and replied in a loud voice, 'No, they are going back for ammunition; they will be up again soon. Give it to them boys!' These were almost the last words the

old hero ever uttered. A moment afterwards he gave command for the right of the regiment to swing round to the rear and present a front to the right, and while the manœuvre was being executed, he received a ball through the body, killing him almost instantly.



HON. H. N. BROCKWAY.

About the same time Captain Miller was shot from the right, through the body, and fell. Four men of the company instantly went to carry him to a little ditch just in the rear of the company. They picked him up as he lay, face downward, when he ordered them to lay him down and go to their duty. After the battle he was taken to a field hospital, where he died. The company was now without an officer higher than Sergeant; Captain Miller and Lieutenant

Howard both mortally wounded, Lieutenant Griffin captured, and Sergeants Barr, Brockway, Goodell and Wood wounded—the two last mortally. The command devolved upon Sergeant Henry Keerl. Still the men fought on till completely surrounded and at close quarters, when an order was given to move out by the left flank. Just as this was done our reserves under A. J. Smith charged the enemy and drove them from the field.

It is an undeniable fact, that the stubborn fighting of the brigade commanded by Colonel Shaw, composed of the 24th Missouri and the 14th, 27th and 32nd Iowa regiments, saved the day, and with it Gen. Banks, entire army. Had the center given way after both wings had been driven in, and before the troops could be rallied and new lines formed, the day would have been irretrievably lost, and the entire army captured. It was Shiloh fought over again, though on a smaller scale, and here, as there, Iowa turned defeat into victory. Company B went into the fight with three commissioned officers, five Sergeants, five corporals and thirty-six privates, and came out with one Sergeant, three Corporals and fourteen privates. The regiment lost in killed, wounded and missing, 219. Captain Miller was brave, but not rash, a strict disciplinarian, and a polished, courteous gentleman. In him, the regiment lost an able officer, and Iowa one of her noblest sons.

Hon. W. V. Allen, now representing the State of Nebraska in the Senate of the United States, was then a private soldier in Company G. He was but a boy, one of the youngest members of the Regiment. He was at one time invited to write a history of the Regiment, and probably made some progress in that direction. The present Historian has met with and

preserved a brief clipping from a newspaper, and as it relates to this battle it is here given. Comrade Allen says:—



HON. W. V. ALLEN.

The cloud of smoke from our guns hung for a moment in the breeze produced by the concussion of our minnie balls, as if half in doubt to arise or fall, but finally thinking better of the matter, arose, revealing to us the sickening sight of his troops, riders and horses, lying in a promiscuous heap of dead and dying, their warm life-blood forming little pools which uniting ran away in streams, while the pitiful neighing of the dying horses and the sorrowful cries and appeals of the dying soldier for help—"water, water, water,"—mingled in sorrow-

ful and unutterable confusion. It was a sight to make the soul sick and the similitude of which one wants to see but once in a lifetime and then shut out all remembrance of the vision forever. While we were contemplating this sad picture there debouched from the opposite wood three strong lines of infantry, the splendid divisions of Churchill, Parsons and Majors, with wings spread out like a great fan. Their bayonets were fixed ready for use and they carried their guns at a right shoulder shift. It was our time to turn pale. There were three of them to one of us—three strong lines to our single line. They broke forth in the "rebel yell" so much talked of these latter days. The rebel yell was simply a cheer from fine-voiced men, a light, piercing noise, like the call of a woman made at a long distance. It differed from the cheer of our men in the fact that the latter was heavier, heartier and more uniform. They brushed aside our skirmishers and dropped their guns to the position of a charge. They were to fall upon and crush in our center by the fury of their assault and the mere machine strength of their numbers, while other portions of their army were to envelop, overlap and crush our flanks, and thus rout if not capture our entire army. Their success the day previous had made this, to their minds, not an impossible feat, and they had been stimulated for this trial by the liberal use of a drink composed of Louisiana rum and gun-powder, giving them an abnormal courage, as the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul gave to the Dacian soldiers an unnatural courage in their wars with Rome.

Banks, always fruitful in blunders, and doubly so on this occasion, had sent back to Grand Ecore a large part of the Thirteenth corps and all our cavalry, except the brigade of Col. O. P. Gooding, which being roughly handled early in the fight, was unfit for offensive service when needed; so that when the enemy struck us in full force and in earnest with his assaulting columns we were weakened fully one fourth by this reduction of our numbers.

Men in war as in peace endeavor to preserve their lives when they can do so consistently with a

full discharge of their duties, and we were ordered to shield ourselves as best we could from the enemy's fire and reserve our own fire until he approached within a few rods of us. The chivalrous Shaw was at his best. His usually dull eye kindled with an unnatural fire and his usually homely countenance grew almost beautiful in contemplation of the death struggle that was at hand. He rode along the line giving his orders as coolly as if on dress parade. "Aim low, boys, aim low; it is better to wound them than to kill, for it will take two good men to carry a wounded man from the field," he said. Above the din of the gathering storm again rang out the voice of Shaw as the rebels approached us. "Fix bayonets!" he said, and in an instant every man's bayonet was fixed and ready for use. The rebels were upon us. The noise of sixteen hundred Springfield rifles rang out in unison as 1600 minnie balls sped into the enemy's ranks to do their work of death and destruction. He was stung and stopped, but rallied and again renewed the assault with additional fury. Another stinging volley thrown full and fair into his ranks caused the enemy to reel and stagger like a drunken man, but he rallied to renew the attack. Each assault brought him nearer to our line and each assault reduced the number of assailants and assailed, by death and wounds. The assault was repeated, and another made, this time along parts of the line the bayonet was brought into use, but each assault was repulsed with great loss of life and limb on both sides. So the fighting went on at other parts of the field. Our right wing was crushed in and driven back to the reserves and this made it necessary to retire Shaw's brigade a distance to keep a connected line. The order was given and the Twenty-fourth Missouri, Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh Iowa drew back, but Adjutant Charlie Huntley, brave as a lion and mild as a woman, while bringing the order to the Thirty-second Iowa was killed, and the order never reached the regiment. Having previous orders to hold the position at all hazards there was but one thing for Col. Scott to do and that was to hold his position unless rescued from him by the en-

emy. A regiment at our left had been withdrawn leaving both flanks of the regiment exposed. For fully an hour, this regiment, single handed and alone, was fighting ten times its number. Everywhere, in front, on the flanks and in the rear, the contest raged with great fury and was attended with great loss of life.

Nowhere in ancient or modern warfare can be found an instance of more heroism than was exhibited on this occasion. Up to this time the enemy had been the assailant, but now that he was weakened and reduced the time came for us to take the offensive. Let the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, then at Banks' headquarters, and never friendly to western troops, tell the remainder of the story:—

“General Smith made all preparations to receive the advancing foe; and as the human tide came rolling up the hill, he looked quietly on until the enemy were almost up to the muzzles of his guns, when a sheet of flame flashed along his lines, and, with the crash of ten thousand thunders, musket balls mingled with grape and canister, swept the plain like a besom of destruction. Hundreds fell dead and dying before that awful fire. Scarcely had the seething lead left the guns when the word “Charge!” was given, and 7,000 men precipitated themselves upon the shattered ranks of the enemy. Emery's division, which had only yielded to superior numbers, and remained unbroken, was pushed forward and joined the Sixteenth corps, driving the rebels rapidly down the hill to the woods, where they broke and fled in the greatest confusion and dismay. Col. Benedict, while gallantly leading his brigade in the charge, fell dead, pierced by five balls.

The battle was fought, and the victory won. Our troops followed the rebels until night put an end to the pursuit.

In the last charge, we recaptured Taylor's battery, which had been lost in the earlier part of the action, and retook two guns of Nim's battery, which had been lost in the battle of the preceding day. The 10 pound Parrott gun which the rebels captured last

fall (1863) at Carrion Crow, was taken.

Five hundred prisoners, all the dead and wounded, three battle standards, and a large number of small arms, fell into our hands.

Our victorious army slept upon the battle-field, which was one of the bloodiest of the war." And this correspondent might have added with truth and propriety, that the rebels retreated a distance of ten miles that night before going into camp.

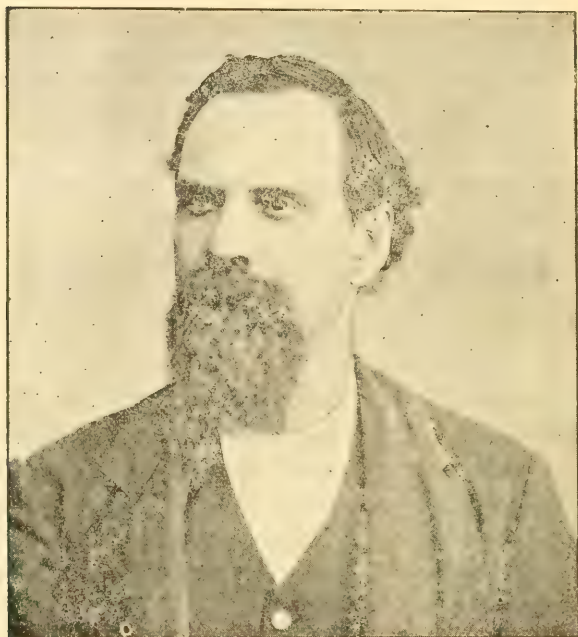
Thus closed one of the most sanguinary engagements known in the history of warfare, and Banks' army, which had been routed the day previous, was saved from further disaster. The rebels were not only defeated, but they were routed and completely demoralized.

Comrade W. P. Hiserodt, Company A, in February 1894, about six months before his death, wrote quite a full account of his experiences in army life. No one ever doubted the Corporal's courage, or coolness in the moment of danger. He gives some details not stated by others. The following extracts relate to Pleasant Hill:—

The Confederate cavalry charged our battery - - - but they nearly all went down. Next came their infantry, flushed with their victories of two days previous, and the contents of their canteens, (whiskey and gunpowder,) making a desperate charge. The lines on our right and left were broken, and Lieutenant Col. Mix ordered us back. As we started in retreat Colonel Scott came down the line, biting at a hard-tack, cool as a clam, and ordered us to hold our ground. I am proud to say that Company A faced about and took the position before occupied, and there stayed like "the boy that stood on the burning deck," with the dead and wounded

piled around them. Capt. Ackerman fell badly wounded; Lieutenant Hull was killed; and finally I, a corporal, was in command of the Company.

About sunset a squad of rebels came on us from



WM. P. HISERODT.

the rear, with Sergeant Doane and some others as prisoners. I ordered our men to fire, but Doane told us to surrender, which we did. The whole rebel army was then retreating.

Corporal D. W. Robbins, Company D, now a retired merchant of Colorado Springs, at one time

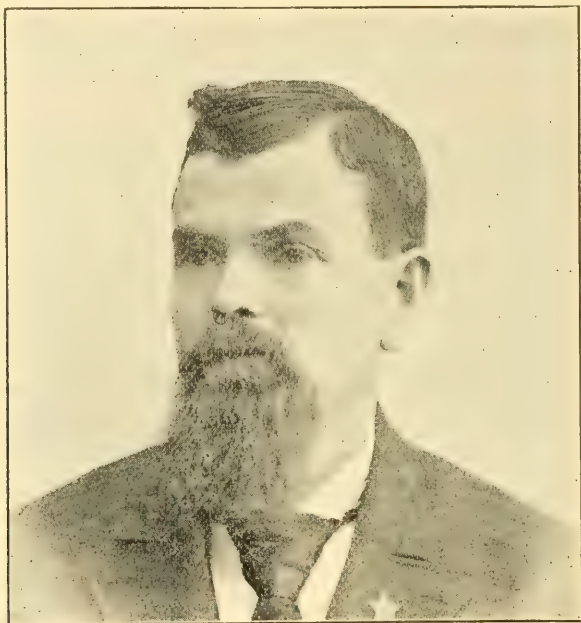
Mayor of that pleasant city, has taken pains to revisit the battle-ground of April 9th 1864, and to collect and preserve many relics, and to record many incidents of the battle. He has kindly written of these things from his winter home, at San Diego, California. The comrades are also indebted to him for the rough draft from which the map of the battle-ground is drawn. He procured this to be made by a person familiar with the scene at the time of the battle, and it may be relied upon as approximately correct.

Corporal Robbins found in 1891 the old field that lay in front of the line of the 32nd Iowa had changed to a forest of pines; many of the trees being from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter. Other parts of the battle ground were equally changed. The village of Pleasant Hill has been abandoned; the smaller buildings having been removed, and the larger ones having fallen into ruins. A railroad now runs between Shreveport and New Orleans, passing about two miles south of the battlefield, the nearest station being named Sodus, but retaining Pleasant Hill as the name of the post-office.

Corporal Robbins remained in that neighborhood several days, picking up things that had for him particular interest. He cut some bullets from a tree that stood in the rear of the position occupied by his company, cutting to a depth of six to eight inches for them; and also cut some sticks for canes. He found and secured possession of relics that had been picked up by others, and has them among his treasures at Colorado Springs.

In his reminiscences of the battle he speaks of

the demoralized troops of Banks passing to the rear, "many of them bare-headed, and many having thrown away their guns," which were met by the 32nd Iowa when taking position to check the pursuing foe. He saw Lieut. Col. Mix fall, and heard him say "I am killed!" It also appears that when the right of the Regiment began to fall back, noting the withdrawal



D. W. ROBBINS.

of the 27th Iowa, that the movement extended to Company D, and when checked by Colonel Scott, as being without orders, only a part of the men of that Company heard the order and resumed the former position;—in which they remained till they were captured, failing to receive the order to move out

by the left flank, at the close of the battle.

Robbins says it was reported among the rebels, and told to the prisoners, that of the bold riders who rushed upon our brigade at the opening of the battle, only twenty-six reported for duty the next morning.

After meeting the rebel battery that was rushing to this dance of death the prisoners met Gen. Kirby Smith, who inquired to what troops they belonged, and on being told he remarked that he knew very well that they were not the sort they had met the day before. As they passed to the rear they saw many of those killed in the battle of the 8th, lying where they fell, and so covered with the dust raised by the troops that they could hardly be recognized as human beings.

For personal memoranda and incidents of prison life, see appendix.

But one more witness from the ranks of the 32nd Iowa will be called. Sergeant D. S. Jewett, Company D, in February 1866, furnished by request to the *Boone County Index* a narrative of his capture and escape from rebel imprisonment. Often in private conversation he described the demoralized condition of the enemy during the first few miles of their retreat, in which by mere force of overpowering numbers they swept him and others of the 32nd Iowa into captivity because those on the extreme right failed to receive the order to move out by the left flank. The men were directed to pass this order

along to the right, and when sufficient time for this had elapsed the movement began, Colonel Scott going in advance of the brave remnant, to warn any friends we might meet, and thus avoid any mistaken fire from our own troops. It afterwards appeared that for some cause,—perhaps a break in the line,—this order never reached the brave fellows in D, A, and B, who still fought on until carried away by the routed rebels. Sergeant Jewett says:—

Our Regiment (32nd Iowa) was stationed near the centre of the first line. The attack was commenced about 4 o'clock p. m. April 9th, by a charge on our right by a regiment of Texas cavalry, which resulted in their almost entire annihilation. However, heavy columns of rebel infantry were discovered advancing toward us; on they came over the bodies of their fallen friends and formed their line in spite of the murderous fire that was being poured into them from our death-dealing rifle muskets, and then the battle began to rage with inconceivable fury.—By some means or other, both our flanks were turned, and we, ignorant of the momentary retreat that was going on throughout our whole front line remained on the ground, and the fire, extending around both flanks, was soon poured with equal fury in the rear. Promptly my comrades stood their ground in this valley of death, and with equal promptness did the enemy continue to pour in his destructive fire upon us; one by one the muskets of my companions ceased to respond, as the deadly projectiles of our foes placed them beyond the reach of worldly cares. Corporal Pettibone, one of the bravest men I ever saw was near me; now and then I would hear his voice encouraging his friends to fight to the death, but it finally ceased; some rebel marksman had sent a bullet crashing through his brain. About sundown I heard loud voices on my right commanding somebody to surrender. Thinking that I recognized the voice of our Colonel, I paid no attention to it at the moment, but fired one more shot at a rebel officer that I saw in

front. Soon afterwards, however, on looking around, I discovered that the *rebels* and *not* our own men, were the captors and all my friends on my right were prisoners. I looked to the left for the regiment; it was gone, and for the first time, I became aware that I had been only keeping company with the dead.— My foes were now upon me; two muskets were leveled at my breast and I was allowed to choose between instant death and immediate surrender with plenty of hard treatment and a good share of starvation in prospective. I decided in favor of the latter; my Enfield was taken from me, and I was put along with the other prisoners of whom Sergeant Miller and seven others of Company D and fourteen of Company A formed a part, and we were hurried to the rear under a strong guard. The roar of musketry gradually died away in the distance, and before midnight, we found ourselves six miles on our way to Mansfield in an open field, still surrounded by a strong guard, in which position, we were permitted to lie down and sleep till morning. As many of us had lost our blankets during the fight, we were ill prepared to enjoy this privilege to its full extent. At early dawn we were aroused and pushed forward toward Mansfield, which place we reached about noon.

CHAPTER XX.

PLEASANT HILL; OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

A significant fact is seen when it is noted that none of the Official Reports of commanders of troops in this battle were made out before April 12th. The 10th and 11th were occupied in the retrograde movement on Grand Ecore. These two days and nights were full of sorrow and anger for those of Shaw's Brigade who were compelled to abandon the victory

they had won, leaving their dead and wounded uncared for. This was an especial grief to the 32nd Iowa, whose *loss was greater than that of all the rest of the army* aside from that in their own Brigade! But on the 12th, when the official Reports of Colonel Scott and Captain Jones (of the 14th Iowa) are dated, their just anger was directed against those who were supposed to have blundered rather than sinned. Their Reports of the Battle were therefore only plain statements of the part taken by their own commands, made in the customary form, and not to supply the omissions and controvert the falsehoods of others.

When the newspapers from New Orleans were received a few days later, with the voluminous correspondence from Banks' head quarters, comprising whole pages of the large dailies of that city, and boasting of the victory Banks and his Eastern troops had won, in all of which the Western troops were utterly ignored, the feeling of our men may better be imagined than described! Such base jealousy, and injustice among men of the same army is quite incredible; yet in those reports the name of Iowa was not even mentioned! In the list of casualties the sacrifice of Lieut. Colonel Mix of the 32nd Iowa was credited to New York! Being the first published accounts these statements would be read with avidity, and accepted as true. The despatches to other cities were based on these publications, and the Iowa soldiers had not even the poor consolation of finding their names wrongly spelled in the list of casualties;—they were not mentioned at all!

In Colonel Scott's Report nothing is said of the repulse of the rebel cavalry, though that incident is

prominent in most of the accounts as given by others. The cavalry charge was directed against the right center of the Brigade, the brunt of it falling upon the 14th Iowa. It was within full view of the entire Brigade, and was met in part by the fire of the right of the 32nd Iowa, but at almost the same moment the rebel infantry charged upon the left of the 32nd Iowa, and in the next minute our whole line was hotly engaged. Events followed each other more quickly than the story can be told; and in such events, for the moment, time is not noted. The supreme effort is the attack, or its repulse, and while that is in doubt all else is unimportant.

The report of Colonel Gilbert is dated on the 17th. By that time he should have known the 32nd Iowa, on his left, had *not* retired, "leaving that flank greatly exposed," when he received orders from Col. Shaw to fall back, about half-past five o'clock.

It is not deemed necessary to load this volume with official Reports that do not relate directly to the part taken by the 32nd Iowa. There are voluminous Reports in reference to the action of other troops, and some of them relate to circumstances in which this Regiment had a vital interest, some of which Reports are true, while many are false or over-drawn, and calculated to mislead. Some of these documents are well calculated to excite the derision of many brave and modest men who witnessed the real facts to which these bombastic screeds purport to relate; but to insert them here simply to refute them, or to hold them up to ridicule, were an unprofitable task. More or less reference may be made to them in a

general review of the entire battle, in a future chapter.

REPORT OF COLONEL JOHN SCOTT, COMMANDING 32D
IOWA INFANTRY.

Grand Ecore. La., April 12, 1864.

COL. WM. T. SHAW, *Commanding Brigade*:—

My position in line being on the extreme left of the brigade, was supported on the right by the other regiments of the brigade, and more immediately by the 27th Iowa Infantry. My left, for some reason still unknown to me, was without support, though threatened, and might be considered a key to the whole position.

I rested in the edge of a wood, in the rear of an old field which extended half a mile to my front, and across which my skirmishers occasionally exchanged shots with the enemy's pickets, throughout the day, but without casualty to my command. Our line was at right angles to the Mansfield road, and about one mile from the village of Pleasant Hill. About four o'clock p. m., the activity of the enemy's skirmishers increased, and in a short time he advanced across the open space in our front, in heavy force, moving in column by battalion, deploying as he advanced. My skirmishers were recalled, and my left company, which had been thrown forward, and to the left, to cover my exposed flank, was forced back with some loss, and took its proper position in the line.

The fire of my command was reserved until the enemy was within easy range, and when opened was so destructive that he faltered, passed to my left through the open space, and to my rear, losing heavily by the fire of my left wing as he passed, but threatening to cut off my command from our main

forces. I at once sent information to my superior, and to the commander of the troops on my immediate right, of this peril to the whole line; but, without orders to abandon my position, though very critical, I could do nothing but change the front of my extreme left to face the new danger and protect my flank and rear, if possible. This was done, and a well directed fire kept up to the front and left, which kept the enemy at bay.

Meantime he was steadily pouring his columns past my left, and working across the rear of my position, so that in a short time the battle was in full force far in my rear. In this state of affairs I discovered that all the troops on my right had been withdrawn, taking with them a portion of my right wing. Lieutenant Colonel Mix, in charge of the right wing, and Captain Miller, commanding Company B, on my extreme right, fell, fatally wounded. My attention had been chiefly directed to the front and left, as the exposed directions, and I only came to a knowledge of the retrograde of the right, when the first three companies were already gone. The timber and undergrowth were such that I could not observe my whole line from any one point. The movement was promptly checked, but the ground thus left vacant was almost immediately occupied by the enemy, and a destructive fire opened upon us from a new direction, rendering it necessary that it should be met by a new line, which was done.

My lines now faced in three directions. I was completely enveloped, without orders, and virtually in the hands of the enemy had he dared to close in and overwhelm us with his masses now around us.

This was my position until after sunset, by which time the enemy had left my front, passing now by my right to the rear, where the fight was still raging, and observing by the fire and cheers of our men that he had been forced back on the left, and that our forces in that direction could not be far distant, I moved by the left flank about two hundred yards to the left and rear, where I met and joined our most advanced troops, my brave men were nearly out of ammunition, which for the past hour had been well

husbanded, They were exhausted, but not dismayed, and felt that the battle-field was ours.

I enclose a list of the killed, wounded, and missing, a total of two-hundred and ten, which I desire may be considered a part of this report. Owing to all parties from my command being unable to pass the picket lines during the night, to visit the wounded still upon the field, and then compelled to abandon them very unexpectedly in the morning, there is a degree of uncertainty in relation to the casualties, that is extremely embarrassing and painful. I fear the number of fatal casualties will exceed the number stated, and that of those marked "missing," many are killed or wounded. From an early period of the action our position was such that disabled men seeking the hospital would necessarily fall into the hands of the enemy in our rear.

Lieutenant Colonel Edward H. Mix fell at his post, cheering and encouraging the command by his example.

The same was the glorious fate of Captain Amos B. Miller. In them, as also in Captain Hubert F. Peebles, Captain Michael Ackerman, 1st Lieut. John Devine, all dangerously wounded, 1st Lieutenant Thomas O. Howard, fatally wounded, I mourn the loss of good men, as well as gallant soldiers. The record of others is found in casualty list, and in the body of this report.

To Captain Jonathan Hutchinson, my special thanks are due, not only for his gallantry, but also for repressing reckless exposure among the men of his command, and thus saving valuable live. His son, a youth of much promise, was killed by his side, early in the action. My total loss in the action was

REPORT OF COL. JAMES GILBERT, COMMANDING 27TH
IOWA INFANTRY.

HEADQUARTERS 27th REGMT. IOWA VOL. INFT.,
Grand Ecore, La., April 17, 1864.

Our skirmishers fought well until they were overpowered and driven in. Immediately they resumed their place in the regiment when the enemy steadily approached in strong columns.

At this point a bold cavalry charge was made by the enemy along the Shreveport road. Our men remained quiet until they had approached to within short range, when a full volley was poured into the rebel ranks. The effect was telling, riders reeled and fell senseless; horses were struck as dead as if a bolt of heaven had riven the very air. The scene was an appalling one. Scarcely a man who made the charge but met death on the spot.

The enemy had moved upon the left of the advanced line in strong force. The line had already been broken away to the left, and news came that the enemy were flanking us. Already the enemy were firing in our rear; several shots had taken effect in the ranks of Com. B and G. The enemy advanced in front in solid columns. We met them with a determined fire. Volley after volley was poured into their ranks. For two hours the rattle of musketry was incessant and deafening. Several shells and a number of solid shot struck immediately by us, killing and wounding a number of men. About five and a half p. m. the order was given to retreat, but was not received by me until other regiments had retired, leaving both flanks of my regiment greatly exposed. We fell back in good order and in line, until the enemy was discovered to be flanking us, when the line was broken, and we escaped through a narrow passage, the enemy pouring a sharp fire upon both flanks and closing in rapidly on our rear. At this point a large part of those reported in the following list were killed or wounded. We immediate-

ly formed line in the rear of the supporting column and awaited orders.

REPORT OF CAPT. WARREN C. JONES, COMMANDING
14TH IOWA INFANTRY.

Grand Ecore, La.,

April 12, 1864.

COLONEL:—In compliance with instructions from your headquarters, I herewith submit the following report of the part taken by the 14th Iowa in the battle of Pleasant Hill, La., April 9th 1864. The regiment moved out to the front, with the brigade to which it was attached, at a few minutes of 11 o'clock a. m., taking position upon a line parallel with an open field, the right resting upon a road immediately in the rear of the 25th New York Battery; Company I, under command of 2d Lieut. George H. Logan, and Company K, under command of Capt. Wm. J. Campbell, were deployed as skirmishers across the center of the field, their left resting upon the skirmish line of the 27th Iowa. Skirmishing occurred at intervals until thirty minutes past 4 o'clock p. m., when the enemy advanced by a terrible cavalry charge. The 25th New York Battery fell back in rear of us. Our skirmishers rallying in their appropriate places, we reserved our fire until the enemy was in easy pistol range, when we opened fire upon them, which almost annihilated them, horses and riders rolling almost within our lines. This charge was followed by an advance of infantry in two lines, when the conflict became general. The enemy was repulsed in front with a heavy slaughter. The second line advanced upon our front and a line at right angles upon our right flank, opening a terrible cross fire. Our right was changed in a new direction to meet the new line. In this deadly cross

fire our lamented Lieutenant-Colonel, J. H. Newbold, fell from his horse mortally wounded, the ball passing through his body from the right breast, disabling his left arm. Here also fell Lt. Logan, Lt. McMillen, Lt. Shanklin, and Lt. Hazlett, officers beloved by all, nobly laying their bodies a bleeding sacrifice upon their country's altar. The long list of casualties clearly indicates the irresistible bravery and determined will of the regiment. Upon the fall of Lieut. Colonel Newbold, I assumed command of the regiment. I tender my most hearty thanks to the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, and to the privates, for the gallant manner in which they sustained their reputation gained upon the bloody fields of Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, De Russy, and Pleasant Hill.

I withdrew the regiment with the rest of the brigade by your order at 6 o'clock p. m.

COLONEL SHAW'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS 2ND BRIG., 3D DIV., 16TH A. C.,
Grand Ecore, La., April 15, 1864.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. J. SMITH:—

I have the honor to report that at 10 o'clock a. m. April 9th, 1864, I was ordered to report with my brigade, (consisting of the 14th Iowa Infantry, 27th Iowa Infantry, 32d Iowa Infantry, and the 24th Missouri Infantry,) to General Banks. By him I was ordered to proceed to the front, and report to General Emery, which I did about 10 and half o'clock a. m. General Emery ordered me to relieve General McMillan, who was posted on the left of the Mansfield road, and at right angles to it, in a dense thicket, with an old field in front, which was dotted over

with small pines. About 100 yards to his front, and on his right, were four guns of the 25th New York Battery. General Dwight was posted on McMillan's right, diagonally to the rear. On the right of the 25th New York Battery was a ridge which completely commanded McMillan's whole line, also the town; and which covered the approach of the enemy. I therefore deemed it proper to occupy this ridge with the 24th Missouri, and relieve General McMillan with the balance of my brigade. This was accordingly done, and McMillan retired. This left a gap on my left, and also threw my right beyond General Dwight's support. But with this disadvantage I considered the position better than the one occupied by the troops I had relieved.

At this time General Smith came up, to whom I pointed out the position of my forces, which was approved, except that he ordered me to move my main line further to the right, which brought three companies of the 14th Iowa in and on the right of the Mansfield road. This consequently left a greater gap on my left. General Emery was aware of the changes by my brigade, but I cannot learn that he gave any orders for a corresponding change of Dwight's brigade. General Emery at this time left the front, and I saw no more of him till after dark that night.

These dispositions brought Dwight's brigade in the rear of my second regiment, and nearly perpendicular to my line of battle.

As at this time my skirmishers were heavily engaged, and an attack appeared imminent, I deemed it prudent to consult with General Dwight, as General Emery had left that part of the field, and I could neither find him, or any of his staff. I accordingly went along the line of his brigade to the place where he had his brigade flag, but could neither find him or his staff, when I was informed by some officers that they had seen a drunken officer near a house in the rear, trying to get a tent pitched, whom they understood to be General Dwight! I accordingly rode to the place, and, after much difficulty I roused an officer who was pointed out to me as his A.A.G. From him I learned that General Dwight was away, but he

said he would send me word as soon as he returned. After waiting some time I again went to his headquarters, but was unable to learn where he could be found.

The enemy's skirmishers had now (3 o'clock p. m.,) passed my right and pressed my skirmishers so closely that it became necessary to support them with another company.

I again went in search of General Dwight, and this time found him. After a great deal of difficulty, he appeared to understand my position, and promised to send the necessary support. This he not only failed to do, but withdrew farther to the rear.

At about 4 o'clock p. m., General Stone rode to the front. I rode with him along my line, showing him the changes that had been made from Emery's original line, and the necessity of a corresponding change in Dwight's line.

After examining this part of the field his remark was, "Your position is well chosen. It is admirable. It could not be better. I will see that your flanks are properly supported, for this position must be held at all hazards." He immediately passed to my rear, as I supposed, to give the necessary orders. But no support came. A few moments before 5 o'clock, the enemy opened heavily on me with artillery, which was replied to feebly for a few moments by the 25th New York Battery, when they limbered up and disgracefully left the field, leaving one caisson and one gun on the road, which were drawn off by Lieutenant Buell of my staff. At the same time General Dwight fell entirely out of my sight to the rear.

While my battery was leaving, a dash was made by the enemy's cavalry to capture it, but they were so well received by the 14th Iowa and 24th Missouri, that not a single man escaped. Their leader, Col Buchel fell dead in the ranks of the 14th Iowa. This attack was followed by their infantry, which advanced in two lines, extending beyond both my right and left. They advanced steadily and in good order

across the open field in my front, till they got within easy range, when my whole line opened upon them, stopping their advance, but not preventing them from replying vigorously to my fire, causing heavy loss. My men held their ground, keeping up a steady and well directed fire, which soon compelled their first line to fall back in disorder. In the meantime fighting had commenced on my left, and the line to my left had fallen back so as to enable the enemy to pass in rear of my left. They had also passed around my right, and were firing on my flank, when their second line advanced, and I was again engaged along my whole front.

At this time I received an order from General Smith to fall back, as the enemy was getting in my rear. My staff officers having all been dispatched to different officers for support, and being myself on the right of my brigade, I had to ride to the left in rear of my brigade to give the order to withdraw. The brush and timber was so thick that I could scarcely see ten paces. As I passed down the line, I sent the order to Colonel Gilbert, 27th Iowa, to fall back as soon as the regiments on his right should commence retreating. I then pushed on to give the necessary orders to Colonel Scott, 32d Iowa, when I met the enemy's forces entirely in his rear, preventing me from communicating with him. I was therefore compelled to leave him to act without orders. Hurrying back to the right, I found the 24th Missouri had been compelled to change its front to receive the attack from the right, and that the enemy was pressing my front with overwhelming numbers. The ammunition of the 14th Iowa and 24th Missouri was nearly exhausted, Lieutenant-Colonel Newbold, commanding 14th Iowa, shot dead; his Adjutant mortally wounded. I therefore considered it necessary to give the order to fall back to the three regiments with which I could communicate, leaving Colonel Scott, 32nd Iowa, to extricate himself as best he could.

Owing to the heavy firing and great loss of officers in the 14th Iowa and 24th Missouri, I was compelled to give the order to the men in person to fall

back, which, together with the thick brush, caused a temporary confusion in their ranks, but they rapidly re-formed, and were ready again to meet the enemy; but night had set in and the fighting ceased. My men fought well, holding their ground till ordered to retire, and although my loss was three times that of any other brigade on the field, they were still in such condition that the Commanding General saw fit to give them the responsible post of covering the retreat of the army, which commenced at one o'clock the next morning, and was accomplished in safety.

I have to regret the loss of many valuable officers and men, among them I will only mention Lieut. Colonel Edward H. Mix, 32nd Iowa, in whom the State lost a valuable citizen, and the army a good soldier; and Lieutenant-Colonel Newbold, commanding 14th Iowa, a Christian gentleman and a brave, industrious, and conscientious officer, whose loss to his regiment is irreparable.

I cannot speak too highly of my regimental commanders. Of Colonel John Scott, 32nd Iowa, it is sufficient praise to say that he is worthy to command the 32nd Iowa Infantry, a regiment, which after having been entirely surrounded, and cut off from the rest of the command, with nearly one half of its numbers either killed or wounded, among them many of its best and most prominent officers, successfully forced its way through the enemy's lines, and was in line ready and anxious to meet the enemy in less than thirty minutes.

Of Colonel Gilbert, 27th Iowa, and his regiment, I can say that they did their whole duty; although they had never been under fire before, they gave their fire with the coolness and precision of veterans, and fully sustained the reputation of Iowa soldiers. Colonel Gilbert, although wounded early in the action, remained in command of his men till the fighting ceased.

Of Lieutenant-Colonel Newbold, commanding 14th Iowa, and his regiment, upon whose banners were inscribed, Donelson, Shiloh, siege of Corinth, and Corinth, they fully maintained the credit of a

name already glorious in the annals of their country.

To Major Fyan, 24th Missouri, with his regiment and a detachment of 21st Missouri, those heroes who had learned to fight under old Dave Moore, I cannot give too great praise for the successful manner in which they defended so long the important position that was assigned them; a position the most important in our whole line, and which, had it been defended less obstinately, might have endangered our whole army.

The long list of killed and wounded, amounting to nearly 500, shows the desperate valor with which my men fought. My men were the first in the fight, the longest in the fight, and in the hardest of the fight, and were the last to leave the battle-field, and were ready and willing to remain, and reap the fruits of a victory which they had so dearly purchased; but they were soldiers, and must obey the orders of their superiors.

In closing this report I have to state that although under General Emery's orders, and farthest advanced of any troops in the field, and skirmishing with the enemy for six hours before the attack commenced, I neither saw General Emery, nor any of his staff, till after the fighting had ceased; nor was I able to find him, although I dispatched several messengers to him to report the situation of affairs.

WM. T. SHAW,

Colonel Commanding Brigade.

In 1888, twenty-four years after date of this battle, Colonel Wm. T. Shaw inspected certain official Reports at Washington, which are now found in Volume 34 of the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, published by the U. S. Government in 1891,

He published some of these Reports in a pamphlet, with his comments thereon, and prefaced this publication with the remark that his original Report, made a few days after the battle, gave an accurate account of the operations of the Brigade and would need no explanation but for the fact that other Reports seem to contradict facts stated by him. He reviews their statements, also the map of the battle made by General Emory. These comments and explanations are here inserted as a matter of personal justice to the brave commander of our Brigade, and also in the interest of honest history. Col. Shaw says:—

I have here given the official reports of those officers, both union and confederate, which tend to show the position and part taken by the 2d brigade, 3rd division, 16th A. C., in the battle of Pleasant Hill.

The position of the brigade as shown by Emory's map is reasonably correct excepting my right regiment, which instead of being in front of my 2d regiment, should be farther to the right, and about two-thirds of the 2d regiment should be on the left of the Mansfield road. The long angle worm looking line to my right marked: "Opening Fight 1st position of 1st Brigade," is incorrect. There were no troops there. The 1st brigade (Dwight's) was in rear of my brigade. Fessenden's report says: at 3:30 p. m., "The line of battle of the brigade was changed from its position in the skirt of woods to a position 300 yards to the rear." It will be perceived that my brigade was the extreme right of our line and one-fourth of a mile in advance of Emory's division. In this position they remained skirmishing with the enemy from 10:30 a. m., till the battle opened about 4:30 p. m. I should say, however, that the 25th New York battery, which belonged to Emory's division, remained on the Mansfield road a few rods in front of my 2nd regiment. My position was examined and

approved during the day by General Smith and General Stone, General Banks, chief of staff. Here in this position the battle opened by the rebels opening with three batteries on my battery (25th N. Y.,) and center.

Here it is proper for me to state that my report was too severe on the 25th N. Y. battery, but I had been accustomed to command troops who never retired till ordered, and as they left without orders that must be my apology. My battery having left, the rebel General Green, supposing my line was broken and falling back, ordered General Bee, in command of rebel cavalry, to charge my line. This part of the action is so well described by General Taylor, the rebel commander, that I take the liberty of repeating his exact words found in his report, pages 26 and 27:

“At about 5 p. m. Churchill and Parsons opened on the right and Walker commenced his advance in support. Just then our fire overpowered the enemy's battery in front of the Mansfield road and disabled his guns, which were removed to the rear. The confusion and movement incident to this, coupled with the sound of Churchill's and Parsons' attack, led General Green naturally to suppose the time for Bee's charge had arrived. Bee led forward Debray's and Buchel's fine regiments in most gallant style across the fields and up the opposite slope, where he was stopped by a close and deadly fire of musketry from the dense woods on either side of the road. Bee was struck, Buchel mortally wounded, and Debray and Major [M.] Menard, of the same regiment, struck. Many a gallant horseman went down. Bee drew back, himself retiring last. The charge failed for the time, but the gallantry displayed by Bee, Debray, Buchel, Menard, and others produced its effect on the enemy.”

General Bee's attack was scarcely repulsed when General Walker's division advanced on the left of the Mansfield road diagonally across the open field striking my left wing with his left, his right passing to my left and rear till it struck Benedict's brigade, which broke almost immediately and were followed

up by the rebels till they struck Gen. Smith's troops under Gen. Mower.

Walker's left wing was checked and driven back by my left two regiments (32nd and 27th Iowa,) many of them, however, passing around the left of the 32d Iowa into its rear. See Col. Scott's report. In the meantime, Gen. Major, with his own brigade and Bagley's dismounted cavalry, passed to the right of the Mansfield road and attacked my right flank. Here the contest was most fierce and sanguinary and although my right was attacked by two brigades of dismounted cavalry, still the resistance was so stubborn that Gen. Taylor found it necessary to order up Polignac's division of infantry to their support. At this time Gen. Smith, perceiving that Walker's right wing was getting to my rear, sent Capt. J. J. Lyon, of his staff, to order me to fall back and connect with Mower's right. I had just received the order when Lieut. Buell, acting brigade quartermaster, brought up the ammunition wagon with cartridges. My whole line was so hotly engaged it was impossible to distribute the ammunition and almost certain destruction to withdraw. I directed Capt. Lyon to say to Gen. Smith I would withdraw as soon as I had repulsed the enemy so that I could retire in order. I also directed Lieut. Buell to take his ammunition wagon and draw off the gun left by the 25th N. Y., and report to me as soon as possible the position of Gen. Mower. I then withdrew as stated in my report, the enemy having somewhat slackened his fire. About one-fourth of a mile from where my line was first formed I struck Gen. Dwight's brigade just forming across the Mansfield road shown by Emory's map as Dwight's second position. I passed through his lines with the 14th Iowa and 24th Mo., and formed in line of battle within ten paces of Dwight's line. Before I had gotten the 27th Iowa into line, Dwight moved from his position to the rear. I saw no more of him during that day. At this time Capt. Granger, my assistant adjutant general, who had been sent to Smith to notify him of the situation of my right, and Lieut. Buell, both reported to me that Mower was driving the enemy back and that he had already passed my

left. It was now getting dark. The three regiments that were with me held the same relative position to the Mansfield road as they had during the day, excepting that they were about one-fourth of a mile to the rear. The rebels did not follow us up nor did they pass to my right. My communications were never interrupted between my hospital, which was on the right of the Mansfield road and about one-half mile in rear of where I first formed my line, and I should judge near the place marked on Emory's map as "Emory's Headquarters." Neither were my communications interrupted with our wagon train, which must have been somewhere near where Emory, in his map, has located five rebel regiments.

In the position marked on Emory's map as "Rebels Massing to Attack at Close of Action," there could not have been any rebels. See Bee's and Baylor's report. These officers both report that after Debray's and Buchel's repulse on my center, that Gen. Major's two brigades of cavalry were dismounted and attacked my right and right center, and, although they claim to have driven my first line back to our breastworks, the first line was simply our skirmish line, which was unusually strong. The breastworks were only an old log fence which I had slightly strengthened to give some protection to my men.

Of this attack on my right center and right flank with two brigades of dismounted cavalry, Gen. Baylor says: "We were not strong enough to dislodge them or flank them." Gen. Polignac's division was ordered to their support, but it was growing dusk and friend and foe were not easily distinguished. The different rebel commands fired into one another and they withdrew from that part of the field. This accounts for their not following me up on the right when I fell back, and conclusively shows that there could have been no enemy to the rear of my right that night. The arrows showing attack along Mansfield road and marked "Rebel Attack at Close of Action," should read: at opening of action. And those on the right marked "Rebel Attack at Opening of Action on Shaw's Brigade," should read: at close in-

stead of opening. The point on my left front marked "Rebel Artillery" is correct, also "Rebel Attack" is correct. As to the rear of the battlefield where the rebel troops seem to have been so lavishly distributed, I have no personal knowledge, nor have I been able to get any information concerning them from any reports of either rebel or union commanders, I passed over the ground the next morning after daylight, but saw no signs of any fighting there.

I shall here refer to two statements in General Dwight's report that seem to contradict mine. Dwight says that shortly after the battle commenced "Col. Shaw, commanding a brigade of Gen. A. J. Smith's troops, came to me saying that he was in front of my position and that both his right and left were being severely pressed, and desiring that I should send out a regiment to his support. As I had no authority to do more than hold my position I declined to march out from it." I say in my report that he *promised to send the regiment and did not*. On same page, near the bottom, Dwight says: "These dispositions were hardly accomplished when Col. Shaw of Gen. Smith's division, with some artillery and a regiment of infantry came fleeing through my lines and the enemy was upon me."

It is possible that Gen. Dwight might have mistaken Lieut. Buell for myself, but how he could have taken a piece of artillery hitched to a wagon for "some artillery and a regiment of infantry" passes my comprehension; and further, how the enemy could be upon him seems equally difficult to understand, as some thirty minutes afterwards I fell back with my brigade and formed within ten paces of his line, and saw no enemy, nor do the rebel reports say they followed me up, but distinctly say they did not.

As Gen. Emory nowhere in his report speaks of his first brigade (Dwight's) being engaged, and from its position as laid down on his map, could not have been, except he had fought over my line of battle some fourth of a mile in front of him, I think I may dismiss his report without further comment.

Having thus clearly established the fact that I held the right of the union army during the action, at

the risk of being accused of giving cumulative testimony, I insert the following extract from Emory's report:

"Seeing their right wing driven in and thrown upon their left wing, they renewed their attack upon my right, but were repulsed with great slaughter and driven from the field. During the whole fight my right, which was in *echelon* in front of the rest of my line, held its ground against several determined assaults."

I might refer to Gen. Banks' report, but it shows such a total want of knowledge of the location of his forces and the operations of the day, or such a total disregard of truth as to place it beneath criticism.

Respectfully submitted to the survivors of the 2nd brigade, 3rd division, 16th A. C.

WM, T. SHAW.

NOTE:—In this campaign there were three Generals named Smith, each of whom is several times mentioned. The General Smith with whom the 32nd Iowa Infantry was directly associated, was General A. J. Smith, under whom the regiment had served in the fall of 1863 at Columbus, Ky., and under whose command it had made the campaign to Meridian. The Regiment continued under his command during several future campaigns. Where mention is made of "General Smith," without more particular designation, the reference is to General A. J. Smith.

General T. Kilby Smith commanded a detachment of the 17th Army Corps; was under the command of General A. J. Smith, and on this campaign accompanied, on transports, the fleet of Admiral Porter, in the attempt to reach Shreveport by the Red River.

The other General Smith was Major General Kirby Smith, of the Confederate army, in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, with headquarters at Shreveport. General Dick Taylor commanded the rebel forces in the field in the campaign against Banks; while General Price commanded the rebel forces in Arkansas in the campaign against Steele. General Kirby Smith drew forces from Price, sent them to Taylor and he hurled them against Banks. Immediately thereafter Smith depleted Taylor's forces in aid of Price's operations against Steele.

CHAPTER XXI.

PLEASANT HILL. THE REBEL ACCOUNT.

Intending to give a fair and truthful account of the Battle of Pleasant Hill, and feeling that the view taken of it by the enemy constitutes an important part of the battle itself, extracts from his statements are here given. Space cannot be spared for all the bombast and false and boastful assertions in Major General Richard Taylor's reports to his chief, and in the interest of "Buncombe," but even these falsehoods and boastful assertions constitute a part of the history of this famous battle. There are grains of truth in these bushels of chaff which may be winnowed out by the plodding and careful historian of the future.

Two days after the battle General Taylor issued congratulatory orders to the "Soldiers of the Army of West Louisiana," in which he says:—

On the 9th, you took up the pursuit and pressed it with vigor. For 12 miles prisoners, scattered arms, burning wagons, proved how well the previous day's work had been done by the soldiers of Texas and Louisiana. The gallant divisions from Missouri and Arkansas (unfortunately absent on the 8th) marched 45 miles in two days to share the glories of Pleasant Hill. This was emphatically the soldier's victory. In spite of the strength of the enemy's position, held by fresh troops of the Sixteenth Corps, your valor and devotion triumphed over all. Darkness closed one of the hottest fights of the war. The morning of the 10th dawned upon a fleeing foe, with our cavalry in pursuit, capturing prisoners at every step. These glorious victories were most dearly won. A list of the heroic dead would sadden the sternest

heart. A visit to the hospitals would move the sympathy of the most unfeeling. The memory of our dead will live as long as noble deeds are cherished on earth. The consciousness of duty well performed will alleviate the sufferings of the wounded,

On April 18th, nine days after the battle, General Taylor made out his official report; at least it is so dated, though not sent in until July 31st. The excuse for not having sent it forward earlier is, "the impossibility of obtaining returns of the casualties in the cavalry." This report is voluminous, encloses and discusses reports of his subordinates, and comprises many matters relating to the campaign against General Smith from Simsport and Ft. De Russy, till the arrival of Banks;—and especially to the battle of the 8th, and the defeat of our army near Mansfield. Having disposed of that affair by the remark that— "The vast captured property was quietly taken to Mansfield and turned over untouched to the proper officers," he says:—

After all was quiet at the creek, and the necessary orders for the morning had been given to Major-Generals Walker and Green, I returned to Mansfield to hurry forward Churchill's and Parsons' divisions, arrived that evening from Keachie, 22 miles distant. Churchill and Parsons were put in motion for the front at 2 a. m. After sending dispatches to department headquarters and giving necessary instructions to the heads of the several departments I returned to the front at 3:30 a. m. Finding the enemy had retreated during the night, as I supposed he must after the severe losses of the preceding day, I sent forward all the cavalry under Green, the infantry following in column along the Pleasant Hill road, Churchill leading, then Parsons, Walker, and Polignac, now commanding Mouton's division. I accompanied the cavalry. For 12 miles not a shot was fired by the enemy. Many prisoners, burning wag-

ons, scattered arms, gave evidence of the rout. A mile in advance of Pleasant Hill, Green found the enemy drawn up in a strong position. As we had left the infantry far in our rear by the rapid advance, I ordered feints to be made to the right and left to develop the position and strength of the enemy. *The importance of pushing Banks beyond Pleasant Hill could not be overestimated.* As shown by his orders dated at Natchitoches and captured on the 8th, Banks expected to reach Shreveport on the 11th with the Thirteenth [and] Nineteenth Corps and the cavalry via Pleasant Hill and Mansfield, and had on the 8th made two-thirds of the distance between the two points. . . . The troops of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, which came from Vicksburg and landed at Simsport, as they came in transports and had not appeared on the battle-field of the 8th, were certainly on the transports, being without land transportation. From Pleasant Hill a good road leads to Blair's Landing, on Red River, 16 miles distant, and crosses Bayou Pierre 4 miles from the river, Blair's Landing being 45 miles above Grand Ecore by water. From Pleasant Hill to Natchitoches the stage road leads around Spanish Lake, distance 36 miles, through a pine wood desert. *The possession of Pleasant Hill* thus prevented Banks from re-enforcing by the short line from his transports by the Blair's Landing road and threw him back to Natchitoches before he could unite his troops. . . . I could not decide what force we were confronted by on the 9th. It was late after midday before the infantry got up, and a glance at Churchill's troops showed they were too much exhausted to attack. The infantry was ordered to *lie down and rest for two hours.* . . . At 3 p. m., the infantry being somewhat restored by rest, the plan of attack was formed and the troops put in motion. The Arkansas and Missouri divisions, under Churchill and Parsons, with Etter's and Daniel's batteries, were sent to the right to outflank the enemy, reach the Jesup road, and attack from the south and west. Churchill, the senior offi-

cer, was to push Hardeman's, McNeill's, and Terrell's cavalry to his right, and communicate with Walker on his left. When the enemy was driven, the cavalry above mentioned was to push down the Jesup road for 12 miles, take a cross road leading in to the Natchitoches road, and thus fall on the enemy's line of retreat. Walker filed to the right through the woods to form line between the Pleasant Hill and Jesup roads and communicate with Churchill's left. As soon as he heard Churchill's and Parsons' guns he was to attack by echelon of brigades from his right, the men to throw forward their right shoulders as they came into action. Orders were given to all to rely on the bayonet, as we had neither ammunition nor time to waste. These orders were well carried out, as many ghastly wounds among the Federals testify. On the left of Walker, Bee held Debray's and Buchel's cavalry in the main road from Mansfield, with orders to charge through Pleasant Hill whenever the right attack disordered the enemy. To the left of the road Major, with his own and most of Bagby's cavalry (dismounted,) was to move forward, outflank the enemy's right, and gain and hold the Blair's Landing road. These latter movements were under the immediate charge of General Green. Polignac, whose division had suffered more than any in the previous battle, was held in reserve in the Mansfield road behind Bee's cavalry. At 4:30 p. m., (about the time I expected Churchill to be in position) I directed General Green to open artillery on a battery posted on an eminence fronting the Mansfield road where it debouched from the woods to a low cleared field. This was for the purpose of diverting the enemy's attention from Churchill's attack. Nettles', Moseley's, and J. A. A. West's batteries were posted by Major Semmes, chief of artillery to General Green, and soon overpowered the enemy's fire on the hill before mentioned. The Valverde Battery, under Nettles, was first in action, and was roughly used by the opposing fire, but the other batteries mentioned soon opened and drove the enemy from his formidable position. - - - At about 5 p. m. Churchill and Parsons opened on the right and Walk-

er-commenced his advance in support. Just then our fire overpowered the enemy's battery, in front of the Mansfield road, and disabled his guns, which were removed to the rear. The confusion and movement incident to this, coupled with the sound of Churchill's and Parsons' attack, led General Green naturally to suppose the time for Bee's charge had arrived. Bee led forward Debray's and Buchel's fine regiments in most gallant style across the fields and up the opposite slope, where he was stopped by a close and deadly fire of musketry from the dense woods on either side of the road. Bee was struck, Buchel mortally wounded, and Debray and Major Menard, of the same regiment, struck. Many a gallant horseman went down. Bee drew back, himself retiring last. The charge failed for the time, but the gallantry displayed by Bee, Debray, Buchel, Menard, and others produced its effect on the enemy. During this time Walker had led his splendid division across the field and was fully engaged in the opposite wood, and Major had swept around to the left with his dismounted cavalry of Bagby's and his own brigade, under Colonel Terrell (severely wounded in the fight,) cleared the wood to the left, and seized and held the position occupied by the enemy's battery in the commencement of the engagement. The stubborn resistance offered by the enemy along the whole line soon convinced me that he had received re-enforcements of *fresh troops* and I ordered forward Polignac.

Just then information reached me that Major General Walker was wounded. Galloping to the spot I found he had received a severe contusion in the groin, and ordered him to quit the field, which he did most reluctantly. His wound was a great misfortune. The continuity of our line was lost, as I could not for some time find either of our brigade commanders, all of whom were hotly engaged with in the pine thicket in the front.

Churchill in his attack did not gain ground enough to his right nor use his cavalry efficiently. The consequence was that, although his first attack was vigorous, sweeping all before it, the enemy outflanked his right and threw him into much confusion.

He did all in his power to restore order, and was ably seconded by Generals Parsons, Tappan, and Clark, whose brigade of Missourians suffered heavily. Brigadier-General Scurry, also commanding the right brigade of Walker's division, behaved most nobly, and speaks highly of Colonel Waterhouse, commanding one of the regiments. General Scurry was slightly wounded in the engagement. The efforts of these leaders prevented the confusion on the right from becoming disastrous. Mean time the fighting on the left and center was close and fierce. The fresh troops of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps held their ground manfully. The dense woods prevented a view of the field, and the continuity of our line was lost. An idea prevailed that we were firing on each other. Green, Polignac, Major, Randal, and Gray, with their respective staffs, rallied the troops and led them again and again into action, and the men by their conduct showed themselves worthy of such leaders. At nightfall I withdrew the troops to prevent the additional confusion incident to darkness and formed line in the open field.

I remained with General Bee some 300 yards from the battle-field, two companies of Debray's regiment picketing on the field. The noise of wagons moving in the rear of the enemy's position confirmed my opinion that he would retreat in the night. The cavalry which was sent to the first water to forage was ordered to come to the front at daylight to take up the pursuit, and orders were issued to make details to bury the dead and care for the wounded.

The morning of the 10th found us in possession of Pleasant Hill, the enemy retreating secretly in the night, leaving his dead unburied and some 400 wounded in our hands. Bee took up the pursuit and held it for 20 miles without receiving a shot, capturing prisoners and finding at every step the same evidence of rout as had marked the pursuit the previous day.

All the inferences that Taylor intended should be drawn from the last paragraphs are totally false; and it is reasonable to presume that so much as purports to state particular facts is of the same menda-

cious character. It is a burning shame that the fleeing and totally demoralized enemy was not pursued beyond the limits of the battlefield, and for this cause we have no official evidence as to where Taylor spent the night, other than his own statement; nor where the two companies of Debray's regiment were which Taylor says "picketed on the field." But the men of the 32nd Iowa who were captured testify to the demoralized flight of the enemy for some miles beyond the battlefield. The wounded men and officers of Shaw's brigade, lying on the very front of the contested ground, know that neither Debray's cavalry nor any others of the enemy "picketed on the field." These, and our surgeons left in charge of hospitals, all unite in saying that not until the forenoon of the 10th was well advanced was an enemy other than those dead and wounded to be seen; and that those who came at that hour *carried a flag of truce, and came to ask that they be allowed to bury their dead and care for their wounded!*

Every man of the 32nd Iowa, (which brought up the rear of our army, and stood on the 10th as on the 9th between Banks and his dreaded foe,) can testify that the alleged pursuit by Bee, and the "evidence of rout," are totally false. The statement that Bee held the pursuit of the 32nd Iowa "for 20 miles without receiving a shot" yields the whole question, and stamps the statement as a falsehood.

Lieut. Edward Cunningham, Aid-de-camp and

Chief of Artillery on staff of General Kirby Smith, from headquarters of the department at Shreveport, wrote a confidential letter to his uncle in Virginia, purporting to give a true statement of Taylor's entire campaign against Banks. This letter is dated June 27th 1864. It was captured by General Canby, and forwarded to the U. S. War Department. What he says relative to the battle of Pleasant Hill is as follows:—

On the night of the 8th, Churchill and Parsons came up. The pursuit was resumed at daylight on the 9th. In the evening the enemy was found in line of battle at Pleasant Hill, A. J. Smith, who had come up from Natchitoches, on the left, Franklin (Nineteenth Corps) on the right, the whole about 24,000. The Thirteenth Corps had gone on to Natchitoches. The enemy's right was in woods, his left in open fields. Walker and Polignac (commanding Mouton's division) attacked on our left, Parsons and Churchill on our right. The charge of the Arkansas and Missouri troops was dashing. On their left the enemy had five brigades and several batteries. Part of their infantry was in advance of the artillery and part in rear for a support. The Missouri division was to have been supported on the left by Scurry's brigade (Walker's extreme right), but instead of co-operating the two went into action separately, and were whipped in detail. The Missouri division drove back the enemy's line in its front, and came up within 50 yards of their batteries, but having no support on their left, were flanked by the enemy from that direction, and meeting a heavy fire from the supporting force, retreated in confusion. About the time they had gotten away from the enemy, who showed no disposition to follow, Scurry's brigade came up and was repulsed after having driven back the enemy's line in his front a quarter of a mile. The enemy followed him some distance, capturing several hundred prisoners. Night put a stop to the fight, Churchill's, Parsons', and most of Walker's command being in

great confusion. On our left Walker and Polignac had rather the advantage of the enemy without gaining any material results. Our troops were withdrawn. Polignac remained about 2 miles from the field. Walker, Churchill, and Parsons, with all the cavalry except one brigade, moved back 6 miles, the nearest point at which there was sufficient water. Neither our cavalry nor that of the enemy did anything in this fight.

The next morning, after sunrise, very much to our surprise, we learned that the enemy had retreated during the night. The cavalry was immediately sent in pursuit, while the infantry was taken back to Mansfield for organization, rest and supplies. The enemy evidently considered himself whipped. He ought to know. Independently of the condition of the troops after the fight, the want of supplies below Mansfield and of transportation to haul them rendered immediate pursuit with our whole force impossible.

General Taylor and his friends assert with the most confident assurance that had he been allowed to "follow up his victory" the utter destruction of Banks and Porter would have been the result. Perhaps the exact force of this argument can be appreciated only by persons who saw General Taylor's victorious army just after it had attempted to destroy a part of Gen. Banks' force without the fleet to support it; but still the idea of our annihilating in their intrenchments a force three-fourths of which we had failed to whip in open fight, and of transporting over a distance of 250 miles supplies we had been unable to haul 65 miles! Such projects must appear in their true light to any sensible person who looks calmly and impartially into the matter.

That it was impossible for us to pursue Banks immediately—under four or five days—cannot be gainsaid. It was impossible because we did not have transportation for supplies, and impossible because we had been beaten, demoralized, paralyzed in the fight of the 9th. One week was the shortest time in which we could put ourselves before

the enemy at Natchitoches. By that time he had constructed strong works in a naturally strong position. Could we, weakened by the loss of 2,500 men and demoralized by defeat, beat the enemy here in a fortified position with a force superior to ours as seven to four?

As far as these statements are adverse to the enemy, or tend to contradict his boastful assertions, they must be regarded as the admissions of reluctant witnesses and therefore to be taken as wholly true, and in no sense overdrawn. The statements do not comprise all that might have been told. What they omit to state, if testified by others, may also be taken as true, for like reasons. It may be observed that the statements of Lieut. Cunningham strongly contradict the claim of Taylor that he rested on or near the battle-field.

Gus Hall, a rebel soldier, who had passed the winter with Price, near Camden, Arkansas, and came to Louisiana with Churchill and Parsons, to help Taylor beat Banks back from Shreveport, and came up just after our troops had been beaten at Mansfield, April 8th, wrote to the *St. Louis Republican* in October, 1885:—

“ - - - I saw 225 loaded six mule wagons parked in Mansfield, that were that day captured from Banks, together with 1100 mules.

On the morning of the 9th, Churchill's division was on the march for Pleasant Hill by 3 a. m., the

distance about 20 miles. This was followed by Walker's Division of Texan Infantry. All day the road was full of our cavalry men bringing in prisoners, singly and in squads, many of whom could not understand a word of English, nor ride a horse.

Ruin was on every side. Helpless women and hungry children stood tearfully by desolated homes. The naked chimnies showed where houses had been. Not even a bird was to be seen, nor any living thing that could get away. The wells were polluted; dead horses and broken vehicles lined the road. The battle-scarred trees showed where Greene's cavalry had resisted the Federal advance.

About 2 p. m., Churchill's Division halted some three miles west of Pleasant Hill, Tappan's Brigade being in front. The road forked here; one branch leading more to the south, and the other directly to Pleasant Hill. General Dick Taylor sat on a log, near the road, whittling a stick. Churchill joined him. They had an earnest conversation. Officers occasionally came in from the front and reported. We learned that the enemy was in line between us and Pleasant Hill. In about an hour Churchill's Division moved on the right hand road for about two miles, turned east around a large plantation, and formed line of battle facing toward the north. Here orders were sent along the line for each command to be governed by the movement of the forces on its right. It was soon shown that this was a most fatal order. Skirmishers were deployed, and the command moved forward. After a quarter of a mile the line was halted, moved eastward by the right flank, came

to a front, and advanced in action.

There was a small creek along which the Federal line of battle was formed, on abandoned farm lands that extended from the village southward, across this creek. The underbrush was dense on some parts of the creek, extending towards another abandoned field farther west. The lower creek had sometime been straitened by a ditch, the banks of which were covered with switch cane. The ditch was a quarter of a mile long, occupied by Federal troops, among them being a regiment of New York Zouaves. Gen. Parsons' Missourians were on our extreme right; next to them the Arkansas troops under Ganze and Tappan.

Parsons' men came down the wooded hill into the field, in front of the ditch, and without pausing to rectify their alignment swept on, and over the ditch, capturing every man in it. They assaulted the second Federal line, and a most determined contest ensued. It was an open field, and there was no cover. The Missourians pressed forward, and forced the federal troops up the slope, and into the village, where resistance measurably ceased, and Banks' army was virtually cut in twain.

Meantime Ganze struck the enemy in the thick woods farther up the creek. The enemy opposed to him did not drive easily. One regiment in particular, the 23d Iowa, disdained to fly, and were nearly all killed or wounded. The Lieutenant Colonel in command was killed at his post in the rear of his regiment.

Captain Peebles and Captain Ackerman of this regiment were wounded and captured.

Probably no regiment in the world could show a better fighting record.

Tappan's brigade struck the enemy above Ganze, and after a hot reception gained ground. Everything promised well. The enemy were giving way all along the line. Just then Banks' extreme left, which extended beyond Parsons' right, swung around as if to take him in the flank. Seeing this the Missourians began to fall back. This move threw them into disorder, and became a retreat. In a few moments every command, seeing that upon its right falling back, did the same. The Federals were getting off the field in one direction and we in another! Our retreat was soon a panic and a rout!

In vain our officers attempted to restore order. They commanded, threatened, and by turns implor-ed, but to no purpose. They were borne along upon the rushing tide. Conspicuous in these efforts to rally the demoralized troops were Churchill, Parsons, Tappan. Grinstead, Tom Thompson, and Colonels Mosser, Kelley, and Gains, of Tappan's brigades.

Mosser had lost his hat, and with a red handkerchief tied about his head, his ferocious beard, and with his naked sword in hand and belaboring with the flat side his flying troops;—mounted on a fiery horse he was the picture of a Saracen in the time of the crusades! Parsons rode a magnificent horse, covered with foam. He and Kelley left the field together. Deeming this respectable company in which to leave a battle-field I rode along behind them for several miles. Neither of them talked. They were gloomy and depressed, but neither indulged in fault-

finding or vain regrets.

Thus ended the battle of Pleasant Hill. The following day we returned and occupied the field "

It is not strange that Hall, after a lapse of more than twenty years, should have forgotten the number of the Iowa Regiment to which Peebles and Ackerman belonged. The 23d Iowa was not in the battle. Names and numbers learned after the fight appears not to have been so impressed upon him as the incidents which he so vividly describes. Unlike Taylor and Banks, and having no responsibility for the blunders of the day, he evidently meant to tell a plain story, let the truth hurt whom it might.

Even the errors of fact stated by Hall, such details as that the Lieutenant Colonel was in command of the regiment, may stand as evidence of his intention to tell the truth. As to the truth of what he says of panic and rout, there can be but one opinion. Dick Taylor's oath would not for a moment controvert the simple yet graphic story of the manner in which Mosser laid about him; nor his description of the beaten and sullen Parsons and Kelley as they rode, gloomy and depressed, for several miles. It is not improbable that Hall could tell where Taylor "formed line in the open field" after the fighting ceased!

CHAPTER XXII.

REVIEWING PLEASANT HILL.

It is hoped that the engraved plan of the field and the Battle of Pleasant Hill, facing with the following explanations, will enable the reader to obtain a reasonably correct knowledge of what really occurred. The village called Pleasant Hill was a mere hamlet, intended in its inception as a place where the families of those cultivating plantations on the low lands might more safely reside during certain seasons. It was to comprise a school, a church, some shops and places for trade, and the necessary dwellings for the population that might be attracted by its supposed advantages. It was not the success its originators contemplated, was apparently as unfeathered in 1864 as when first hatched, whenever that may have been.

It occupied a part of the upland ridge, or dividing of the low streams that flow on the one hand toward the Northeast into Red River or the adjacent bayous, and on the other side toward the Southwest, into the Sabine River. There is no hill, as the word is understood in more elevated districts. It is simply a broad ridge, gently undulating, and originally covered with forest, in which farms had been opened, in many of which the soil being exhausted they had been abandoned, becoming what is known in the South as "old fields."

By reason of the character of the bottom lands, and the numerous bayous and lakes therein, the riv-

ers are rarely bridged, and are only to be approached by teams at distant intervals. To certain points on the rivers roads are made, and at these places the Boats land for freight and passengers. Thus while Admiral Porter was advancing by Red River, greatly impeded and incurring grave risk of disaster from the exceptionally low stage of water, Banks was trying to reach Shreveport by land. Though only a few miles distant neither party could aid the other. The transports, under convoy of the gunboats, carried supplies for the army on land, but not available until the army and navy should meet at Shreveport.

The map shows a space three miles by two, upon which our army entered by the road from Grand Ecore, at the extreme Southeast corner, and which the enemy reached from the Northwest by the Mansfield road. The plan shows the disposition of our available forces, as made in the morning of April 9th, Shaw's Brigade being in the extreme front, on the Mansfield road, on which the enemy was expected; his right not reaching the swamp indicated; his left in the air. His right should have been protected and supported by available troops of the 19th Corps; and so also should his left. He demanded this, but failed to secure it. His line was already extended beyond the capacity of his brigade, and made less strong by the wide front he was asked to cover.

Col. Fessenden says that the first position of Benedict's Brigade of the 19th Corps was in the thick woods in front of his place as shown on the map; probably about equidistant from the position of the 32nd Iowa and the ditch into which he made his way during the afternoon. Had he moved his right forward,

and faced more to the South, our position would have been greatly improved. His removal toward the rear made an opening for the enemy, through which he rushed into the rear of Shaw's Brigade, with an impetus that carried Benedicts Brigade out of the sheltering ditch, and up the slope, toward the reserves under Mower. In this movement the rebels say they did not fire a shot, but relied upon the bayonet. That is mere false bragadocio. The greater number of the casualties were from gunshot wounds. In this charge Benedict was killed, and three of his regiments scattered. The fourth, the 30th Maine, under Colonel Fessenden, on the left, held their ground until the others were beyond their reach, when they fell back alone and joined the lines of Mower's attack.*

When Gen. Smith, from the right of Mower's Division, saw the enemy in Shaw's rear, he ordered him to fall back [See Shaw's report.]

The 58th Illinois, under Colonel Lynch, had been placed as shown on the plan, to keep watch and guard against a possible though not expected attack from the South and Southwest, and was in line fac-

*It was Colonel Fessenden's idea that Benedict was wholly surprised to find himself attacked in his then position. He probably regarded the thick woods in his front, the ditch he occupied and his remoteness from other troops, as giving him probable exemption from discovery. It is also probable that at the hour he and his troops, like General Banks himself, were saying "there will be no fight to-day!"

[General Banks uttered these words as he was dismounting at his Head Quarters, and was answered by the batteries of the enemy before any one could make other reply!]

ing the South.

As the enemy pursued Benedict's retreating and scattered soldiers along the open ground, and up the slope, toward the Northwest, he exposed his right flank to Lynch who took prompt advantage of it, faced about, and rolled him up like an old parchment! This turned the tide of battle, and the heretofore exultant enemy became panic stricken; a condition that soon communicated itself to his whole force. It was Bull Run over again, but with the boot on the other foot! *

At this juncture General Mower advanced with the reserves of the 16th Corps, completely driving the enemy from the field. The fighting was over. The enemy in utter panic and rout, as described by Gus Hall, page 196, was going towards Mansfield at the best speed of which he was capable. The sun had by this time set. The woods were thick with the smoke of the battle. Gen. Mower felt his way carefully through the darkened woods, toward the Southwest, over a part of the track on which Churchill's Division came to the attack. Had he known

* NOTE: -It is interesting to consider that the expectation of our Generals was that Taylor would throw his full strength down the Mansfield road. They had so little thought of an attack in force on the left that Lynch's regiment was thrown out along in that direction. It appears that Churchill must have assumed that the position held by Shaw's Brigade was supported by the entire Federal force, and that the attack by Parsons and Tappan was upon the flank and rear of our army, instead of being expended upon the left of Shaw's Brigade, and in rushing over Benedict. Had Churchill not made this mistake, but had struck Lynch fairly, he must have driven him back upon Mower's flank, instead of exposing his own flank in Mower's front. This would have completely reversed the conditions, and might have reversed the results.

what the 32nd Iowa knew he might have pushed on rapidly; or had there been cavalry to send after the fleeing rebels there might have been hundreds of prisoners and some batteries taken in. But the cavalry had gone out in the morning on the road to Grand Ecore, in charge of trains! Even the Hospital Train had been sent off! *

Colonel Shaw distinctly says that when with his three regiments he fell back, after repulsing Gen. Major's attack on his right by dismounted cavalry, that the enemy did not follow him, nor had his communication with his hospital, still farther in the rear, been interrupted. This clearly shows that all the fighting north of the Mansfield road alleged to have been done there by the 19th Corps is pure fiction. The fighting was in front of Shaw's Brigade;—on his left, and in the rear of his left, where Benedict was driven;—and by the 58th Illinois, followed up by Mower's Division. All resistance had ceased before the

* NOTE:—General Lee's cavalry had been so severely handled on the 8th that Banks appears to have been anxious to get them, and the trains, which had been such a burden to him at Mansfield, and mostly captured, out of the way. Thus, with the badly beaten detachment of the 13th Corps, all were sent on to Grand Ecore in advance of the battle of the 9th. Lee testified in this matter that Banks ordered him to push on to Grand Ecore with all possible speed, and if wagons broke down he was not to stop to repair them, but to burn them and their contents by the roadside! It would seem that Banks, on the 9th, was hoping for nothing better than to reach Ecore with his army, if possible, where he could have the protection of the gunboats. After 4 p. m., in the lull that preceded the storm about to burst, he said, with a sigh of relief: "There will be no fight to-day." Had that expectation been realized there is little doubt that he would have put the entire army in retreat during the night: His generals of the 19th Corps would have gladly acquiesced:

32nd Iowa came upon the line of the 35th Iowa, in the fast-darkening woods, probably two or three hundred yards west of Benedict's position, as shown on the battle-plan. When Churchill's and Walker's Divisions were routed, driven off in panic, the battle was ended. *

All this clearly shows that had Shaw's Brigade given way in the early part of the action, and had the 32nd Iowa not made its stubborn resistance, "Walker's splendid Division" would have pushed on unchecked;—Tappan's and Parson's Brigades, connecting with Walker's right would have taken Lynch and Mower on the flank;—and the story might have had a very different ending! Taylor says he lost the victory because Churchill failed

* NOTE:—C. S. Barclay, of West Liberty, Iowa, more than 25 years after the battle of Pleasant Hill, said to the writer:—"I will never forget my first meeting with you. I was First Sergeant in the 35th Iowa Infantry, and as we were following the retreating rebels at Pleasant Hill, April 9th 1864, and heard the noise of a party approaching us from the front, we came to a halt, and I ordered the company to make ready, and in a moment more would have fired. The smoke of the battle and the darkness of the time, in the thick woods, hid everything from sight. I presume you never knew how narrowly you escaped, nor how imminent the danger was."

In the conversation that followed the circumstances were discussed as then and now remembered by both of us. That to approach our lines from that direction at that hour was full of peril, is not to be doubted. That it was accomplished without disaster was rare good fortune.

to take sufficient ground to the right! "It might have been!"

After the 32nd Iowa reached the open ground, in rear of the position they held during the day, efforts were made to have care given to those left on the field. Quarter Master McCall, with some comrades, and carrying a lantern, tried to reach them but was stopped by an officer of the 19th Corps in charge of a guard, ordered to put out his light and not permitted to go farther. Colonel Scott found General Mower, explained to him the situation, assured him that the enemy had retreated far beyond the position of the dead and wounded of the 32nd Iowa, and implored him to advance our lines so as to enable our wounded to be cared for. The General was just then intent on securing part of a battery which the enemy had abandoned in the woods, and promised to comply when that had been gathered in. But it was not done. The weary and broken hearted men of the 32nd Iowa compared notes as to the casualties, as best they could, stood in deep gloom about their camp-fires, and finally dropped down and slept the sleep of exhaustion until they were called into line and told that our army had stolen away during the night!

In the accounts of the Battle of Pleasant Hill it has not been practicable to give in detail the several positions, nor to intelligently describe the conduct of the several bodies of troops of the 19th Army

Corps that were there engaged. Some of the official reports made by their officers are obscure, some of them are misleading, and some of them are viciously untrue. No doubt but some of those troops fought bravely on the 9th of April. That they should have been in good heart to meet those who had so severely handled them on the 8th was hardly to be expected. Just how long they resisted the attacks made upon them is not shown by the casualties they sustained, as their losses of the 8th and 9th are reported together. Their heaviest losses are known to have occurred at Mansfield, and not at Pleasant Hill.

The reports of Emory and Dwight were meant for New England readers. The former refers to a body of Smith's troops as giving way in connection with a part of his (Emory's) command, while, as a matter of fact there were none of Smith's troops in the position named! Dwight goes out of his way to lug in the absurd falsehood that Shaw's Brigade fled through his (Dwight's) lines! Our historian confesses that in the face of stories which are known to be false and believed to be malignant he is not inclined to accept other statements unless known to be true. This includes maps and plans of the battle-field which accompany the official Reports of their officers. It has therefore been thought best as far as deemed important to do so to approximate the facts referred to by other and more reliable witnesses.

The report made by Col. Fessenden, 30th Maine Infantry, is not open to this criticism, and bears on its face many evidences of candor and frankness. He was in command of his regiment until the death

“The enemy advanced rapidly in two lines upon the left and across the front of the brigade, at a charging pace, delivering a very heavy fire as they advanced. - - The enemy charged swiftly from the slope and commenced crossing the ditch, striking at our men in the ditch with their clubbed muskets. So rapidly did they advance that Lt. Col. Blanchard, who had gone to the ditch in front of his regiment to observe the position of the enemy, had not time to place himself behind his regiment before the brigade commenced retiring in confusion. The regiments fell back beginning with 165 New York on the right, followed by the 162 New York. - - the 173 New York next, delivering their fire as they fell back in disorder to the rear. I commanded the 30th Maine, upon the left of the line, *and had received orders to retreat when the other regiments fell back*

It is proper to note that under these adverse

circumstances Col. Fessenden and many of his men fought bravely to the end of the action;—at first retreating in some confusion, and then reforming on Gen. Smith's troops, charging the enemy, and following him up his mad flight.

There is one thing in this battle in connection with the participation therein of Col. Shaw's Brigade, that has never in any of the official reports had the consideration to which it is entitled; to-wit:—The fact that *this Brigade was selected to occupy the post of honor, the extreme front in the line of defense against the attack of an exultant foe, flushed with recent victory, and following his fleeing and demoralized antagonist.*

The circumstances justify the modesty which has heretofore characterized the Reports made by members of the Brigade. Some may raise a question of taste as to any mention of this fact even after a lapse of more than thirty years. The only question that can be raised is the question of taste, and we have venerable authority for not discussing that. There is no reasonable question as to the facts. General Banks says:—"The center was strengthened by a brigade of Gen. Smith's forces, whose main force was held in reserve." General Smith says:—"The 2nd Brigade, 3d Division, Col. Wm. T. Shaw, commanding, was ordered early in the morning to report to Brig. General Emory, and was stationed in front of the center of his command." General Emory says: "After establishing my line General McMillan

was withdrawn and placed on the right and rear as a reserve, and his place was supplied by a brigade of General Smith's division." Colonel Shaw says:—"I was ordered to report with my brigade to General Banks. By him I was ordered to proceed to the front and report to General Emory. He ordered me to relieve General McMillan, who was posted on the left of the Mansfield road."

These several statements sufficiently establish the fact that General Banks, his chief of staff, Gen. Franklin, Gen. Emory, and General Smith, in consultation, agreed that the Mansfield road was the point open to the first attack of the enemy; that it could not safely be entrusted to any of the troops that had been falling back under pressure of the defeat and pursuit of the previous day; that General Smith was called on to furnish a Brigade and a Commander that could and would withstand the demoralizing causes then existing; and that Shaw's Brigade, the 14th Iowa Infantry, the 27th Iowa Infantry, the 32nd Iowa Infantry, and the 24th Missouri Infantry, was the Brigade which General Smith *selected for this post of honor*.

That it was the post of honor and danger was soon proven by the repeated and desperate assaults made thereon by the enemy. His view of the situation is shown by the manner as well as the fact of these assaults. The flower of the enemy's cavalry was hurled upon our ranks, in the full expectation that they would rush through to the open ground about the village of Pleasant Hill and there put to flight or the sword an army whose commander had already sent his supplies and transportation to seek

protection from the cover of his gunboats! While this unsurpassed cavalry charge was being met by the right of the Brigade, and the cavalry literally annihilated, Walker advanced upon the left of the Brigade with "his splendid Division of infantry," bayonets fixed, bound for Pleasant Hill, expecting no hindrance. Of what followed General Dick Taylor, with much significance, says:—"The stubborn resistance offered by the enemy along the whole line soon convinced me that he had received re-inforcements of fresh troops, and I ordered forward Polignac. The fresh troops held their ground manfully." This tribute to the valor of the "fresh troops" is as sincere as it is mournful, for he adds that these attacks occasioned "great sacrifice of life," and that the loss, "both in numbers and in quality has been heavy to the country, the loss being 2,500."

It does not follow, nor is it claimed or intimated, that in this army there were not other brigades that would have held this ground manfully. It is meant, however, to state the undeniable fact that Shaw's Brigade "was stationed in front of the center of Emory's command," and that the brigade that had been in that position "was withdrawn and placed on the right and rear as a reserve," and it is now asserted that this was done because of the supposed importance of holding this position "at all hazard," and in full anticipation of the desperate assaults soon to be made upon it. This was fully realized by the men of this Brigade at the time, and the full significance of the language of General Smith was understood, when he said, as the Brigade was moving into position:—"Boys! Your State has never been disgraced;

-remember where you belong!"

In response to this greeting of their brave General these men earned for their command the title of the "Iron Brigade," and enabled their grim brigade commander to truthfully say that they were "first in the fight, longest in the fight, in the hardest of the fight, last to leave the field, and suffered one-half of the entire loss of the battle, losing three times as many officers and men as any brigade engaged."

Perhaps it were best to say nothing more on this painful and most humiliating affair; but as cumulative and corroborating evidence it may be well to contrast the testimony of General Banks and Surgeon Sanger, as taken by the joint committee of Congress on the Conduct of the War, in December 1864, and January 1865. General Banks said:—

"At 4 o'clock the enemy assaulted our lines with almost demoniac energy. The contest was desperate. If the enemy defeated that army he had the best part of the Mississippi fleet in his possession, and would deprive New Orleans of its only effective land defence. Both armies comprehending the stake at issue, there was a most terrible contest. It lasted three hours. The enemy succeeded in breaking our line on the right, but our forces being strengthened by the reserve the enemy was driven from the field. It was as clear a rout as it was possible for any army to suffer.

We were uncertain as to the fleet.

It was a question whether we should

remain at Pleasant Hill, in the condition we were in, the enemy although beaten being much stronger than we were, or fall back to Grand Ecore, where we could re-establish our communications with the fleet, unite and reorganize our forces, already much shattered in these three battles. - - - After consulting with my officers, I concluded, against my own judgment, to fall back to Grand Ecore and reorganize. I had given orders after this battle, at 10 or 11 o'clock in the evening, to make preparations for an advance at daybreak, and to turn the trains then on the road to Grand Ecore to the front.

General Smith, who came to see me, said, 'What are you going to do?' I said, 'We move forward in the morning,' General Franklin, General Emory, General Dwight, and the officers of my immediate command, were very strongly of the opinion that nothing could be effected by an advance; that it was impracticable in the condition of the river to reach Shreveport, and that it was dangerous to remain where we were. They urged very strongly that we should retire to Grand Ecore and reorganize, perhaps find another route on the opposite side of the river, where we might possibly join General Steele.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock at night I consented to that arrangement, and, all things considered, it was probably the best course that could have been taken. But that is an open question, as all such questions are. We held the field of battle. Our dead were buried. The wounded men were brought in and placed in the best hospitals we could organize, and surgeons were left with them with provisions, medi-

cines and supplies, and at daybreak we fell back to Grand Ecore."

Before the same Committee Surgeon Sanger said:—

I am Surgeon of U. S. Volunteers. Accompanied the Red River Expedition under General Banks. Was present at the battles of Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill. We brought off about half of our wounded in the first battle, and at the second all that could march.

Question. It has been said that at Pleasant Hill we won a victory; how happened it that we left our wounded in the hands of the enemy?

Answer. That is a great mystery to me. I was at that time medical director of the 19th corps. I saw General Franklin immediately after our victory, as we assume it to be. I told him that in the hurry of sending off the supply trains in the morning, they had sent off my medical supply train. He said at that time that it should be ordered to return at once. To make sure of the matter, I went to see Major Drake, General Bank's adjutant general. He told me to give myself no uneasiness about the matter, as he would send off a courier at once and order up the medical supply train. I saw General Franklin and told him that I should be busy all night, and in case the army moved off in any direction he must apprise me. I was told that I should be informed. That was the last I knew of the matter until between six and seven o'clock the next morning, when observing a little squad of cavalry drawn up in front of my hospital, I

went out and inquired, and found that the army had retired during the night, and that this cavalry was the rear guard about leaving the place. They said they had seen the enemy approaching in the distance; whereupon I left one or two assistant surgeons with instructions, mounted my horse, and rode off.

Ques. Did you see any real necessity for leaving our wounded in the hands of the enemy there?

Ans. Yes, sir; we had no transportation at that time of any kind. There was not a wagon of any kind there.

Ques. You say your medical train had been sent off?

Ans. Yes, sir; but that was done in the morning. From what little I learned of the matter, I understood that it was expected, if the enemy attacked at all, they would attack early in the morning at Pleasant Hill; and as one of the causes of the disaster of the day before was the presence of the trains, they determined that should not be the cause of a disaster again, and moved them off. We waited until four or five o'clock, when General Banks remarked that the enemy would not probably attack us that day, and that we were all right; but it was not half an hour after that before the enemy commenced with a yell and a charge.

Ques. As we drove the enemy at Pleasant Hill, what prevented our forces from taking care of the wounded?

Ans. I went back myself two days after within the lines of the enemy, under a flag of truce. *I do not think that we knew at that time the completeness of our victory over the enemy.* As near as I could learn, we

had driven them back at dark into the woods, but how completely they were routed we did not know at that time. We had not quite gained the possession of the water for which we were fighting, although we had driven the enemy back. The provision and supply train starting off in the morning to the rear, had got eighteen or nineteen miles from Pleasant Hill, and the next morning they gave me as a reason why my medical supply train was not sent back, that they could not turn around their entire train; and if the enemy had advanced in the morning we would have been without supplies, and with the risk of not getting any water. General A. J. Smith was strongly in favor of advancing, and insisted upon it that he would not retire. I met him as I left Pleasant Hill, and he insisted that we should have gone on; that our victory was complete. When I returned to Pleasant Hill two days afterwards, under a flag of truce, traveling about forty miles in the enemy's country, I there learned from the assistant surgeons whom I left in charge that the enemy did not come in there until about ten o'clock the next day, and that the few skirmishing men that we had seen in the distance were our own men, who had been left on picket and not relieved, and stragglers who were working their way back to what they supposed was our camp.

In regard to the battle of the day previous at Sabine Crossroads, I learned that so far from the engagement being so very serious a disaster to us, the enemy, after having taken our cavalry trains and making a second charge, felt themselves so thoroughly beaten and routed that they fled all the way back to Mansfield, intending, if we pursued them the next

morning, to fall back to Shreveport; but finding that we did not follow them, they followed us. The enemy acknowledged a complete rout of their army on the second day, and also acknowledged that if we had advanced a little further that night, or had advanced the next morning, we could have captured all their artillery, or, at least, could have retaken all which they had taken from us. I had a talk with the medical director of the rebel army when I went into their lines. He wanted to know the number of our wounded. I admitted only nine hundred. He told me that they had at least fifteen hundred wounded that they knew of, and a great many more that they had not ascertained. So that the number of their wounded was equal to, if not greater than, that of ours.

Ques. Do you know whether our wounded had suffered for want of supplies before you went back?

Ans. No, sir; not very much. At the time I left I knew of a place where there was some corn-meal, and I directed my assistant surgeons, who had charge of them, to get that meal and make them some porridge. They also succeeded in getting some chickens, and the like, so that they did not suffer very much, except in a few instances where they had not been operated upon, for the rebel surgeons took the instruments which I had left with our assistant surgeons. I was back on the second day after the battle, and after operating myself all day, I left a case of instruments, for which I got a protection, and from that time I never heard any complaint.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

This chapter is meant to be read only by members of the 32nd Iowa Infantry, in their families, or by their confidential friends. It contains nothing that may properly be called history, and may be passed without attention by the student or casual reader. Other chapters contain more or less kindly mention of the regiment, and of individual members, made in connection with statements of fact, in official reports, or otherwise. But a few pages are here given to expressions of individual opinion and sympathy from partial friends, and they are addressed now to the softer side of the grizzled veterans who still survive, and to the memory of those who fell at Pleasant Hill thirty-two years ago. As reminders of the biennial reunions of the veterans who were absent, and those who were present when they were first read, it is thought they may possess some interest.

Albert Swalm, a member of the 33d Iowa Infantry, and at that time with Gen. Steele advancing upon Shreveport through Arkansas, upon whom Kirby Smith hurled all of his available forces after Banks fled from Pleasant Hill, moved by comradeship on the occasion to which he refers, wrote the following letter. Col. Swalm is an able and diligent student

of military history, and his utterances always command respectful attention.

Oskaloosa, Iowa, Sept. 9, 1889.

My Dear Col. Scott:—I note that your old regiment, the 32nd Iowa, is to have one of those blessed days, called a reunion, and through you, I want to add my word of admiration for your command for their gallant conduct at Pleasant Hill. It is many years since they performed that valorous action, but as the smoke and the mists of the war clear away that occasion stands out one among the half dozen of the whole war, wherein the loss entailed showed an approved courage. I have made this matter a topic of much consideration and study, and the records will prove this to be so: That none of the English guards at Waterloo suffered as you did at Pleasant Hill; that but four regiments in the Franco-Prussian war rank with you in percentage of loss, and that but very few in our own army stand with you in this relation and in this high honor. Some of your command I have known for years and remember with pride brave old Hutchinson, now sleeping in death. At Pleasant Hill the 32nd Iowa added a crown of glory to Iowa honor and bravery, and a little later the 33d added its chaplet at Saline River, with same foe under Kirby Smith, and disastrously repulsed them; but yet with great loss—every other man being on the casualty list. But I greet you and the boys of the 32nd as men who occupied a place of extreme peril, and like Spartan sons, held high the honor of soldiers.

Your friend,

ALBERT SWALM.

R. P. Clarkson, a member of the 12th Iowa Infantry, who passed through "Hell's Hollow" at Shiloh, where the "Iowa Hornet's Nest" Brigade alone held the advance line until 4 p. m., and saved Grant's army by sacrificing their own brigade, should be a competent witness. He saw all of the fighting that took place on the open ground, the 35th Iowa

being with Gen. Mower, in reserve. The position of Shaw's Brigade was beyond the timber, a mile in advance of Smith's troops in reserve. In a letter to the Compiler of this History, Mr. Clarkson wrote as follows: —

“I know that Gen. A. J. Smith's little Division, of which the 32nd Iowa Infantry was an important part, was a chief factor in gaining the victory at Pleasant Hill. It was the finest view of a battle I ever had, nearly the whole of the movement of the Union troops being visible from my standpoint until we crossed the deeply ditched creek, and entered the woods at the close of the fighting. At that time I was on detached service with the 35th Iowa Infantry; and well remember the pleasure we felt in knowing that the 32nd Iowa, which had a position in a hotter and more desperate portion of the line of battle than we had, made such a splendid record in beating back and driving into confusion and a never-halting retreat the army of Gen. Dick Taylor, which had gained a great victory the day before at Sabine Cross Roads, and expected to capture the remainder of General Bank's army at Pleasant Hill.

But ‘they counted without their host.’ I talked with you that night, and with other members of the 32nd Iowa, and I well remember that we were all very proud of the splendid record the regiment made that day, and have been proud of it ever since. It was an Iowa and a Nation honoring day, for it was a victory won by the desperate valor and patriotism of a small army over a largely superior force that was inspired by the crushing defeat it had administered

to the advance of our army the previous day."

L. D. Ingersoll, in "Iowa and the Rebellion," published in 1866, by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, says:—"It is certain no regiment ever fought with a sublimer courage than did the 32nd Iowa on the field of Pleasant Hill. Its heroism and its sacrifices were worthy of a better fate than a retreat from the scene of its splendid daring and its glory. The fame of its gallant conduct soon spread all over Iowa, as it would have spread all over the country had the commanding general accepted the victory which the troops had given him. - - - Iowa gloried in the fame of her honored sons, and wept for their dead comrades who fell on the stricken field."

S. H. M. Byers, in his "Iowa in War Times," published in 1888, says:—"The Thirty-Second Iowa, with half its officers and men killed or wounded, surrounded, and alone, heroically cut its way through the rebel lines. - - - Scott and his men had been rather isolated from the brigade all the time, owing to the nature of the ground. In a sense the Thirty-Second fought a battle of its own, and alone—and this with unparalleled skill and heroism. Facing in three directions, to meet the exigency, Col. Scott's little band fought fearlessly on. - - - Fierce fighting than occurred on front, flank and rear of the Thirty-Second Iowa at Pleasant Hill is scarcely recorded in history. - - - It seems almost incredible that the Thirty-Second, cut off from its brigade and entirely surrounded, with nearly one-

half of its numbers killed or wounded, not only held its own, but fought its way through to our most advanced troops, the 35th Iowa under Col. Hill."

At the biennial reunion at Ft. Dodge in September, 1893, an address was delivered on invitation by Miss Mary Avis Scott. After discussing some of the details of the battle of Pleasant Hill, Miss Scott said:—

"There are elements of moral heroism illustrated by the conduct of the 32nd Iowa Infantry in this action that are entitled to special notice. The regiment was placed in the very front of an attack by a victorious enemy who advanced with little expectation of a stubborn resistance. His charge was impetuous and confident. His attack was met so sternly that he faltered and changed his course, and this too, by men who well knew that their army had been retreating throughout the day. The ground was held until there was no enemy in front;—until the ammunition, which had been carefully saved for an hour was nearly exhausted;—and until 210 men out of 440 had been either killed, wounded or captured. Even then to make their way in safety to the shelter of friendly lines, from a direction supposed to be occupied solely by the enemy, and the night settling down over darkening woods, was no mean achievement.

But there are victories which are not victories. And this is one. Gen. Banks seemed not to know that the army was saved and the battle won. The retreat which had begun even before the battle and which had been going on all day appears, at this date and from the standpoint of an entirely unprejudiced

student of history, very much as it must have appeared to those most nearly interested—an immense blunder, the result of the panic caused by the rebel victory at Mansfield no doubt, but none the less a blunder. It was an act of unnecessary cowardice and most unexampled brutality to have thus yielded the victory, the dead and the wounded to the defeated enemy.

And after all this—to be ordered away at midnight from a field they had won, and to leave their dead and wounded to the care of an enemy who had already fled many miles from the scene of his disaster, was brutality almost incredible and certainly without precedent. The abandonment of the wounded and dead at this time was nothing less than an heart breaking insult and offense to the living.

If these expressions seem harsh and bitter let it be remembered we are talking now within the circle of our own family, where it is expected the truth unvarnished may be told.

Pleasant Hill, although without profit to the cause, was undoubtedly the best example of the whole war of the courage and patriotism of the volunteer soldiers, and yet can we wonder that Iowa was disheartened where the press of the day, in all accounts failed to mention the soldiers who made the army's record for the day? More still, what thought comes to us in reading Gen. Grant's memoirs, written after the haste of battle was over and the dawn of peace had, or should have, brought cool reasoning powers, to find the whole Red River Expedition dismissed with barely one page.

“A prophet is not without honor save in his own

country." When generations hence the merry school boy shall feel his pulse quicken and his eyes grow misty over the truthful records of that day's work then will it be known that not only in Greece had men kept the past, but that Iowans too, prefer honor and death to life and disgrace. There is not a volunteer soldier of the Republic anywhere who would exchange his honorable record in the service of his country, in behalf of freedom and mankind, in behalf of the freest and best government on the face of the earth for the untold wealth of the Indies. Much less any soldier of the 32nd Iowa who would exchange his honorable record at Pleasant Hill for any consideration. He would like to blot out the feeling of desolation the memory entails. He would like to have his bravery understood and see it properly recorded in the annals of our land. But forget it—that will he never. -

The men of the "Iron Brigade" were the heroes of the fight, but this might not have been, no matter what undivided courage the men held, had they not been commanded by an officer whose skill and bravery have never been questioned. The numerous examples of bravery which the war of the Rebellion, in common with other wars give us, would never have been, had they depended upon an ungeneraled mass of human beings, even though their individual strength and prowess were that of a Goliath. Nor would these facts have been more possible to an unassisted commander, let his skill and knowledge of military tactics be great as it might. And so although the "Iron Brigade" gave Col. Shaw his opportunity, not less did he by his able generalship

make the Iron Brigade.

'In a sense the 32nd Iowa fought here a battle of its own, and alone, with unparalleled heroism. Facing in three directions, to meet the exigency, this little band fought fearlessly on. Fiercer fighting is not yet recorded in history.' The biography of braver men will never be written. Balaklava, so long immortalized in song and story, must stand second to Pleasant Hill as a hill of sacrifice. Lord Cardigan's six hundred must yield the palm of bravery, heroism and patriotism to Iowa's little band of four hundred."

CHAPTER XXIV.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY; MUTINY IN THE CAMP. CAP- TAIN BURNS' STORY OF RED RIVER AND PLEASANT HILL.

Captain William S. Burns, of Bath, N. Y., in 1879 wrote his recollections of this campaign, which were published in the *Philadelphia Times*. He was moved to do this by statements made by Major Hoffman in a work published by him about that time, entitled "Camp, Court and Siege." The Major was Chief of Staff to General Franklin, and should have known the facts about which he wrote, yet in his book he stated that "General Banks wanted to continue his onward march to Shreveport" after our victory at Pleasant Hill, but that "General A. J. Smith opposed it."

Hoffman's book also contains the statement that

at Grand Ecore "a curious incident occurred. An officer in high position came to General Franklin - - and proposed to put Banks on board of a steamer and send him to New Orleans, and that Franklin should take command. - - Of course Franklin treated it as a joke, and laughed it off. But there can be no doubt that the officer was in earnest."

Captain Burns controverts very conclusively the statements that Smith opposed the advance; but agrees that the other statement is true, and that the "officer in high position" who made the mutinous proposition to General Franklin was none other than General A.J. Smith; and that he proposed that course immediately after the battle of Pleasant Hill, as a means of saving the army, and extricating the fleet of Admiral Porter, both of which he regarded as in an extremely critical situation, and one that required generalship not possessed by Banks! Extracts from Captain Burns' paper will be given. They throw much light on certain points that have heretofore been studiously concealed or misrepresented.

Before quoting from Captain Burns a word of explanation may be in order. It was currently reported in the ranks that the Head Quarters train of General Banks carried a supply of Champagne, and other wines. It was quite generally accepted that if any supplies of that order were in charge of the steward of General Smith's mess, they would comprise good whiskey, rather than the lighter drinks. It was understood, and was a matter of surprise, that Captain Burns declined with thanks, politely but firmly, all invitations to indulge in any beverage

stronger than such coffee as the army afforded. He was a member of General Smith's military family and mess, being Acting Assistant Inspector General on the Staff; and his adherence to principles of total abstinence in that atmosphere and climate caused him to be greatly esteemed by the Iowa troops. He was regarded as being always cool, capable and reliable, let the emergency be what it might; and this view was by no means universal in respect to others of that mess. Also being a gentleman as well as an officer, no man could make a statement of fact that would more readily be accepted as true by the 32nd Iowa Infantry.

In the light of these statements the astounding facts narrated by Captain Burns are not to be questioned. In contrast to the course taken by General Smith in relation to hanging the negroes at Columbus, his action here indicates how thoroughly he must have been aroused. [See page 110.]

After discussing the entire Red River campaign in the spirit in which the same is done in these pages, and the Battle of Pleasant Hill until the rebels approached the reserves under Smith, as heretofore and herein narrated, Captain Burns says:—

THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNED.

* * * It will be seen by the foregoing that General Emory attributes a defeat to Colonel Shaw, which in reality did not occur, as the enemy, instead of driving him, were passing to his rear, which Gen. Emory, in all probability, did not see, but which General Smith did, and who, under the circumstances, took the responsibility of ordering Colonel Shaw to retire.

Toward the close of the foregoing-described

struggle a portion of both Colonels Lynch and Moore's brigades, although reserve forces, were brought into active service, and fought gallantly. Our troops being hard pressed, slowly fell back upon the reserves, part of whom were quietly awaiting the order necessary to bring them into action. The decisive moment had arrived, and the final struggle commenced which resulted in so overwhelming a defeat to the enemy. When the order was given, our troops rose to their feet and poured upon the advancing foe a most murderous volley, and then with General Mower at their head sprung forward in a grand charge. Even at this late day, when so many war experiences appear more like a dream than a reality, my blood warms with excitement as I remember this charge, having personally participated in it, riding at the head of one of the charging regiments with its commanding officer. It was the most exhilarating period of my war life. This new and fresh line of troops, added to those already fighting, thus hurled upon the enemy, was undoubtedly a surprise to them, and after the first effort to continue the struggle, they became convinced that the advance was irresistible, and in resigning themselves to the fate so inevitable, they, as if actuated by one common consent, turned and fled in the utmost panic, many of them throwing away their arms. Our victorious troops followed, capturing prisoners, small-arms, several pieces of artillery, and drove them for two or three miles, until darkness precluded any further advance. We now missed our cavalry which, if within reach, could have captured a large percentage of the rebel army. I would here record an incident I witnessed when the battle was nearly over. General Smith

and staff met General Banks on the field. General Banks took off his hat, shook hands with General Smith, and said: "You are doing your work nobly, General; may God bless you for it."

THE UNION VICTORY COMPLETE.

In the above description of the battle of Pleasant Hill I have only given a protraiture of the part taken in it by General Smith's troops. I have endeavored to make it plain and at the same time concise, and have copied from the official reports of Colonels Shaw and Scott because I have never seen them in print, except the copy I have, for which I sent to Iowa. Although General Franklin had been wounded at Sabine Cross roads he kept his saddle during the whole of Pleasant Hill, overlooking the disposition of his men, etc. And I would here state that my prejudice against General Stone, entertained ever since the battle of Ball's Bluff, entirely disappeared on the battle-field of Pleasant Hill, as I witnessed his ceaseless, tireless activity in the performance of his duties as General Banks' chief of staff, and when almost immediately after this battle he was relieved from his position and General Dwight appointed in his place, we felt one more scape goat, and as he left active service there and then he certainly took with him the sympathy of all in the Sixteenth army corps and also of many in the Nineteenth.

Our victory being so complete, General Banks had ordered the retreating train to be halted, turned about, and everything prepared for an early advance next morning, and about midnight I fell asleep amidst the groans of the wounded, but at 2 o'clock in the morning was awakened to hear that we were or-

dered to retreat. Imagine our feelings! General Smith, upon receipt of the order, had gone to General Banks and urged an advance; but when he found the order to retreat was imperative, he begged the privilege of remaining on the field to bury the dead and take care of the wounded; but even this was not allowed. Disgraceful! Criminal! Inhuman! At this late day, when time has mitigated the intensity of the keen feeling then experienced by us who fled, my notes and letters seem overdrawn, and I hesitate to quote literally, but they are a true history, not only of my own personal sense of bitter humiliation—then in my mind—but are a true index of the inner consciousness of nine-tenths of the army; and, although “military discipline” kept it under, yet so the soldiers thought, talked, and some of them wrote; and even now, when fifteen years have passed away, it is difficult to review these events and write with any degree of calmness or patience of our retreat.

General Smith could not make up his mind—even at the command of his superior officer—to abandon all the fruits of a dearly-bought victory; to leave his dead and dying in the hands of the enemy and to desert his fleet and 2,500 of his men to the risk of capture (for he “felt in his bones” that the enemy, when they found our army were retreating, would naturally attempt the capture and destruction of the fleet, etc., and his surmise was correct,) and he went to General Franklin and proposed the arrest of Gen. Banks; that Franklin should take command; that they should bury their dead; care for their wounded; push across to Springfield Landing, on the river, to the assistance of Admiral Porter and General T.

Kilby Smith, and then, if practicable, march upon Shreveport. But General Franklin would not consent, and General Smith was obliged to submit to the unavoidable and turn his back upon a retreating, demoralized enemy. General Banks did, however, give us the post of honor—to cover the retreat when no enemy followed. Colonel Lucas, of the cavalry division, was with us in the rear, with about five hundred men. Our rear guard did not leave Pleasant Hill until just as day was breaking. During the forenoon, while our surgeons (who were left on the battle-field) were trying to make comfortable the wounded, they were surprised at the appearance of a party from the camp of the enemy under a flag of truce—asking permission to bury their dead, etc. Words can hardly express their astonishment when they learned our army was retreating. After so complete a victory, followed by so shameful an abandonment of everything, I am not surprised that Col. Scott should write:—

“This was a defeat, but a defeat only to our foe. The stake fought for by him was the Trans-Mississippi Empire; by our commanding General the safe retreat of his army. We won both. Abandoned the former to the enemy after he had retreated, and gave to a brilliant victory all the moral results of a defeat. Finally, the Thirty-second Iowa blushes to place upon its banner the name of a field where its dead and wounded were cruelly abandoned to an enemy who, many hours afterward, humbly asked leave to care for his own.”

It will be seen by the foregoing that my evidence differs from Major Hoffman's, and I will now produce evidence from others. The correspondent of

the *Missouri Republican*, in writing from Grand Ecore April 13, says:—

“General A. J. Smith protested against the retreat from Pleasant Hill. He wanted to pursue the rebels on Sunday on his own hook, instead of falling back, but General Banks was firm and ordered all the forces to return.”

Doctor Sanger, Medical Director of the Nineteenth army corps, says:—

“General A. J. Smith was strongly in favor of advancing, and insisted upon it, that he would not retire. I met him as I left Pleasant Hill, and he insisted that we should have gone on; that our victory was complete.”

In reply to letters from me, I give the following extracts. General Franklin writes:—

“Major Hoffman is certainly wrong in his statement that General Smith opposed a forward movement from Pleasant Hill. For my part the only question that came to me was, shall we stay at Pleasant Hill or go to Grand Ecore—not shall we advance. The idea of an advance after what I had just experienced of Bank’s generalship was odious to me, and the scattered condition of the troops made the junction a matter of several days.”

Dr. Staples (at that time surgeon on staff of Col. Shaw, but subsequently medical director on staff of General Smith) writes:—

“At about 10 p. m. of the day of the battle an orderly came to the hospital and informed me that we would resume our march for Shreveport next day and it would be necessary for me to make arrangements accordingly. At 1 o’clock in the morning the

orderly returned and brought orders for me to make the best disposition I could of my wounded, for peremptory orders had been received to commence falling back on Grand Ecore at 3 o'clock. Subsequently I learned from General Smith's own lips that about midnight, when he was resting in the full expectation of resuming the advance in the morning as General Banks had assured him in the early evening, an orderly came with orders to fall back at 3 o'clock. Astounded at the order, he immediately visited Gen. Banks to know what it meant. General Banks pleaded its necessity on the ground of the general discouragement of the officers of the Nineteenth corps, the scarcity of commissary stores, the great losses sustained, etc. He then requested permission to advance with his own command alone; then to be allowed to remain a day upon the field to bury his dead, etc., and finally to stay until 9 o'clock a. m., all of which was refused. It was then, as I understood from him, that, with grief and indignation, he sought General Franklin's quarters and urged him to assume command by the arrest of Banks and he (Smith) would sustain him. But, meeting with no favor, he was compelled to reluctantly turn away and submit to the disgraceful retreat."

Captain John Hough, Assistant Adjutant General on Staff of General Smith, writes:—

"As to General Smith's request to General Franklin to put General Banks under arrest, it was made after we got the order "to withdraw our troops silently from Pleasant Hill, and take the rear of the column back to Grand Ecore," and before we left Pleasant Hill. You will remember we got the order

about 11:30 o'clock, the night of the battle, and did not go until after daylight. During this interim the incident you speak of occurred. After receiving the order General Smith first went to Banks and begged to be allowed to stay until noon the next day, in order to bury his dead and take care of the wounded, as the battle continued until dark and many were scattered where they could not be found until daylight. Banks refused. General Smith then asked to be allowed to stay until daylight, so that the wounded could be properly cared for, stating that the details from his command were out gathering them up as fast as possible and he did not want to leave any uncared for, but Banks' reply was that the order must be obeyed. Then General Smith went to Franklin and told him that the Thirteenth corps had formerly been under his (Smith's) command, and the divisions of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth corps, that were now under his command, would sustain Franklin, every officer and man of them, if he would put Banks under arrest, assume the command and go on with the expedition. Franklin did not care to assume the responsibility and replied: "Smith, that is mutiny," and there the matter dropped."

Lieutenant John B. Pannes, ordnance officer on General Smith's staff, writes:—

"We had our headquarters under a tree near the battle-field. I had been sent by General Smith to follow Banks' retreating army to get ammunition. Having detained five wagons loaded with cartridges, I brought them back, and having corraled them, joined headquarters at about midnight. About two hours afterward some one shook me and said: "General,

you must prepare to retreat." I told the shaker I was not the General, but that he was asleep on the other side of the tree. Well, the General was awakened, and a conversation followed, which I but imperfectly understood. It was General Franklin who had awakened the General. Smith begged Franklin not to retreat, saying: "We have beaten them like b— . . ." However, I at once received my orders to have my train hitched up, and went ahead about my business. I understood from Hough that General Smith told him to go with him to Franklin's headquarters; that Smith asked Franklin to assume command and to go ahead. Franklin was taking a cup of coffee. He stirred it slowly, and finally said: "Smith, don't you know this is mutiny?"

THE PROPOSITION SERIOUS.

* * There may have been two occasions when General Smith made this request, and the second one may have been after our return to Grand Ecore, as I know he was impatient there under restraint and inactivity. It may be immaterial where it was in proving the fact that such a request actually occurred, for this incident is so curious in the annals of war that the reading public was inclined to doubt it. At a late dinner party in Philadelphia, a gentleman said he had lately read Hoffman's "Camp, Court and Siege," which contained a curious statement, the truth of which he doubted. He then related the incident. Fortunately, there was present a gentleman who was subsequently to the Red River campaign an officer on General Smith's staff (Mr. Hunn Hanson, a resident of Philadelphia,) who said the statement was true. That he had heard it from

the General himself in his tent at Eastport after the battle of Nashville, and never before nor since had he heard the General mention it, nor had he ever seen him so moved as he was then, while relating it. It is not strange that it should be doubted, even if related by so good an authority as Major Hoffman (who, I have forgotten to state, was Adjutant General on General Franklin's staff); as it was unusual, to say the least, but the circumstances were unusual—a victorious army running away from a defeated one. If General Smith had been next in rank to General Banks I have no doubt he would have arrested him, but as General Franklin ranked him he was applied to. It is not to be wondered at that General Franklin declined to accede to his request, for it was a responsible move to make. Had it been done and the onward movement been a success, in all probability it would have been condoned at Washington. But had the result been disastrous it is but reasonable to presume that both Generals Franklin and Smith would have been held to a strict accountability. Major Hoffman says: "Of course, General Franklin treated it as a joke and laughed it off. But there can be no doubt that the officer was in earnest." No one who belonged to the military family of General Smith at that time, and saw him in the privacy of his headquarters that night and for days afterward, can ever forget his quivering lip and tear-dimmed eye when the subject was mentioned, nor could doubt his earnestness, and when he made that proposition there could have been nothing in his demeanor to indicate a joke. He felt too keenly the humiliation and disgrace of the whole situation, and as General Frank-

lin states in above letter, "he was certainly serious in the proposition."

WAS PLEASANT HILL A VICTORY?

That our troops gained a most decisive victory at Pleasant Hill is, I believe, universally admitted, although General Dick Taylor, in his address to his army, says:—"In spite of the strength of the enemy's position, held by fresh troops of the Sixteenth corps, your valor and devotion triumphed over all. Darkness closed one of the hottest fights of the war. The morning of the 10th instant dawned upon a flying foe with our cavalry in pursuit, capturing prisoners at every step." It was too true, we were "a flying foe,"—more shame to General Banks than credit to our enemy—but we were not a defeated foe. General Taylor knew that the foregoing, "with our cavalry in pursuit, capturing prisoners at every step," was imaginary, unless he meant by prisoners our dead and wounded left upon the battle-field. Not only my own notes (already quoted) say "when no enemy followed," but the correspondent of the *Missouri Republican* writes: "In our retreat to Grand Ecore we were not molested in the least." The correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* writes: "On Sunday and Monday the entire Union army retreated in good order to Grand Ecore without any molestation, the rebels being evidently unable to follow us after their defeat at Pleasant Hill." Here is also evidence drawn from the enemy; it is from a captured letter: "That it was impossible for us to pursue Banks immediately after Pleasant Hill (under four or five days), can not be gainsaid. It was impossible, because we did not have transportation for supplies, and

impossible because we had been beaten, demoralized, paralyzed in the fight of the 9th," Then, after describing the battle, he continues: "Neither our cavalry nor that of the enemy did anything in this fight. The next morning after sunrise, very much to our surprise, we learned the enemy had retreated during the night. Cavalry was immediately sent in pursuit while the infantry was taken back to Mansfield for organization, rest and supply," and he naively adds: "The enemy evidently considered himself whipped. He ought to know." The only exception I take to the above is that "neither our cavalry nor that of the enemy did anything in this fight." For the almost total annihilation of one of their cavalry regiments, as already described by me, is a fact, witnessed by too many to admit of contradiction. And as to their "cavalry was immediately sent in pursuit," I can not deny; but the fact remains, they did not overtake us, "capturing prisoners at every step."

IF A VICTORY, WHY DID THE VICTORS RETREAT?

Having whipped our enemy and driven him miles from the battle-field, then to be ordered to run! We could see no reason for it then and cannot yet, although it may be true, as General Banks says in his official report: "The occupation of Shreveport could not have been maintained." But it is not the object of this article to enter into the merits or otherwise of General Banks' decision to retreat, for, of course, there are two sides to every question, but do censure him for leaving the dead unburied and the wounded (i. e., the greater part of them) to fall into the hands of the enemy. If we had to retreat, why such haste? Why not wait at least one day and care for the dead

and dying? General Banks is hardly fair toward General Smith in his official report. He says: "General Smith never declined co-operation with me, nor did he receive orders from me." It may seem "to the prejudice of order and military discipline" for me, a subordinate, to question the veracity of a commanding general, but when he says, "nor did he receive orders from me," I do call his veracity into question. As I have shown, Colonel Shaw, of General Smith's command, reported to General Emory for duty at Pleasant Hill. As no one stood between Generals Banks and Smith—that is, with any authority to command General Smith—who, but General Banks could have ordered this? And in Colonel Shaw's official report he says: "I was ordered to report with my brigade to General Banks. By him I was ordered to proceed to the front and report to General Emory," etc. I could give many other instances where General Smith did receive orders from General Banks. From the moment he reported to him at Alexandria he was under his orders and received them and obeyed them every day while under his command. To even imagine any other state of affairs would be ridiculous and not tenable. When I reach the cotton chapter of the expedition I will give one instance where he questioned one of Banks' orders; but that the circumstances fully justify him in this, will be, I think, the verdict of all honest men.

CHAPTER XXV.

CAPTAIN BURNS' STORY OF THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN CONCLUDED.

Although the remainder of Captain Burns' account of the campaign of Red River does not particularly refer to the 32nd Iowa, yet many of the incidents related by him, and his discussion of men and movements serve to throw necessary light on the subject. No apology is therefore needed for giving it a place in this history. At first thought it might be supposed that there was little relation in history between the great fleet of Admiral Porter and the detachment of the 16th Army Corps commanded by A. J. Smith. But the facts are that these two forces, so entirely dissimilar, each of them independently co-operating with Banks, had peculiar experiences. We have already seen something of the embarrassments, annoyances, and losses of the land forces under General Smith. Let one fancy, if his imagination be equal to the occasion, Admiral Porter and his almost incomparable array of war vessels, wallowing for weeks in the miserable ditch that is properly called Red River when it contains water, compelled to abandon and blow up his heaviest vessel, and enabled to save the remainder through the aid and skill of land lubbers! No wonder the angry Admiral was incredulous and disgusted when it was proposed that the western * troops would bring him out of Red River

* NOTE. Some may think that any comparison of troops by reference to the different sections they represented is in

as a lumberman would lift a raft over the shallows, by damming. He is reported to have said, when this was first proposed: "If damning Red River would float the fleet we would have no trouble in going either up or down!"

It may here be stated that the failure of Red River to get up its customary Spring flood completely changed the expected conditions. The river had not been so low at that season for many years. Whether this might have been anticipated by a more careful study of the conditions on the head waters of the stream may not now be determined, but former experiences gave the authorities confidence that a fleet of heavy boats at this season would be an effective force. Instead, the necessity of extricating the boats from the great peril in which they were controlled and delayed the movements of the troops for a considerable time.

The story of Captain Burns continues:—

THE ARMY AT GRAND ECORE.

"I now resume from my journal. We arrived at

bad taste. It may be so. But consider the provocation. The "Iron Brigade" was placed at Pleasant Hill under command of General Emory. In his report he charges a Western Brigade with bad conduct. His subordinate, Dwight, by name, charges Colonel Shaw with fleeing through his (Dwight's) lines in a demoralized condition. This charge was made in the cool and calm formulation of an official report, Dwight having already forgotten that when Shaw was taking a new position by orders from his superiors, in Dwight's rear, that he (Dwight) immediately fell back to the rear of Shaw, and said to the latter: "For God's sake don't leave us here;—our men will not fight!" However unpleasant all this may be the truth of History demands that these things be recorded. Without such a record the story is incomplete, is misleading, and therefore not true!

Grand Ecore on the 11th and found that the gunboats and transports had not returned from up the river. Next day (12th) we heard the heavy guns of the former fighting their way back (for, of course, when the rebels sent in a flag of truce and found us gone, they immediately went to the river to catch our boats.) On the 13th the firing was continued, and as we listened to the sounds of fighting between our forces and the enemy, and wondered why we were not ordered to their assistance, our anxiety and impatience at our inactivity was hard to endure. Colonel Shaw came to our headquarters in the afternoon and asked permission to go to the rescue. General Smith told him he had no authority to send him and could get no orders to go himself, and used strong, emphatic language as to General Banks' lack of military ability. The Colonel then said he would like to go without orders, and, as he received no positive orders to the contrary, he took about 1,000 of his men and started. As he was crossing the river he met General Banks, who asked him where he was going. He replied: "To the rescue of our transports, troops, supplies, etc., with General Kilby Smith." General Banks then sent an order to General A. J. Smith to follow with about 1,000 men, which he did. Upon our arrival at Campti (twelve or fifteen miles) we found our boats, with the enemy on both banks; the latter left at once. The boats had had a tough time and presented a mixed appearance. Sacks of oats, bales of hay, boxes of hard-tack, and every imaginable or get-at-able article piled up for breastworks. We remained at Campti all night and returned to Grand Ecore the next day. The fleet had a hazard-

ous gauntlet to run in coming down the river, having been attacked by Generals Liddell and Green with several thousand men. Green and about four hundred and fifty men were left dead on the banks of the river. The loss on the fleet was about fifty killed and wounded. For a graphic description of this fight see General T. Kilby Smith's testimony on pages 204 and 205 in Senate Documents, Second Session, Thirty-eighth Congress, volume 2.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BANKS.

We remained at Grand Ecore eight days, being detained by the navy. While there, Dr. N. R. Derby, Medical Director on General Smith's staff, was sent down the river to Alexandria with our sick, and to get medical supplies. The boat was fired upon and the Doctor was struck by a bullet. For days his life was despaired of, and he was never able to resume his position. We were not much annoyed by the enemy during our stay at Grand Ecore. That they were about us and watching our movements we knew, and one day rather a serious attempt to pry into our camp having been made, and our cavalry being somewhat pressed—strange as it may appear—the cavalry were, by order of General Banks, ordered inside our lines of defense, or stockade*.

General Banks says in his official report, of General Smith: "When his thirty days were up he claimed the right at Grand Ecore to return to Vick-

* NOTE: There possibly was never anything more absurd than the incident here mentioned. One can but smile, after a third of a century has elapsed, over the memory of seeing a body of cavalry massed, like so many cattle, inside a stockade! for protection!!

burg, irrespective of the condition of the army or the fleet, and did not consider himself at all responsible for the inevitable consequences of his withdrawal to the army and navy, nor for that detention which their preservation demanded. That responsibility I was called upon to assume in written orders." It is true, as above stated, that General Smith and his command were loaned for thirty days, and that time expired on April 10; and it is true that he was restless and anxious under "the then state of affairs," but General Smith was too good a soldier to withdraw his command and abandon the rest of the army and navy to their destruction, when "their preservation demanded" his presence and support. Even if Major Hoffman's statement as to the time and place when General Smith asked for the arrest of General Banks is true, it was not that the forces of General Banks should be abandoned, but that they should be "extricated." And when I reach Alexandria I will show that it was General Banks who meditated the abandonment of the fleet, and General Smith who assured Admiral Porter that he would never abandon him.

ARTILLERY AND FLAG SIGNALS.

On the 20th of April General Smith's command marched out to Natchitoches (about four miles) and encamped in line of battle. The object of this movement was to hold the enemy back while General Banks, with his army (or rather General Franklin, who had now been placed in command by General Banks) should move down the river toward Alexandria, and as soon as the road should be clear General Smith was to move and bring up the rear of the re-

treating army. We remained in battle line nearly all day of the 21st, while the Thirteenth and Nineteenth corps were moving down the bank of the river. During this day (21st) an officer arrived at our headquarters and reported himself as a signal officer, with orders to report to General Smith for duty. General Smith's reply was a characteristic one: "Well, lieutenant, I am glad to see you; make yourself at home; we have a pleasant family at headquarters and I think you will enjoy yourself with us, but, really, I don't think there will be any occasion for your signals. My signals will be my artillery, and that sound can be heard easier than your flags can be seen." The lieutenant looked at him as if he had found a curiosity; but, of course, he remained with us in the rear, and waved his flags as occasion demanded.

About dark (21st) we drew in our forces and followed the army. We had with us a brigade of cavalry, under command of either Colonel Lucas, or Colonel Dudley, I forget which; as, during our long retreat, some days we had Colonel Lucas and other days Colonel Dudley. After a six days' march, and almost constant fighting, we re-arrived at Alexandria on the 25th. On the 22nd, 23rd and 24th, the enemy pressed us so closely that we had to form a regular line of battle and fight them. Each fight lasted an hour or two and were quite brisk affairs, the enemy being repulsed every time. The brunt of this fighting fell to the lot of the Seventeenth corps, under General T. Kilby Smith. On the 24th the rebels opened upon us with artillery at 3 o'clock in the morning, some of their shells bursting in our open-air camp. About sunrise they made a furious attack,

which was handsomely repelled, and was the last real stroke they made, as they were well punished for disturbing us at so early an hour. On the 23rd General Franklin had a more serious affair in the advance than any one we had in the rear, as the rebels contested his crossing the Cane river. The enemy followed us all the way to Alexandria and demonstrated just enough to keep our artillery and the cavalry in "active service;" but we had no battle after the 24th.

AN OVATION TO GENERAL SMITH.

Upon our arrival at Alexandria, as General Smith rode to the front, after having kept in the rear for six days and fighting one-half of them, he was greeted with waving of hats, cheers and such shouts of welcome and admiration as must have been most gratifying. It was a perfect ovation, not only from his own men, but from the men of the Thirteenth and Nineteenth corps, right up to the tent of General Banks. And his staff, although of minor importance, as we galloped with him down that long line of cheering men, were proud to belong to him, and that we had endured the hardships and dangers of the last few weeks with him. How refreshing it was that night, when we retired to our tents and took off our clothes, something we had not done for six nights,

Owing to the low stage of the water in the river it was very evident that the gunboats could not pass over the falls at Alexandria, and between Admiral Porter and General Banks it was decided that the only way to save the fleet was to build a dam and thereby raise the water on the falls, which skillful

feat of engineering was given to Lieutenant Colonel Bailey (Fourth Wisconsin) to accomplish. Endeavoring to limit this article to a narration of the part taken by General Smith's troops in this campaign, it is not for me to give a history of this grand achievement. It is well told in Admiral Porter's official report. While referring to it, I would state that the face of the immediate neighborhood underwent a rapid transformation as the work progressed. As if by magic, brick sugar-mills and all available stone and brick buildings and standing trees disappeared, and regiments of soldiers and mules drew material of every description to the river bank, where other regiments of soldiers soon disposed of it, under the masterly superintendency of Lieutenant Colonel Bailey.

During our encampment at Alexandria the division of the Seventeenth corps crossed the river and encamped for a few days on the grounds of the University of Louisiana, of which institution General Sherman was president at the breaking out of the rebellion. General Franklin left us at Alexandria and General Banks again took command of the army. The enemy were now all about us and our troops were camping and sleeping in line of battle; the river was blockaded below and the enemy were capturing and destroying steamers. Admiral Porter also lost three of his gunboats—one, the "Eastport," he was obliged to blow up, as he could not get it down to Alexandria. On the 4th of May, General Smith's command advanced out to ex-Governor Moore's plantation, where they had a skirmish with the enemy, and driving him two or three miles we again made our camp on the ex-Governor's plantation, where we

had daily skirmishing during our stay. General Smith and staff were out there every day, sometimes remaining over night and sometimes riding in to Alexandria in the evening, sleeping on our head-quarter steamer, and then rode out again early in the morning.

AN ENEMY'S VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

What a sad picture was now to be seen, where all was beauty and luxury when we first saw it in March. Governor Moore was with his friends further South, and while fighting over his plantation one day, his wife was advised to leave, and as she left her house the tears came to her eyes as she said: "Good-bye, once happy home." Who made it an unhappy home? We all concluded that it was her husband, as the natural result of treason. Living far in the interior of "Dixie," as he did, he undoubtedly thought war's desolation would never reach his "happy home." Three years had passed away, and he was an exile—his family leaving their home; the flag he insulted and defied waving over the ruins of his "once happy home." Was it not a just retribution?

We were now entirely cut off from the outside world, the blockade of the river being most effectual. A large mail for us was captured and destroyed on one of the transports. General Banks would not let us go out in force and give the enemy battle, having issued positive orders not to bring on a general engagement, which order caused a good deal of animated (but private) discussion. It is appropriate at this point to quote again from the letter of the Southern

soldier already quoted from: "The enemy showed less enterprise than I have ever known them to evince. Banks is clearly no commander. Once or twice while he was at Alexandria, the posture of our forces was such that by a sure and comparatively safe movement of ten thousand men he might have insured, beyond peradventure, the capture of Polignac's division. He must have been in the main aware of the position and strength of our forces. Along with the hope of accomplishing his main purpose he seems to have given up all desire to acquit himself with any credit."

THE CASE AGAINST BANKS.

We, too, thought General Banks had "given up all desire to acquit himself with any credit," and showed an unaccountable lack of enterprise. Of course, we knew nothing as to the certain result above predicted, of the "sure and comparatively safe movement of ten thousand men." But having about that number General Smith, having his hands tied by the order not to bring on a general engagement, and being obliged in conformity with it to sit down quietly on Governor Moore's plantation, and simply sweep away the enemy when too closely reconnoitering our position, might be excused for giving vent to his feelings in unmistakable language, at such a new phase of military life.

I have stated that when I reached Alexandria I would show that it was General Banks, not General Smith, who meditated the abandonment of the fleet. Dr. Staples (who, owing to the wound of Dr. Derby, already spoken of, was now acting medical director

on General Smith's staff) writes me as follows:

“One day, when the wing dams were about half completed, General Smith asked me to accompany him to General Emory's quarters. They were soon engaged in earnest conversation, and I heard Emory say there was a bad outlook; that General Banks had just informed him that Colonel Bailey thought it would take a week longer to get the fleet over the falls, and Banks was very uneasy and seriously contemplated abandoning the fleet to its fate and marching away. General Smith replied, with some Anglo-Saxon, more forcible than polite, that he wouldn't leave Admiral Porter until that locality, from which we all hope to escape, had frozen over. We went from General Emory's to Admiral Porter's boat, and General Smith told the Admiral what he had just heard, and assured him that orders, or no orders, his command should not leave the fleet until they saw it safe through to the Mississippi river. Admiral Porter replied that he was not surprised to hear such news, as he had been anticipating as much. He expressed much gratitude for General Smith's proffers of aid, and declared that if the expedition had been under his command it would not have failed.”

A SUCCESS AS A SPECULATION.

I have now come to a subject which requires delicate handling, but even a historical sketch of the Red river campaign cannot well be written without a reference to it. As the expedition had been a decided failure in a military point of view, so it was a great success as a cotton speculation. It was difficult for us to believe that which our eyes saw, but it was

the expressed and indignant belief of many in the army that something was wrong in the manipulation of cotton now being enacted before our eyes. We all saw an immense amount of bagging and rope upon the steamer "Black Hawk" (General Banks' headquarter boat) when it arrived at Alexandria, and it was then said it was for cotton. And during our occupancy of Alexandria on our retreat, I myself saw steamers loaded with cotton and sent down the river under the protection of the hospital flag, and Lieutenant Pannes (ordnance officer on General Smith's staff) sends me the following extract from his diary:

April 29, 1864.—Cotton is being loaded on the boats by General Banks' order. Even the hospital boat Superior is used for that purpose; went out with Capt. Burns to convince myself of that fact.

May 1.—The three cotton boats returned, having been fired into.

In a letter written by Colonel Shaw, who was at this time with his brigade at Governor Moore's plantation, he says:—

' The ostensible purpose of occupying this position was the securing of forage, but as scarcely any was procured and several thousand bushels of corn were carelessly burned, it was thought a somewhat suspicious circumstance that a large ginning establishment, which was covered by our lines, was turning out some fifteen or twenty bales of cotton per day. But whether well founded or not, the impression was well nigh universal that army movements were controlled to a considerable extent by the cotton interest. Such a state of affairs was most demoraliz-

ing and disheartening."

From our first entrance into the Red river country we had been daily hearing reports which seemed too preposterous for belief; reports that an understanding existed between somebody and somebody else that there was to be no fighting on this campaign, but that the Southern army was to fall back gradually as our army advanced and gathered up the cotton, for which, in some way not explained, the Southerners were to be paid. Also that Generals A. J. Smith and Dick Taylor, not having been informed of this secret, and both being fighting men, had entered the campaign to fight when it became necessary, and General Smith's capture of Fort DeRussey and Dick Taylor's forcing the fight at Sabine Crossroads had upset the calculations of the different somebodys. This report of a secret understanding was reiterated day after day until it was believed by many to be true, but many more of us were incredulous until we witnessed this strange shipment of cotton under the hospital flag, which was either a gross deception under the sacredness of a hospital flag or the carrying out of a bargain.

AN INCORRUPTIBLE GENERAL.

In all this, how General Smith's character stood out clear and incorruptible; he was the thorough soldier and would have nothing to do with anything except a soldier's duty, not even permitting cotton to be placed on his transports when they descended the river. It was in this connection that the feelings of antagonism between Generals Banks and Smith had about reached its culminating point, and an irrecon-

cilable explosion would have taken place between them if General Banks had insisted upon the enforcement of his order, which order was, according to my recollection, that General Smith should turn over to him (Banks) his fleet of transports for the purpose of transporting cotton down the river. This order General Smith would not obey. Lieutenant Pannes agrees with me. He writes:—

“My recollection of the order of General Banks to General Smith, at Alexandria, on our retreat, to turn over his transports to Banks for the purpose of loading up with cotton, is that the matter was talked over a good deal; that Smith was very indignant and emphatic in his expressions about it. General T. Kilby Smith reports: General Smith gave orders that no cotton should be placed upon his boats for any purpose whatever; and, if my memory serves me right he refused most positively to obey an order in that behalf, with the remark that while he controlled transports they should not be used for the transportation of cotton.”

Colonel Shaw has a different version. He writes me:—

“My recollection of the order is that Banks sent an order to Smith to receive on board of his boats the supplies belonging to Banks' army (or that part of it not including Smith's command); that General Smith returned the order with the endorsement that he was ready to receive any government supplies on his boats as soon as the boats under Banks' orders discharged their loads of cotton, held on private account, and then, if he (Banks) could not take all his supplies, he would do what he could to assist him.”

The report of this "disobedience of orders" reached our troops at Governor Moore's plantation, with this addition, that General Banks had put General Smith under arrest, and next morning, as we rode out there and came to the troops, exchanging shots with the enemy, we noticed the men looked at us with much scrutiny and spoke to each other in angry and excited tones. It was so marked that we were puzzled. Evidently something had happened of which we were ignorant. It seemed to portend a mutiny—more attention was paid to us than to the enemy. We soon learned the cause; it was this rumor of General Smith's arrest, and that morning when he made his appearance he (as often happened before, but with no such rumor to excite the men and cause them to notice its absence) did not wear his sabre, which, to the soldiers, was proof positive that the report was true. They were soon informed that there was no truth in it, and the cheers that then went up were ample proof to the General of the love his men had for him.

ROOM FOR COTTON, BUT NOT FOR TROOPS.

General T. Kilby Smith reports that when he was ordered to proceed to Springfield Landing with the transports he applied to one of the quartermasters of the Department of the Gulf for permission to place some of his troops on one of his boats, but was refused because the room was needed for cotton. To show General A. J. Smith's utter detestation of this cotton mania, I will relate an incident: I reported to him one day that there was a cotton mill inside our lines filled with cotton belonging to a man who was a cavalry officer in the Southern army, and who,

during General Banks' occupancy of the country a year or two before, had claimed to be a Union man and, as such, had received protection. He told me to go to Captain Hough (his adjutant general) and tell him to issue me an order to burn it. I did so, and the Captain handed me a box of matches without saying a word, but with a significant twinkle in his eye. I returned to the General, and showing him the matches, told him that was my order. He looked at me and said: "Go and execute your order," which I did. I do not mean to say that no cotton was taken except by the army, for the navy took possession of a large quantity.

The dam being finished, on the morning of May 13 a sight was witnessed in Alexandria which can never be forgotten by those who stood on the banks of Red river. A sight, novel and exciting—the passage of the gunboats over the falls. As they passed one by one through the narrow gap between the two wings of the dam, where the water was rushing and seething, and plunged down over the falls, each one as it reached a place of safety below, being cheered by thousands of soldiers who lined the banks, was a grand sight, and was not only appreciated by us for its novelty, etc., but also because it set us free, and we could now shake off the feeling of depression, humiliation and wasting of time under which we were living. During this day (13th) the advance of General Banks' army left Alexandria by the river road. As they were leaving a fire broke out in the city which destroyed a large part of it, although every effort was made to extinguish it by the officers, soldiers and citizens. General Smith and staff remain-

ed in Alexandria until late in the afternoon, then rode out to Governor Moore's, where his troops were still spread out like a fan, keeping the enemy at bay. We remained there in camp that night and early next morning took up our line of march so as to fall in the rear of General Banks' column. As we marched down the bank of the river—side by side with the boats—we were fired at occasionally from the opposite bank, but not much harm ensued.

BOARDING THE FLEET.

On the 15th the whole column came to a halt—the enemy had appeared in front in force, and the prospects of a fight was good—and orders came back from General Banks to General Smith to bring his command to the front. As the Thirteenth and Nineteenth corps drew off on the left of the road we passed to the front, and while doing so many jokes were passed between the soldiers of the different corps at this "change of base." When we reached the front we found the cavalry skirmishing with and driving the enemy. As it was now about dark, we went into camp half way between Fort DeRussey and Marksville. Captain Hough and I rode down to the ruins of the fort and there found a gunboat from the Mississippi river (our own fleet not having arrived.) We were gladly welcomed on board and spent a very pleasant hour with the officers, giving them the news from the interior and receiving news from the outside world.

Next morning, as we entered upon the beautiful open prairie (Avoyelle,) the cavalry drove the enemy's pickets through Marksville, and we found the

enemy posted in the edge of the woods bordering this prairie, from which they opened upon us with twelve or fifteen pieces of artillery. Our whole force (from 20,000 to 25,000 men, having been increased by the garrison of Alexandria and reinforcements) were brought out in battle line on the prairie—General Emory on the left and General Smith on the right. Our artillery replied, and for two or three hours there was as lively an artillery duel as one would wish to see. We were about one mile apart and, although shot and shell flew unpleasantly near, yet very few persons were killed or wounded. As our forces slowly advanced and changed position from time to time all in plain view—it was the grandest battle scene, without its horrors, I ever saw. As we neared the woods and sent out skirmishers, among them were some Indians from a Minnesota or Wisconsin regiment, who were unerring shots with the rifle. Whether it was the result of their skill or the artillery practice, I don't know; but the enemy fled and swung around to our rear and our army resumed its march, General Smith falling in his old place—the rear. We had no further annoyance from our foe that day. Next day (17th.) however, they made their appearance, and once they pressed us so hard that General Smith halted his men, formed a battle line and received them with his artillery, but after a few shots they passed out of sight. That afternoon we arrived and encamped at the fort on Yellow bayou, within three miles of Simmsport, on the Atchafalaya river, and as we were going into camp we heard of the removal of General Banks from his command, having been superseded by General Can-

by since so treacherously murdered by the Modoc Indians.

THE "PRINCE GENERAL'S" MISTAKE.

The advance, under General Banks, having arrived at Simmsport, and there being no bridge over the Atchafalaya, Lieutenant Colonel Bailey (who built the dam at Alexandria) at once proceeded to improvise a bridge from the transports, which had also arrived there. The river at that point is about one-third of a mile in width. Transports sufficient in number to span the river were placed side by side and fastened together by ropes, etc., and across their decks the army marched. This "bridge" was finished on the 19th and the advance passed over that afternoon. In the meantime (on the 18th) General Smith's command was in battle line at Yellow bayou, and during that afternoon the enemy, under Prince Polignac, made the most impetuous, spirited attack upon us that had been made during the whole campaign. It seemed to be, and was their last dying effort; but for dash and spirit it equalled any attack of General Forrest, who was well known for his impetuosity.

The "Prince General" undoubtedly thought we were in a trap, and a bold fight on his part would furnish them with prisoners and material of war enough to well repay the Confederate army for their long rear chase, but most wofully were they disappointed. General Smith was at Simmsport, and not in the fight. General Mower was in command of our troops and the battle of Yellow Bayou was his fight, and well did he sustain his reputation as a fighting general. I cannot speak of this battle from

personal experience, as I was with General Smith at Simmsport, witnessing the building of the "bridge of boats." Word did not reach us that there was fighting until nearly dark, the sound of artillery etc., having been deadened by the noise of bridge building, although once or twice we thought we heard artillery firing. We then rode out to the bayou, but the fight was over, and the battle-field was lighted up by about one-half acre of tall dead pine trees on fire from the bursting of one of our caissons, which had been exploded by one of the enemy's shells. We had lost about two hundred and fifty men killed and wounded and had taken two hundred and twenty prisoners. Among our wounded was Colonel Lynch, Fifty-eighth Illinois, commanding a brigade, whom we passed on our way to the bayou, coming in in an ambulance with one leg crushed by a ball. The number of our killed and wounded (two hundred and fifty) in the short space of an hour or two, is good evidence of the fierceness of the attack and the desperate reception they met, ending in the repulse of the enemy, who were driven from the field with a loss of about four hundred and fifty men killed and wounded, in addition to the prisoners captured.

ACROSS THE ARKANSAS LINE.

General Smith's troops remained at Yellow bayou during the 19th, while the Army of the Gulf crossed the Atchafalaya, and on the 20th the Army of the Tennessee crossed over, after which the bridge dissolved into boats again, and started for the Mississippi river to meet us. As we reached the east bank of the Atchafalaya I saw for the first time General Canby, our new commander, and also heard the good

news that General Smith had been commissioned a major general.

On the 21st we marched over the strip of land between the Atchafalaya and Mississippi rivers, where we met our boats, and on the 22d were on our way to Vicksburg, where we arrived on the 24th—the Thirteenth and Nineteenth corps in the meantime going to New Orleans. As we were too late to carry out the plans of General Sherman, as contemplated when we were loaned for thirty days, we remained at Vicksburg resting after our rough and arduous campaigning of ten weeks of incessant work, until June 4, when General Marmaduke, having planted batteries at Columbia, one hundred and fifty miles above Vicksburg, and was interrupting the navigation of the Mississippi, General Smith was ordered by General Slocum (who was in command at Vicksburg) to dislodge him on our way to Memphis, where we were now going.

As this was one of those outside battles, so insignificant as compared with the many then being fought throughout our country, that I have scarcely seen a reference to it in print, and yet so important to those engaged in it, I refer to it simply as an addenda to the Red River Expedition. We parted with General T. Kilby Smith and his command of twenty-five hundred men at Vicksburg, as they remained there. On June 4, we left Vicksburg and arrived at or near Columbia on the evening of the 5th, disembarked and bivouacked for the night. Marmaduke, in the meantime, withdrawing his batteries and troops from the bank of the Mississippi and falling

back into the interior. This was in the southeastern county of Arkansas.

A HOT FIGHT WITH MARMADUKE.

On the morning of the 6th we started in pursuit—it was then raining hard—and soon found our enemy in a good position for checking our advance, on the bank of a beautiful little lake (Lake Chicot) along which the road wound. Our troops were at once spread out in line of battle and artillery and musketry firing commenced, and for two hours the work of death went on. We could see the Confederate ambulances passing to and fro over their field, carrying off the wounded. Some of their shots striking the lake, performed a series of ricochets, bounding away over the surface until lost to view, throwing up a line of water-spouts in their progress. There was no particular manœuvering in this battle—it was a fair stand-up fight, opened by artillery on both sides, and so continuing with the musketry firing of our infantry, who gradually worked up to the enemy and drove them from their position, when they fled, not again to stand. We had about thirty killed and seventy wounded, and Marmaduke probably about the same number.

Once during the progress of the fight General Smith and staff got into an exceedingly dangerous position, in the direct focus of a battery of three guns. Simultaneously their balls came; a 12-pound shot struck at our horses' heels, another passed with a fearful ring under their necks, striking the ground at their feet, splashing both horses and riders with mud, and at the same second of time a shell burst directly above our heads. When the next discharge

from this battery came, we were about one hundred yards out of range watching the contestants.

After driving the enemy from our path, burying our dead and gathering up our wounded, we marched to Lake City, quite a pretty village, on the bank of Lake Chicot, where we encamped for the night. Next day we marched to our boats again and arrived at Memphis on the evening of the 9th, from which point we entered upon the Tupelo campaign.

NOTE:--On page 204, in the first paragraph, *the turning point* in the battle of Pleasant Hill is not emphasized as it might properly have been. Inadvertently in the printing, also, there are two typographical errors. "Northwest" should read "Northeast;" and in the 5th line of the note the word "along" should read "alone."

The 58th Illinois was under the command of Lt. Colonel Nowlan,--and Colonel Lynch commanded the brigade. For that reason it must be understood that reference to "Lynch" really means *his regiment*, the 58th Illinois. The reader is respectfully referred to the several reports of Colonel Lynch and Lieut. Colonel Nowlan, in explanation of the important part taken by that regiment, as briefly stated on page 204. These, and many other interesting documents are to be found in Volume 34 of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SERGEANT BOYD'S NARRATIVE; MARCHING DOWN RED RIVER, TO ALEXANDRIA.

The diary of Sergeant Boyd is now resumed. At the risk of some repetition his story, which was broken off on page 143, is again brought into play. The narrative of Captain Burns relates generally to the movements of General Smith's command, while that of Sergeant Boyd applies more particularly to the Regiment. They supplement each other. Each tells of what he saw from his separate point of observation. Boyd tells of the days at Grand Ecore, and afterwards, as follows:

"Lines of defense were established on the bluffs of Grand Ecore and preparations made for battle. The skirmishing indicated that the enemy either intended to attack us in force, or was making a feint while hurling his main force against the fleet, and that part of our command under T. Kilby Smith.

The *boom ! boom !* of distant cannonading up the river indicated lively work in that direction.

The fight at "Blair's Landing" was in progress, where the rebel general, Green, the idol of the Texan troops, had his head blown off in the attack on the gunboats.

That night a pontoon bridge was put down on the river, and early on the morning of the 13th we were again in motion. Two brigades and two batteries of A. J. Smith's command crossed the river and marched up on the north side, above Campte, (20 miles), to reinforce Kilby Smith in defence of

the fleet.

The river here is very narrow and tortuous, and the bluffs along the banks, the timber and matted growth of underbrush, together with the little lakes or lagoons back from the river made grand hiding places for the enemy's masked batteries and sharpshooters, and a difficult place for anything like a large body of troops to operate.

A number of our gunboats and transports were aground, sticking fast, while the enemy's masked batteries and sharpshooters were pouring into them an incessant fire. At our approach their batteries were withdrawn. During the afternoon there was some lively skirmishing, and at night we bivouacked near Campte; and next day skirmished with the rebel sharpshooters until we saw the stripes and stars floating in the breeze from the mast head of the headquarters boat, Black Hawk, as she came floating down stream; the fleet having escaped from the desperate attempt of the recklessly daring Green.

The steamer Black Hawk and some of the other transports were thoroughly riddled. The soldiers were mainly on the hurricane decks, protected by cotton bales, bales of hay and sacks of oats covered with soldier blankets, upon which they had turned the hose of the steamboats, to keep the whole thoroughly wet, thus making an effective breastwork; but their decks looked like butcher pens.

On the night of the 14th returned, re-crossed the river and camped again on the ridge of Grand Ecore.

On the 16th, the time for which Smith's com

mand had been loaned by Sherman to Banks expired. General Sherman sent a bearer of dispatches to recall Smith's divisions, but Commodore Porter raised his voice against its departure on the ground that Smith's men had full confidence in their officers, and his recall would result in the remainder of the army retreating with great loss; and officers of the navy testified before Ben Wade's committee on the conduct of the war, that the officers of Smith's command were the only ones on the expedition who had the entire confidence of their men. General Banks in his answering dispatch said, "The withdrawal of Gen. A. J. Smith's command will place my force and the navy at the mercy of the enemy." General Banks countermanded the order of return.

On the morning of the 19th we were called out into line of battle at 4 o'clock. It was very evident that great efforts were being made to bring on a battle, or not to bring on a battle, as apparent advantages might indicate.

On the 20th we had orders to be ready to move against the enemy at noon; moved out on the Natchitoches road near old "Camp Salubrity" where General Grant was camped in May, 1844, previous to the Mexican war. Here came the report that the enemy was in strong force; that our cavalry was being driven in. The order came, "*Have the men stand to their arms and be ready.*" But no enemy came and we marched to Natchitoches and again formed line of battle. General Smith was desirous to bring on a general and decisive engagement.

It was evident even to the soldier of the line that there were checking and counter-checking move-

ments. During the night of the 20th and until midnight of the 21st was spent in line of battle, forming and reforming and changing positions. At one time we formed a hollow square to guard against cavalry, and again prepared to receive charge of infantry. About 1 o'clock at night we fell into line, marched through the narrow, filthy streets of the city, and crossed Cane river, wading and stepping on the large stones to the island between Cane river and Red river. In fact, Cane river is only an old channel of Red river. Some thirty years before our visit among the beauties of Louisiana Red river became rampant, impregnated with the idea of secession. She seceded from some of her old land marks, and starting off at Grand Ecore, left Natchitoches four miles off on land, and continued to make a new route, until she left an island forty-five miles in length between the old and new channels. Down this island was the main, and I think the only good road, leading to Alexandria, and hence it was now to be the scene of contest. Where the road crosses the river out of the island is known as "Cane River Hill," or "Monot's Bluffs." The maneuvering of the enemy doubtless was to hold us at Natchitoches while he threw a force in advance to take possession of and fortify Monot's Bluffs, a strong force under the rebel General Bee having been sent forward for that purpose; but Generals Emory and Birge, with portions of the 13th and 19th Corps, had also been sent in advance, while A. J. Smith was left to take care of the rear. The French Prince, Polignac, the friend and emissary of Napoleon III, of France, was left to pounce upon Smith.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, we were on the island on the hill overlooking Natchitoches. By 6 o'clock we were on the move. But here was Polignac's cavalry and skirmishers, and hence we had to fall back, form into line, and a day spent in skirmishing, without any general engagement, and then came an all night's march. The 22d was a day of skirmishing and night marching. After repulsing the enemy in several sharp skirmishes, we pulled out for a night's march making 32 miles without a halt by 3 o'clock a. m. The night of the 23d we camped in line of battle near a little village called Cloutierville. We laid down upon our arms, with orders to be ready to spring to our guns at any moment. The men were soon sound asleep, with their guns by their sides, or else with their feet to their gun stacks; in fact, the men were completely worn out for want of rest and sleep.

About 2 a. m. Polignac sent his compliments to our camp in the shape of a 32 pound shell, that fell and bursted just in front of the 32d Iowa, the pieces flying over us, and hurting no one. The men were quickly on their feet with guns in hand, and moving by the right flank to check a flank movement of the enemy. The firing of six cannons in rapid succession was said to be a signal from Polignac to Bee that he had attacked Smith, but Birge had already forded Cane river three miles above Monot's Bluffs and was taking Bee in the rear. Matters were now decidedly warm in both our front and rear. Polignac, after several hours of sharp fighting and several dashing attempts to turn our flanks, got worsted and fell back, and we were ordered to stack arms,

make coffee, and get some breakfast, but be ready to take arms at any moment. The coffee was not swallowed before the attack was renewed, and shot and shell were flying near enough to make it interesting. Amidst the zip of minnie balls and boom of artillery was heard the command of our officers: "Thirty-second Iowa! Into line! Quick! Quick! By the right flank! Forward! Quick! Double Quick!" as the regiment moved on double quick by the right flank to check an attempt of the enemy to turn our right flank. The enemy then made a charge to break our center, and the 32nd was moved on double quick to support the center, and after several more hours of sharp fighting and attempts to turn our flanks or break our center, the "Prince of France" getting worsted, fell back. General Bee being dislodged from Monot's Bluff, we resumed our retreat, and as we crossed Cane river hill bridge we could see strong evidence that the enemy had suffered severely, and our own side was not without loss. It was here that Gen. Fessenden, of Maine, was severely wounded.

Marching again until late in the night brought us to Bayou Coteau, where the regiment rested until noon, next day.

Just then a rebel line of battle presented itself in full view in the timber on a slight eminence above us, and opened fire with heavy artillery, when our gunboats at the landing promptly replied, the first shell exploding in their line. The march that day was along near the river bank under the protection of the gunboats, the shot and shell from their artillery and our gunboats at times flying both ways over

us. At times we halted and formed into line to resist an attack, and then marching again until in the night.

On the 26th, the command was again called out before daylight by cannonading and picket skirmishing. Most of the day was a continual skirmish, marching and counter-marching, harassed by cavalry. At one time we turned off into the timber to let the enemy's cavalry pass that we might close in behind them, but failed. That night we reached Alexandria, a worn down set of men."

CHAPTER XXVII

AT ALEXANDRIA; SKIRMISHING; DAMMING RED
RIVER, AT THE FALLS; RETREAT TO SIMMS-
PORT; BATTLE OF YELLOW BAYOU; GOOD
BYE TO RED RIVER. [AS TOLD BY
SERGEANT BOYD.]

"About noon on the 28th came the report that the pickets of the 13th Army Corps were driven in; and that the enemy was advancing on Alexandria. About 3 o'clock p. m. our Brigade was ordered out in haste, and marched out about four miles to a plantation from which the 13th Army Corps had fallen back. We found that forage and sutler goods had been actually fired, and bread, blankets, and clothing thrown into wells on the plantation. We rescued a large amount of clothing and provisions. All signs would

indicate that the 13th Corps had actually stampeded. Our Brigade lay all night in line of battle with guns by our sides, and our friends at the north may not believe that in the morning the ground was covered with frost. About sunrise we heard a *toot ! toot !* and looking up saw a train loaded with cotton, coming not far from us, which shot into Alexandria. Then what was the scare? The next morning returned to camp at Alexandria.

On the 30th a part of our command was sent to bivouac at the State Military Academy, of which General Sherman was Principal when the war broke out.

On the 2nd of May, moved out on the Bayou Rapides road. The advance had some lively skirmishing—lay all night in battle line with guns at hand.

On the 3d moved down some miles to Governor Moore's plantation, threw out a skirmish line and drove the enemy's pickets in, remained in line of battle all day, and at night fell back to a stronger position, lying in line all night with guns at hand, to be ready at any moment. A little after daylight, on the 4th the enemy opened fire; and shot and shell flew lively. Our command was quickly moved forward and the fire returned; the enemy driven from his position, leaving a number of his dead on the field. The 5th was spent in sharp skirmishing, mostly by the cavalry.

The 10th, was another day of maneuvering and skirmishing. At one time in moving in line of battle over an open field, the enemy sent their shot and shell with great rapidity, but they were firing at long range and kept falling back as our line advanced.

ed. A portion of the time we moved in echelon and ready to move into any position necessary to receive or make a charge. Our officers seemed very desirous to bring on a general engagement somewhere in the vicinity of Alexandria.

On the 7th moved a short distance to Governor Wells' plantation; and in the evening fell back to Governor Moore's plantation. Still some skirmishing. On the 8th all was quiet, in front but our foragers were driven in.

The destruction of Gov. Moore's fine peach orchard was a military necessity. The old traitor should not have had it between the two contending armies. In fact his whole premises presented a scene of desolation, in striking contrast with what they were less than a month before.

On the 11th, the whole line was called out in battle array, at daylight, owing to musketry and artillery firing on our left, and demonstrations as though the enemy intended to attack in force.

On the morning of the 13th, reveille sounded about 2:20. The command was in line at 5, possibly on account of skirmishing on the picket lines. "In fact, from the 1st day of May, until the 14th of May," says T. Kilby Smith, "we were continually engaged in skirmishing with the enemy, making divers reconnoissances to the front to ascertain the enemy's strength, and endeavoring to force him into a fight."

From the 26th of April until May 12th was a time of intense interest in both the military and naval portions of the expedition, from the fact that the gunboats were above the Falls of Alexandria and

could not get over.

The scheme of Colonel Bailey, of the 4th Wisconsin, to build side cribs and wing dams to raise the water of the river and float the gunboats over the rocky rapids, commenced on the 1st day of May. Nearly every part of the army furnished details to aid in building the cribs and dams. They were completed on the 8th day of May, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon four gunboats glided over the rapids, but before another boat could be shoved in the cribbing gave way and the dams were gone. As the officers and men who had worked so hard and had taxed their every energy and strength to build the dam stood and looked at their work swept away, as with one dash, despair for a few minutes appeared depicted on their faces. But in a very short time renewed determination and energy took hold of those men, another dam was constructed and completed in four days, and by the morning of the 13th the remainder of the fleet was over. An order was then given for an immediate forward movement of the entire army. In the meantime the enemy certainly had not been idle, but was busy concentrating their forces to hem us in. A portion of the troops—three divisions—who fought us at Sabine Crossroads and Pleasant Hill—Walker's Texans, Parson's Missourians and Churchill's Arkansans—had been sent north into Arkansas to aid Price against Steele. They were then to return and act in conjunction with the forces on the south side of the river, and crush the invading army of Red river. The place of conjunction was to be "Snaggy, or Stony Point," a place already of tragic interest on account of the destruction of the steamer

City Belle, the slaughter of the troops on board, and the capture of the mail; also, the destruction of the ironclad gunboat "John Warner." But the fighting with Steele, near Camden, at "Mark's Mill" and "Jenkins Ferry" were to them, after all, dearly bought victories— as victories they pretended to call them.

On the 14th the entire army was in motion. The march was mainly along the river, the gunboats and transports dropping down stream as the army marched, each to protect the other. About 9 o'clock the enemy was found in position on Bayou La Moore, and after some sharp skirmishing and artillery firing and flanking by the cavalry, they gave way, and we moved on. About the same time some masked batteries and musketry opened fire on the fleet, one of the gunboats receiving some damage and a number of the transports getting well riddled. Next morning the fleet reached "Stony Point." A short distance below the river was spanned by a framework of heavy timbers, and heavy piles driven into the mud at the edges of the water and all braced in every direction. They were also clamped together with vast iron plates and chains. Then large trees were cut down and hurled into the stream; a large amount of rock was also tumbled in to make an obstruction to the passage of the fleet, while at one of the sharp bends of the river the ground was prepared and timber and brush cut to cover the masked batteries, but the batteries were not there. A captured dispatch informed us that the troops coming down from Camden could not possibly reach "Stony Point" before the 16th, on account of confusion in their command

occasioned by the death of Generals Randall and Scurry. One of the little mud turtle gunboats soon cleared away the obstructions, framework and all, and the fleet did not wait for the masked batteries.

On the 15th the entire army came to a halt near Mansura. The enemy appeared in force, and there appeared to be a good show for warm work. The 13th and 19th Corps made a flank movement to the right, while the forces of Smith and Mower moved to the front under a brisk fire from a strong, well deployed skirmish line, but our command was quickly thrown into line, and returned the fire and after several hours skirmishing with some heavy artillery firing, the enemy fell back, and we moved on, marching again until night.

The morning of the 16th the army entered the beautiful prairie of the Parish of Avoyelles. Here are some of the real beauties of the Louisianas. A really handsome country. The enemy is again in our front; their skirmish line well thrown out; but driving them, they retreated through Marksville, and formed a line of battle in the timber, from which they opened a lively fire of shot and shell at long range. Our whole army, possibly some 30,000 men, were brought into line of battle on that beautiful open prairie. The artillery moved quickly into position, and for a time that prairie was the scene of a grand artillery duel at long range, but sometimes the shells exploded sufficiently near to make it interesting. The two armies were in full view of each other, and as the battle lines of infantry and rows of artillery stood with their guns and bayonets glistening in the sun, the eye could glance to the right and also

to the left and see the cavalry spread out on either flank, ready for a skirmish, a charge or a flank movement, and looking across the prairie to the skirts of timber beyond could see the counterpart in the enemy's lines, and as a brisk breeze wafting over the prairie lifted the smoke of the artillery upward, leaving only the flash of their fire, it was a battle scene that was grand; and truly grand because very few were hurt. It was the movements for a great battle with the battle left out. It was very evident that both parties were anxious to bring on a general and decisive engagement, and yet neither felt that he had sufficiently the advantage of position to open the battle. After some hours standing and manoeuvring, we moved by the left flank and were again in motion for an all night's march.

On the next day, the 17th, the enemy was again upon us. Lines of battle were again formed, the artillery being brought into play, but after flanking and counterflanking, our line again moved on. We arrived that evening at Yellow Bayou, some four miles from Simm's Landing, on the Atchafalaya, where the fleet had anchored. The army formed a line of battle and men lay down on their arms to sleep, ready to spring to their guns at any moment. A strong picket line was thrown out, and as an evidence of how completely men were worn out for want of sleep and rest, it is said that the officers of the "grand rounds," in making their tour of inspection that night, found the majority of the men of the picket line asleep on their picket posts. There are officers of the 32nd Iowa still living who can testify to this fact. And it was said that this same state of

affairs existed on the picket line of the enemy. What a wear is such army life. During the forenoon of the 18th slight skirmishing was kept up. About noon the enemy showed themselves in force, opening fire on our entire line with musketry and artillery. Shaw's brigade moved back across the pontoon bridge, near a cluster of large, old, dead oak trees, and also near a group of old dead pines. The enemy's grape and canister, together with occasional solid shot, came tearing through the old tree-tops, scattering the branches in all directions. Their fire would have told upon our entire line with fearful effect, had not their guns been trained too high. As it was, the greatest danger was from falling tree-tops.

The artillery moved up and took position a little to the left of the Thirty-second Iowa, while other artillery took position to the right and opened a lively fire, the roaring of the artillery becoming incessant. This position was held for about an hour and a half in a broiling hot sun, until a number of our men fell, while in the line, from the excessive heat. To add to the scene, the old trees were fired by the blaze of the artillery, sending up great sheets of flame and smoke. The fire ascending from the old pines was especially grand. The enemy then withdrew their artillery, and massing their forces to the left of the Thirty-second, were moving forward in solid lines to charge and capture the artillery. The Thirty-second was then ordered to move forward by left oblique, on double quick, under a raking fire of musketry and artillery, and also exposed to the fire of rebel sharpshooters posted in the trees off to our left, taking position behind an old levee and just behind the ar-

tillery. But on came the enemy, with a *piercing treble yell* as they charged across the open field. But closing up their depleted ranks, on and still on they came, until almost up to the mouths of our cannon. Our artillery men had mostly fallen, and every horse on the battery had been shot down.

The artillery was then run back to the rear of our regiment, "*Fire ! Fire !*" was the order, as our men poured into their ranks a deadly volley at close range. The troops on our right also moved up and poured into their ranks a murderous fire. The artillery again opening with shell and shrapnel caused their lines to recoil.

But falling back, the attack was renewed and again renewed. Our men, lying behind the old levee, which made a slight breastwork, delivered them volley after volley at close and deadly range, until their commander, the "Wily Prince of France," Polignac, certainly felt that he had spent life enough in the vain attempt to turn or flank or break our line.

General Mower complimented the men and officers of the Thirty-second Iowa for their gallant movement by the left flank, under such a galling, enfilading fire of artillery, musketry and sharpshooters. That movement saved to us the day, and turned what Polignac supposed to be to him a grand victory within his grasp to defeat. It was in this movement, however, that our regiment received nearly its entire loss of the day. The brave young Myers, of Co. F., was killed, and Lieutenant Templin, of Co. D, one of the bravest and best officers of the regiment was shot through both thighs, losing one leg.

Polignac withdrew, leaving Mower master of

the field.

On the forenoon of the 18th, the fleet of transports, lying in the Atchafalaya at Simmsport, were shoved in side by side until they filled the stream from bank to bank, and then they were tightly bound together by ropes, and thus their bows made a complete bridge. The stream here is about one hundred rods wide, with almost perpendicular banks. On this pontoon of boats the troops and trains marched over. The Nineteenth Corps crossed while the troops of Smith were engaged in the battle of "Yellow Bayou." The rear guard did not cross until the 20th, and at 4:30 p. m., the bridge of boats was torn up, and the fleet moved up stream. The Red river campaign was ended.

Commodore Porter says, "We had passed through scenes that tried the metal of men." General T. Kilby Smith says, "We have marched over four hundred and fifty miles and been under fire twenty-nine days."

Some years ago the writer stopped at the residence of a gentleman now holding an important official position in the state of Iowa. I noticed in his library a history of the rebellion written by an eastern college professor. On taking it down and turning to the history of the Red river expedition and the taking of Fort DuRussy I found this concise piece of history: "Fort DuRussy was taken by the stratagem of Gen. Banks without the firing of a gun." Such a statement will certainly sound a little strangely to some men now living who were in the charge of March 14, 1864, and Generals Smith and Mower. Colonels Shaw and Scott, are doubtless great skeptics

in regard to the truth of the statement, and as equally great disbelievers could be found in Commodore Porter, and the officers and men of the two advance gunboats of his fleet, the Eastport and Neosho, the only two boats of the twenty-one in the fleet who took any part in the fight, and they hauled off when they found Shaw's brigade close up under the guns of the fort picking the gunners. The Red river here runs for several miles almost due south and then makes a sharp turn to the north, forming a peninsula about half a mile wide. It was at this sharp bend that the fort was built, so as to command the river up and down for miles. The gunboatmen found that in throwing their shot and shell they were endangering the men of Shaw's brigade, who formed the right of the charging line. So they withheld their fire and stood off, mute spectators of the infantry taking by storm what Dick Taylor declared "*no Yankee troops could ever take.*"

But again that grand word-painter, Carlton, in his history for boys and girls as published in the *National Tribune* entirely ignores the 32d and 14th Iowa regiments as having any part in the battle of Pleasant Hill or repulsing the cavalry charge of the enemy. When, in fact, as the official report of the brigade commander, Colonel Shaw, shows the 32d Iowa suffered more than any other regiment in the battle, and the 14th Iowa the next heaviest loss. Such mis-statements can only be accounted for on the ground of shameful carelessness, and *no great desire to get at the real facts.*

Again Sir Carlton speaks of Grand Ecore as being the steamboat landing for Alexandria and five

miles distant therefrom. This may seem strange to some of the boys who spent six days in marching and countermarching, flanking and counterflanking movements between those two places; and especially when one of Bank's staff officers stated under oath, before the committee of congress on the conduct of the war, of which Senator Ben Wade was chairman that we "marched in one night (the night of April 22, 1864) after repulsing the enemy in a sharp skirmish, 32 miles without a halt." The sectional map of Louisiana shows that Grand Ecore is forty miles by the section lines west of Alexandria and thirty-seven miles north.

Such statements are no doubt two fair samples of how much truth there is in much of the written history of the war.

"Much of the "inner history" of this campaign, doubtless, never has been written; never will be, and now, never can be. How much of its failure was due to jealousy and envy among our own Generals? Who can tell?

There is much unwritten history in this and some other campaigns which if truthfully written up, would make more interesting reading than very much that is written; and would place a goodly number of prominent Generals and other officers in a very different light before the world from that in which they now stand.

The troops marched across the peninsula and camped at Morganza's bend. On the 22d, while the fleet was lying at Morganza's bend, I hunted over the transports Cheautau, Sioux City and Des Moines, in search of John Myers, who was killed in the bat-

tle of the 18th. Some of the boys who were near him thought he was not dead when the regiment changed its position, and hence might have been brought into the Des Moines, then our hospital boat, by the ambulance corps. I was granted the privilege of searching the boat to see if I could recognize my man, but what a sight! There was scarcely a spot from the boiler to the hurricane deck, where a man could be laid, but was occupied by a wounded man. Men lay there who were wounded in almost every conceivable way. I noticed one with both arms off, another with both legs gone—blown off, I think, by a shell—and a few were fearfully mangled. These were only a small part—those of Mower's division. Afterwards on searching the records of the ambulance corps on Mower's headquarters boat, I found this:—"J. Myers, Co. F, 32d Iowa, killed." How brief, and what it tells: Killed on the field of battle; and fills an unmarked grave!"

REPORT OF MAJ. GUSTAVUS A. EBERHART, THIRTY-
SECOND IOWA INFANTRY, OF ENGAGEMENT
AT YELLOW BAYOU.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND IOWA INFANTRY.
Steamer Southwester, May 23, 1864.

SIR:—In relation to the part taken by my command in the action on Bayou De Glaize, on the 18th instant, I have the honor to report that at 10 a. m. my regiment was ordered forward with the brigade to engage the enemy. In the brigade we occupied the position of Third Battalion; on the right, Twenty-

seventh Iowa and Twenty-fourth Missouri, on the left, Fourteenth Iowa.

During the first part of the action, being in the second line, we were under a heavy fire from artillery. Some guns from Third and Ninth Indiana Batteries being thrown forward on the left, the Fourteenth Iowa was detached as support. A few minutes after the cavalry on the left, being pressed very heavily, gave way, permitting the enemy to bring a heavy force against the left. At this time I received orders to move by the left flank into the woods; but the enemy having advanced so rapidly as the batteries came out, Brigadier-General Mower in person gave me orders to change front by filing the battalion to the left, which was done in time to meet the attack. Being at the left of the battalion I found the right to have been detached from the Twenty-seventh Iowa and moved back to a ditch, forming an oblique line toward the enemy. This, I have since understood, was done by orders given by an officer belonging to Brigadier-General Mower's staff, but without my knowledge. The enemy was repulsed after a brisk action of ten or fifteen minutes. We were afterward thrown forward into the woods, but were not again under fire. Owing to the intense heat and necessary rapidity of our movements, many of the men were entirely exhausted and had to be carried from the field. Officers and men conducted themselves in a creditable manner during the engagement. I send herewith a list of casualties.

G. A. EBERHART,

Major, Commanding Thirty-second Iowa Infantry.

[It is seen from the above official report that Major Eberhart led the 32nd Iowa in the battle of Yellow Bayou. As stated by Captain Burns in his account of the battle, General Smith and Staff were with the transports, where the bridge of boats was

made over the Atchafalaya, and did not know that a severe engagement was in progress until Polignac had been beaten off and driven back by Mower. In the same manner Colonel Scott missed his share in this battle, and for the same reason.]

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE. THIRD DIVISION,
16TH ARMY CORPS.

Vicksburg, Miss., May 26, 1864.

CAPTAIN:—I have the honor to report the part taken by my brigade in the action of Bayou DeGlaize, May 18, 1864.

My brigade was placed in reserve at the commencement of the action. I was ordered to send forward a regiment to support a battery on the right. I sent forward Major Fyan, Twenty-fourth Missouri. I next sent to the left my two Napoleon guns, under Lieutenant Burns, Third Indiana Battery, my two James rifles having already been engaged under Lieutenant Ginn. I was next ordered to send another regiment up to support the batteries on the left. I sent forward the Fourteenth Iowa, commanded by Capt. L. A. Crane. This left but two regiments in reserve, viz., Thirty-second Iowa, Major Eberhart commanding, and Twenty-seventh Iowa, Colonel Gilbert commanding. I soon perceived that the enemy was pressing closely our left, and without waiting orders I ordered the two regiments in reserve to move slowly to the left while I rode to the front to see how the battle went. I soon saw that the cavalry on the left had given way, and that the enemy was turning our left flank. I immediately ordered the reserve into line at double-quick, fronting to the left, when the enemy made their appearance through the timber in their front, but a well-directed fire from the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-second Iowa, the Ninth Indiana Battery, and the two 12-pounder Napoleons of the Third Indiana Battery,

also the Fourteenth Iowa, which had changed its front, soon sent them back with heavy loss. The enemy, having been heavily re-enforced, again advanced, when I was ordered to move forward and meet him. I moved forward, meeting him in the edge of the timber, driving him out of the timber, across an open field, under the protection of their artillery, inflicting upon him heavy loss. I then halted and withdrew with the balance of the line out of range of canister, and remained till dark, when we fell back to the ground occupied the night before. My list of casualties I have already forwarded. My loss, though heavy, is comparatively light when it is considered that I was twice engaged at short range with nearly four times my number of infantry, and that I was for two hours, under a heavy fire of artillery.

WM. T. SHAW,

Colonel, Commanding Brigade.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RETURN TO VICKSBURG—BATTLE OF LAKE CHICOT—

RETURN TO MEMPHIS—TUPELO CAMPAIGN—

SUFFERING FROM HEAT—BATTLE OF TU-

PELO AND OLD TOWN CREEK--RETURN

TO MEMPHIS--OXFORD CAMPAIGN

--FORREST IN MEMPHIS. [BOYD.]

"On the 22d the regiment again took its accustomed position on the hurricane deck of the old "South Wester," and were soon out in the main channel of the Mississippi. The night of the 26th found us at Vicksburg, and our connection with the old

"South Wester" as headquarters severed forever.

On the 30th of May, Colonel Scott resigned, and made a short parting address, giving his reasons for so doing. The men of the regiment parted with the Colonel with regret.

On the 3d day of June, we boarded the steamer "White Cloud," and on the afternoon of the 5th were landed at Sunny Side, below what is known as "Old River Lake," or Lake Chicot, in Chicot county, the southeast corner county of Arkansas, and said to be the richest county, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, in the state, containing some of the finest plantations in the South. The lake is of a horseshoe shape, with the points of the shoe extending towards the main channel of the river. At the upper part of the curve of the lake is the pretty little town of Lake Village, the county seat. Here Gen. Marmaduke had established his headquarters and with his own division, and Colton Green's and Burbridge's was making general war on all gunboats and transports passing up and down the river. To dislodge them was the object of our move. Starting on the morning of the 6th we marched over a road terrible for mud. At times it rained very hard, and then the sun would come out hot and sultry. About 10 o'clock we came up to the enemy, strongly posted across "Ditch Bayou," an artificial channel cut for the purpose of draining some marshy land into Lake Chicot. The banks were very steep, making it impossible at most points to cross. On the south side was an open, level field—then deep with mud—over which we must make the attack, while on the north side was a thick growth of heavy timber,

and in this timber, by their own statement, they had fourteen pieces of artillery, so stationed as to rake our advancing lines with an enfilading fire, and they also had their infantry sheltered behind the large trees. A portion of our brigade, now commanded by Colonel Moore, of the Twenty-first Missouri, was thrown forward in a strong skirmish line, but presenting an irregular front, so as to evade, as far as possible, the raking fire of the enemy's artillery; and taking advantage of some shallow ditches made to drain the ground, advanced cautiously, "picking off their gunners and shooting the artillery horses," and from the protection of the shallow ditches "galled the enemy's artillery severely." (so says one of their own reports) advancing to within one hundred yards of the bayou. But every step advanced brought us the raking fire of their artillery. After several hours struggling, in the advancing of our lines under such a galling fire, a charge was ordered across the open field on double quick up to the very brink of the bayou, when the order was, "Down! Down!" as we dropped flat down behind a slight embankment at the edge of the bayou, while the rebels from behind their shelter opened fire from their artillery thundering forth a "deadly chorus" to the sharper ring of their rifles. In the meantime our artillery had moved up on our right to near the mouth of the bayou, and began to pour a raking fire of shot and shell into the timber. The following extracts from the rebel accounts of this engagement may not be uninteresting reading to some of our own boys who were there: "With an increased force they (the Union lines) advanced to the assault. Again the battle awoke from

its temporary lull; the forest trees quivered in the fierce concussions, and the smoke that lay heavily on the earth in the damp atmosphere, shrouded the field and almost hid the combatants from each other. But beneath this smoky canopy, the thunder of guns rolled out slowly and heavily, giving evidence that they were working under an oppressive fire, but they (the Union forces) were working steadily and with effect. Above the din and turmoil arose the shouting of the adverse lines—the high passionate commands of the officers, and the wild, fierce cheers of the men. The enemy held on long and hard. A growth of cane just behind the Confederate lines was cut almost as with a scythe. Each time the Federals advanced and retired, they extended their lines still further up the bayou, thus compelling Marmaduke to extend and weaken his line to prevent being flanked. The Confederate position was no longer tenable. Marmaduke gave the order to withdraw." The staff officer, then on Marmaduke's staff, who carried the order for withdrawal, was for years since the war, a respected citizen of Hardin county, Iowa. The same authority admits that their loss was severe, both in officers and men. "Of the four remaining staff officers on the field, not killed or wounded, three had their horses shot under them." Our loss was light considering the advantage in position possessed by the enemy. Every man lost by our regiment was shot dead, showing how completely the enemy's sharpshooters were sheltered and took deliberate aim. We camped for the night at Lake Village, enjoying a portion of the enemy's camp.

On the 7th a march of twelve miles brought us

□ 16th A.C.

□ 19th A.C.

■ Rebels.

← Rail fence.

College used as a hospital by the Federal Army.

Peophold's.

Tollingsworth's.

Church.

Children of Gooch House and Banks H. Q. and Hospital.

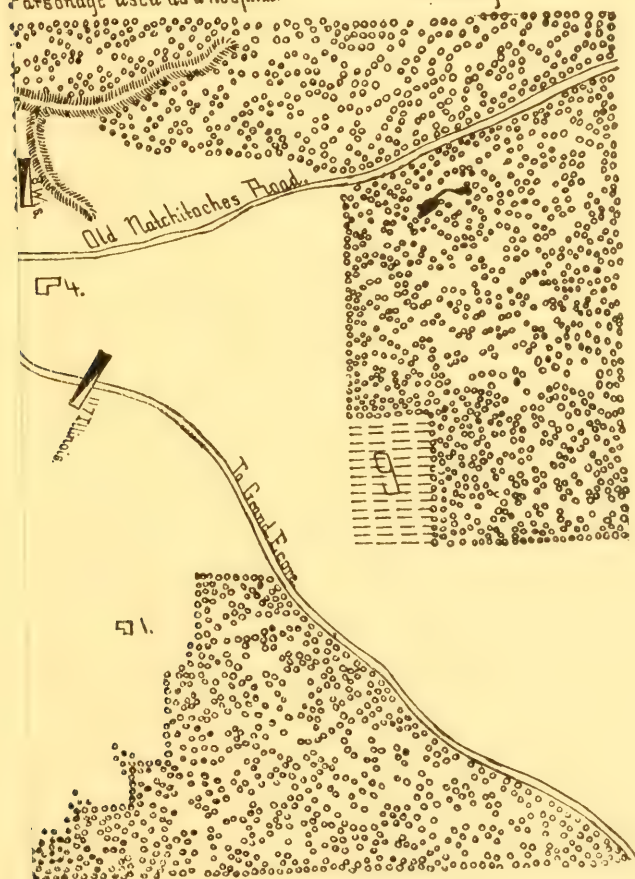
Hotel.

Store.

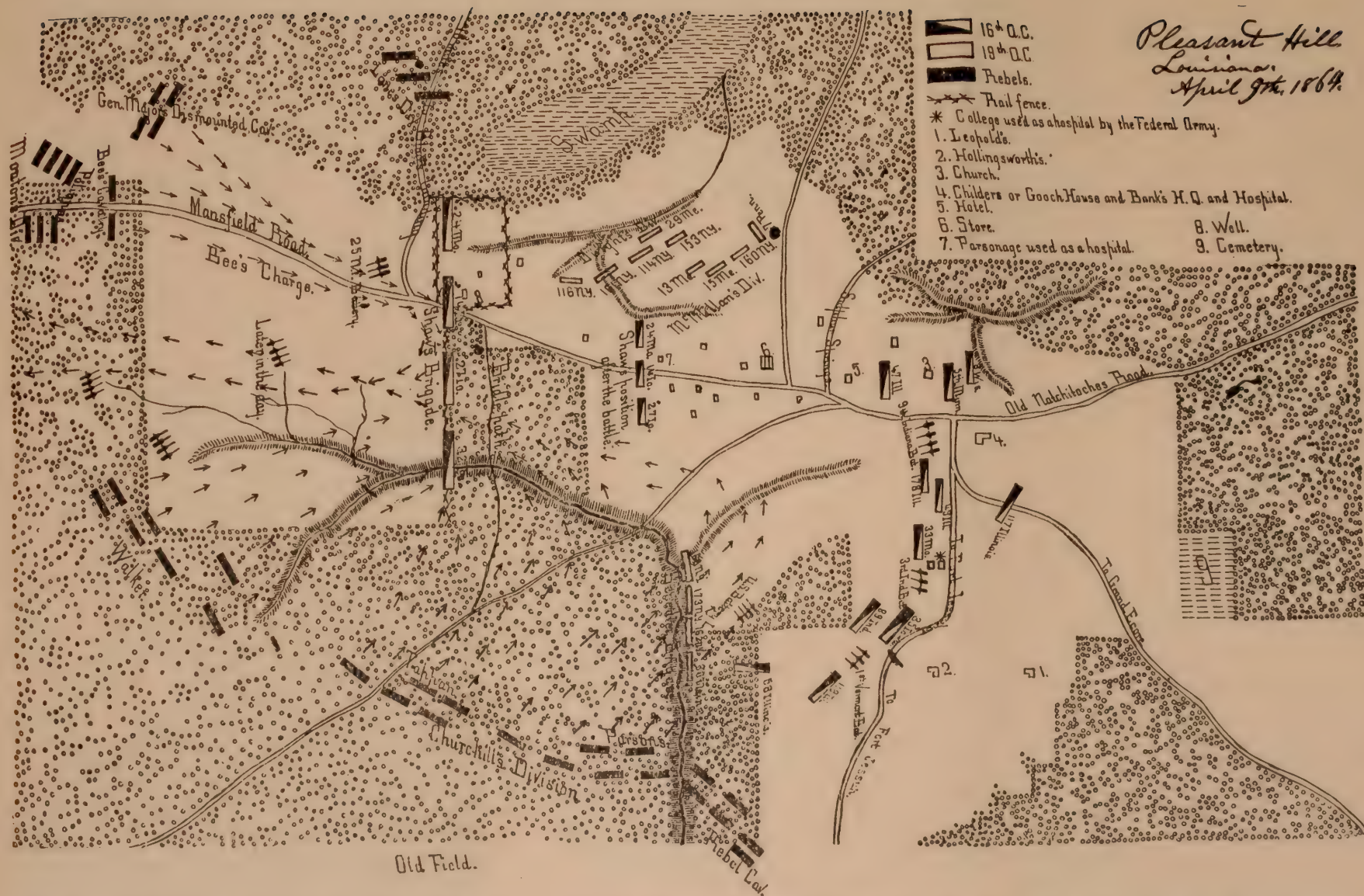
Parsonage used as a hospital.

8. Well.

9. Cemetery.



South, was drawn by Mary S. Scott, Nevada,
Pleasant Hill, and revised by Col. W. T. Shaw.



This Plan of the Battle of Pleasant Hill, comprising a space of three miles east and west by two miles north and south, was drawn by Mary S. Scott, Nevada, Iowa, from plans furnished by Corporal D. W. Robbins, approved by S. E. Galloway and other citizens of Pleasant Hill, and revised by Col. W. T. Shaw.

to the head of the lake. In the afternoon and evening the Rebels attacked our rear, and there was some lively skirmishing. The gunboats came into play and did some lively shelling. The enemy claim that they captured a portion of our rear guard.

The 10th found us camped in the rear of Memphis, endeavoring to rest and shelter ourselves from the intense heat of the sun, little dreaming of the tragic disaster that day taking place at Guntown, Miss., that should bring us at once into another hard campaign.

On the morning of the 12th all was excitement in military circles in and around Memphis. Orderlies were riding in all directions among the different commands. News of the crushing defeat of General Sturges by Forrest at Guntown was fully confirmed. Sturges left Memphis on the 2d with 10,000 veteran troops. He lost 3000, killed, wounded and prisoners. Of a train of 200 fine six mule teams and new wagons only one wagon came back. Forrest got 199; of his ambulance corps not one returned. Forrest got all. Of his artillery Forrest got all but one disabled gun. It was against such a foe, now exulting in victory and boasting that victory had always perched on his banners that we were now to make our next campaign.

Sturges was said to be one of the handsomest of men "his ambrosial curls being the admiration of Southern ladies." Some Ohio boys, who escaped the massacre of their regiment, charged that he was in a house having a good time with some ladies when Forrest surprised him.

Smith and Mower were ordered to get ready to

driving away the enemies skirmishers. The beef was killed, cut up, and put in the camp kettles and hung on the fire; but just as it commenced to warm the cry was, "*pack up! pack up! camp kettles! camp kettles! Fall in, fall in! quick! quick!*" The camp kettles were jerked from the fires, meat flung on the ground. The men marched up a long slope of a hill about a mile, and then halted and remained in line three or four hours where we could see that meat lying on the ground becoming duly fly blown, while our stomachs said "Oh, for some of that meat!"

On the 16th we made a march of twelve miles, having still some skirmishing. In the evening the enemy made a dash on our camp. We were called out in line; moved out into an old field. The night was dark, except an occasional twinkling of a star. We formed in line of battle. The enemy was in line, at close range, and made the very heavens appear as in a blaze, with the fire of their musketry. We stood quietly in line. They overshot us, wounding several men, left sick in our camp nearly a mile beyond. One of them, Orcutt, of Co. A, I think died of his wound thus received. The enemy retired.

The regiment returned to Memphis July 23, having had much hard marching. At times very scant rations, and suffered much from excessive heat. The men were worn down, needing rest. Many of them unfit for service. A short ten days rest, and then another trip after Forrest.

August 3d brought marching orders. Moving partly by rail, the evening of the 4th found us at Holly Springs, Miss. The night was intensely warm, with a suffocating atmosphere; the low, hung sky

was ominous with black clouds. Pitching our little "dog tents," the boys crawled in and were soon asleep. Soon the heavens wore the "blackness of darkness." One gust, and our "wee tents" were gone to the winds, and the rain coming down in torrents. It came sidewise, crosswise, and then in whirling sheets, and the men first stood bewildered while the lightning played around them in all the grandeur of a southern thunder storm, but by the aid of the lightning we discovered some old buildings used as cow stables, where we took shelter until morning.

Remained at Holly Springs until the 17th. Nearly every day we had orders "to be ready to move at any time." In the meantime we found a fine field of Irish potatoes, and the country around abounded with peaches. These, when cooked, and also an occasional mess of roasting ears, added to our scant supply of hard tack, made fair living for soldiers, and together with the rest of thirteen days, some of the boys suffering from dysentery recruited finely.

In the meantime Mower's scouts were scouring the country, and he reported back to Memphis that "there was no enemy in our front in force." The order was returned from General Washburn, "*Hunt him up and whip him.*"

The 22nd of August was a hot day. We were trudging along in the dust, and sweltering in the scorching sun near Oxford. Suddenly the order rang along the line, "*Halt ! Halt !*" Standing for a time in the broiling sun the order rang along the line, "*About face ! About face !*" "What is up ?" rang out from nearly every man. "*What is up !*" echoed a horseman, as he came dashing along on a horse white

with foam. “*Up enough!* Here we are hunting for Forrest, and Forrest is in Memphis. And he got old Washie’s new military suit and his gold watch, and it is a pity he hadn’t got old Washie.”

A story is told with too much truth, of another General whose shoulders were adorned with a double star. General Forrest knew just where his headquarters were, and gave him a dashing call, but Mr. Union General was not at home; he was out on a drunk. Forrest was in a hurry and his call was early (3 o’clock) in the morning, and he could not wait for the Yankee General to sober up and get home, else he would have taken him along for a merry ride through our picket lines.

When we turned back we had some sharp skirmishing on the Hatchie river; took quite a number of prisoners, one of whom was said to be a woman dressed in man’s clothing. Two days of heavy rains had so swollen the streams as to carry away the Hatchie bridge, and made the Hatchie bottom swamps terrible to cross. Wagons sunk down to their beds in mud. We were mud bound there for two days.

The regiment returned to Memphis on the 30th, a tired set of men, worn down and foot sore.

Some years ago, Mrs. Wittenmeyer, one of that noble band of army nurses, whose noble work has never been fully appreciated, lectured at Eldora. She was describing her efforts to get the sick and wounded, who had been sent from Vicksburg, after the siege, to that death hole, Helena, shipped to Memphis where they could be better cared for, and the great difficulty of getting transportation because the general commanding at Memphis was too shame-

fully drunk. The writer asked the privilege of guessing the name of that general, but she promptly replied, "no I fear you are too good a guesser."

A CLOSE CALL.

It was at Old Town Creek that William Trowbridge, of Company C, was for a short time fatally wounded in the haversack, as some of the comrades will remember! Trowbridge is now a prosperous citizen of Carroll, Iowa. On request he furnishes the following statement of the calamity which there befell him:

"When Forrest was making it warm for the 32d Iowa, and A. J. Smith's "Guerillas," we had been marching and fighting for two or three days on about one-third rations a day, and were all about played out. Our quarter master had, as we marched along, gathered up what cattle he could, and on the evening of the charge at Old Town Creek we laid in line of battle expecting the Reb's to come in on us every minute. The cattle were butchered and issued out to us in chunks, and as I had nothing to eat since morning I was ready to eat almost anything. Some of the boys were too near petered out to sit up and roast their meat. But I for one had mine on a forked stick and between nods and naps was trying to roast my chunk. Just as I got it good and hot, about 8 o'clock p.m., here comes the rebs, pell mell. The first shell that they sent bursted under the Major's horse, and killed him. Away went the long roll to fall in.

Thinks I, whether I am dead or alive, I will have this chunk of meat; so I shoved it down in my haversack, and away we went after the rebs, and drove them back. We were then ordered to lay down on our arms for further orders. We were halted on a sand ridge, all fell to the ground, and in the charge my old haversack had swung around in front of me, and when I fell the haversack was between the hot sand and my body. I fell into a doze, and being so near dead thought no more about my meat; but in a short time I was awakened by something hot and wet. I was sure I was wounded there, and dare not turn over for fear my bowels would come out. Anson Blackman of Co. E was near me,—as the regiment was mixed up some, and urged me to turn over. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; my jaws and eyes were set; I was sure that my time on earth was short. But I slowly turned over on my side, and the old haversack and meat peeled off, and when I could get my breath to speak I told the boys what was the matter. I got the piece of meat out, and, looking up at the stars, I was not long in getting away with it; but would have finished it sooner if I had not let it fall out of my hands two or three times, and had to feel around on the ground for it. I then turned over and knew nothing until about 4 o'clock a. m., when the rebs were retreating. It was some time before I heard the last of my 'wound !' "

CHAPTER XXIX.

MOVE TO CAIRO—WHERE NEXT?—MOVEMENTS OF
THE ENEMY—KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE
—MOVE TO ST. LOUIS—TRIP TO IRONTON—
PURSUIT OF PRICE—FIGHT AT THE LITTLE
BLUE, OR WEST POINT—A SCENE,
GRAND, BEAUTIFUL AND TERRI-
BLE—CAPTURE OF MARMADUKE,
CAMPBELL, ETC.—RETURN TO
ST. LOUIS. [BOYD.]

“Six days rest, and then on the steamer Ed Wash and going up the Mississippi river, landing at Cairo September 7th.

Here the query was, where next shall we go? Sherman, I believe, desired that Smith's command should go to Mobile and aid Canby to capture that city, and make it a base to connect with him at Atlanta, and thus “open a shorter line for his supplies by way of Montgomery, or still better, by the lower Chattahoochee to Columbus.” But about this time were the desperate struggles, the death throes of the Confederacy. Lee was staggering about Petersburg. Grant was coiling around him, and Sheridan was in the full flush of victory in the Shenandoah; Sherman was holding Atlanta, and preparing to still further dissect the South Atlantic states. Jeff Davis was hurrying south from Richmond to consult with Hood and other rebel leaders how to cripple and

crush Sherman. Hood's campaign north to Nashville was being planned. The diabolical scheme for the burning of Chicago, under the leadership of Col. G. St. Leger Grenfell (at one time an officer on Bragg's staff and afterwards Gen. John Morgan's Adjutant General) was being rapidly matured.

But down in southern Arkansas another scheme was being planned. In the little town of Tulip, Dallas county, Arkansas. Generals Price, Magruder, Marmaduke, Fagan and Shelby are in consultation, and an invasion of Missouri is decided upon. "It would employ," said they, "thousands of soldiers already ordered to Thomas." Much reliance was placed, especially by Price and Marmaduke, upon the secret orders of the Knights of the Golden Circle, Golden Cross, or Copperheads. "They had frequent visits from these sleek looking gentry, with mysterious books, signs, grips, signals, pass-words, and incantations enough to get up a dozen Macbeth's witch dances." With these encouraging helps, and the success of the "burning Chicago scheme," and the "Mines secret conspiracy scheme of St. Louis," they could "seize St. Louis, and Jefferson City, march through Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, into Kentucky and on to Richmond." (See "Shelby and His Men," also an article in the Marshall (Tex.) Republican, by the rebel Governor Reynolds, of Missouri.) "This was the program marked out by General John B. Magruder." The same writer compares the northern allies to drones in the hive, they would buzz but not sting. And again to the little "Prairie Dogs," when no danger was near they would keep up an eternal barking and cavorting, but at the first crack

of a gun they were buried deep in the earth with owls, lizzards and snakes.

On the 14th of September General Price left Batesville, Ark., on this Missouri campaign. On the same day the steamer Ed Walsh left Cairo with a portion of Smith's command on board, including our regiment, for St. Louis. The boat sticking on a sand bar twenty five miles below Cape Girardeau, we were taken off by the Golden Era, and at the Cape transferred to the Shamrock. On the 17th we were landed below St. Louis, and went into camp near Carondelet. On the 25th the regiment boarded the train for Pilot Knob, (General Price was then marching against Ironton,) stopping at Desota, and from thence to Mineral Point, landing there at 3 a. m. of the 27th in a drenching rain and pitchy darkness, and throwing out pickets. The divisions of Marmaduke and Fagan were then assaulting the forts of Pilot Knob, held by Gen. Ewing. The assault was repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy, but as Shelby and other reinforcements were moving against him, Ewing, on the night of the 28th, blew up his magazines and withdrew. Our brigade fell back and took position on North Big river, and returned to Jefferson Barracks on the 29th.

General Price, then moving west of St. Louis, concentrated his forces at Union, Franklin county, Missouri.

To our own troops there was one day's rest to draw rations, and then the ever to be remembered chase after "Old Pap" Price. Sunday, Oct. 1st, the command was again in motion, moving to Gray's Summit, where it remained until the 7th, awaiting

supplies. Starting again it marched for Sedalia. But the enemy, retreating in our front, had destroyed the gigantic bridge across the Osage. (This bridge was destroyed by Col. Shanks, who led the charge against our left at Cape Girardeau, and who was wounded in the charge on the gunboats, in the affair of the Little Red.) Col. Shanks was fearfully wounded in defending the passage of the Osage. He shot a Union soldier who was in the advance of our line endeavoring to force the crossing of the stream. And the Union soldier in return shot him clear through the body. Shanks bounded from his horse and fell heavily to the ground. He was a daring and expert leader, and a man of powerful physical endurance; left in our hands as dead, taken to our hospital at Jefferson City, he finally recovered.

When our men came to the cold mountain stream, warm from hard marching, it was "plunge in and wade it," the water in places coming to their arm-pits. Is it any wonder that some old soldiers suffer from rheumatism? Leaving Sedalia on the 19th, we marched until midnight, when a halt was called, to draw three day's half rations. In two hours the command was, "*Fall in! Fall in!*" We marched all day and all night until 8 o'clock on the morning of the 21st. Then the order was, "halt; stack arms, and make some coffee." But before the coffee was swallowed, boom! boom! came the roar of artillery. Marmaduke, Fagan, Shelby and Cable had made a stand and were disputing the passage of the Little Blue.

"*Fall in! fall in! quick! quick!*" again ran along the line. A forced march all that day, as the enemy

was rapidly retreating. At dark the order was, halt; one hour to make coffee. In one hour Shaw's brigade was ordered to move out in front, with the 32d Iowa in advance of the brigade. Another all night's march until 4 o'clock in the morning, passing through Independence, Mo. Again a halt was called near Westport. Price had left the field, his last stand before turning south. When this halt was called the regiment could only make one "gun stack" (four men) to the company. A rest of only a few hours, and the regiment marched to the field of battle and to help bury the dead and care for the wounded.

This is known in rebel reports as the battle of Westport. Shelby admitted a loss of over 800 killed and wounded in his own brigade, and many of the wounded were struck three times. Westport was a place of more than ordinary interest in the Kansas troubles, being the base of operations for the Missouri border ruffians. It was the post office for the Stringfellow legislature when in session at the "Shawnee Mission House," and the notorious Sheriff Jones, of Douglas Co., Kansas, was at the same time postmaster of this Missouri town. And Shelby's old brigade, being largely made up of the old border ruffian element, chose this as the place for a stubborn fight; and they fought with the desperation of despair, but they could not stem the tide of the fearful onslaught made by Pleasanton's cavalry and the gathering forces of our infantry. Their own historian of this campaign, Townsend, says "Westport was the turning point in the expedition. After it were the horrors of defeat, hunger and pestilence." Our command then turned south in pursuit of the retreating

foe, burning and destroying as they retreated. At times four or five houses could be seen burning at once. It was said that two-hundred stacks of hay could, at one time, be seen in flames. As our army moved across those prairies in line of battle, the whole presented a scene, grand, beautiful and terrible.

Striking the rear of the enemy, commanded by Shelby, drawn up in battle array to receive the assault, our artillery opened fire, sweeping his lines, and according to their own report, "rent horses and riders into shreds of quivering, bleeding flesh. Horses without riders galloped among the wounded, who were crawling all over the plain; dismounted dragoons dragged themselves to the rear; and men came pulling themselves along in such numbers that they seemed like a broad fringe to the edge of a battle."

But the enemy was again soon in rapid retreat, and another all night's march of thirty-five miles and the stream known as the Maries de Cygnes, in Bates county, Missouri, a main branch of the Osage river, was reached by the enemy. Here he made another stand. Daylight disclosed him, in front, in force, for a final and desperate struggle. This day was a day of fighting, skirmishing, flanking and counter-flanking, and by the time the hoar frosts of that chilly night of October 24, 1864, had commenced to whiten the earth, Marmaduke, Cabell, Slemmens and Jeffries, with nearly their entire commands, were prisoners of war.

Our own men lay down to sleep on the cold ground, *tired! tired!* a completely *worn out set of men,*

while the enemy, certainly in *no better plight* continued their flight. Price halted not again, any more than he could help, until he reached Clarksville, Texas. "And the great expedition to Missouri, begun in joy and high expectations to Missouri, terminated in this little Texan village, in doubt, misery, and despair."

Our command returned to St. Louis by way of Lone Jack, Independence, Lexington, and thence on the north side of the river via St. Charles.

On Nov. 3d the snow was six inches deep, and our men marched with no rations except parched corn. On the 5th crossed the Missouri river at Glasgow, reaching Fayette, the county seat of Howard county, on the 7th, wading through mud, in snow and rain, and still living on parched corn. On the 8th was election; 318 voters were present with the regiment, of which Lincoln received 290 and McClellan 28. The boys might well remember the afternoon and night of that election day, from the enjoyment of a thorough drenching in a storm of rain, sleet and snow. On the 9th it was again an all day's rain and snow. In fact, from the 1st to the 15th of November it was mingled and continuous rain, sleet and snow, and then severe frosts. The roads at times, were covered by a strong frozen crust, making them rough in the extreme. And again they were deep in mud, of that miry clay of which parts of Missouri can abundantly boast.

On the 2d of November Rosecrans received an order from the secretary of war to have A. J. Smith's command march from Warrensburg to Boonville, Mo., and be shipped thence to Paducah, Ky., but owing to

the low stage of water in the Missouri, they were obliged to move by land to St. Louis.

Often on that return march, the men might well exclaim:

"Oh! that a mossy bank our couch might be;
A spreading oak our canopy."

But they might recall that other couplet:

"That in this warring chase
The soldier had no choice of resting place."

By a glance at the map and the various places through which the regiment marched, including the countermarching and flank movements incident to such campaigns, it may be fairly estimated that the command marched 700 miles from the time it left St. Louis, Oct. 1st, until its return, Nov. 18th. The command returned to St. Louis on the evening of Nov. 18th, and filed into the old camp, "Claib Jackson," after one of the very hardest campaigns of the war. Many of the men were completely worn out, ragged and barefoot. Some of them cut off portions of their blankets with which to wrap up their feet, and thus marched through snow, mud, slush and over the hard, frozen ground. And why was this shortage in rations and clothing? I heard an officer of Gen. Smith's staff say at the post office in St. Louis that "it was a burning shame. All that was necessary was an order from the commanding general, and clothing and provisions could have been shipped to them." Then who was to blame? Had General Rosecrans too much opium, or General Smith too much whisky, or was there a wrong admixture of the opium and the whisky?

Before leaving the Missouri campaign, it may be of some interest to take a glance at the other side,

conducted as it was, in part, at least, on the plan of guerrilla warfare. From the capture and then murder of Major Wilson, at Pilot Knob, and the retaliation of General Rosecrans, it became on the part of the guerrilla portion of their army a "pitiless warfare." Edwards, in defending the guerrilla depredations of such men as Quantrell, Anderson and "Bill Pool," says: "Its warfare was pitiless, its banner the black flag and its battle cry the fearful monosyllable, 'Death!' The guerrillas were unerring shots with revolvers and excellent horsemen, and, according to the same authority, 'death was to them monarch." But this pitiless warfare appears to have been wreaked, in some instances, at least, upon both friend and foe, they themselves being witnesses. Some of their own officers and men, says Governor Reynolds, were "pitiless as famished Bengal tigers."

Thomas C. Reynolds, elected lieutenant governor of Missouri on the ticket with Claiborne Jackson as governor, and at this time claiming to be the confederate governor of Missouri, accompanied the expedition as a volunteer aid to Gen. Marmaduke; and a few extracts from a communication published by him in the *Marshall, Texas, Republican*, in December, 1864, may give an inkling of the campaign on their side. He says, "Anderson's butchery of 200 federal soldiers in North Missouri spread a black flag panic among the citizen soldiery." Again he says, "It would take a volume to describe the acts of outrage; neither station, age or sex was any protection. Southern men and women were as little spared as unionists; the elegant mansion of Robert E. Lee's niece and the cabin of the negro were alike ransack-

ed. John Deane, the first civilian ever made a state prisoner by Lincoln's government, had his watch robbed from his person in the street of Potosi in broad day, as unceremoniously as the German merchant at Frederickston was forced, a pistol at his head, to surrender his concealed wealth. The clothes of the poor man's infant, the merchant's silks and calicos, curtains from the rich man's parlor, and jeweled rings forced from the fingers of delicate maidens, whose brothers were fighting in Georgia, in Cockrell's Confederate Missouri Brigade. At Boonville, the hotel occupied as Gen. Price's own headquarters was the scene of public revelry at night. Guerrillas rode unchecked in open day before it, with human scalps hanging to their bridles; and enriching themselves by plundering the families of our own soldiers in the confederate service. On still darker deeds I shudderingly keep silent. God-fearing men trembled lest, in heaven's anger at the excesses which marked the campaign, some thunderbolt of calamity should fall upon our arms. It did fall, and like a thunderbolt. Any attempt of official reports to veil it, of a court martial to bury it, will only recoil. 'The robbery of the wicked shall destroy them.' "

The last sentence certainly contains a truism. And then that this statement should come from the last pretended rebel governor of Missouri!"

CHAPTER XXX.

START FOR NASHVILLE—DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI
AND UP THE CUMBERLAND—ARRIVAL AT NASH-
VILLE—VERY PLEASANT WEATHER—RAIN AND
COLD—RUMORED REMOVAL OF GENERAL
THOMAS—LOYAL MEN'S FEELINGS THEN
IN REGARD TO ANDREW JOHNSON—
BATTLE OF NASHVILLE—PUR-
SUIT OF HOOD—ARRIVAL AT
EAST PORT, MISS.

[BOYD.]

But another campaign is before us. Thomas is calling loudly for Smith; Hood is pressing Schofield across the Tennessee, and pushing for Duck river. Thomas is calling to Schofield to hold Hood in check, hoping that Smith may be able to reach him by the 19th, but Smith has just filed his troops into camp at St. Louis. Time is precious; Smith is to be the Blucher of Nashville. In one short week men must be clothed and transportation had. But the 24th brought marching orders to Nashville, and the 32nd Iowa is on board the steamer Olive. As the steamer Imperial, loaded with the quarter master's stores of the 2nd division, was shoving out from the wharf at St. Louis, General Dodge, standing on the shore, called to its captain, Howard, "Make all haste to Nashville, Thomas needs you!" The Mississippi was low, and the boats were loaded down to their guards.

Wherever a man could be stowed away on a boat there was a soldier.

The fleet found some trouble in going down the Mississippi; the "Imperial," with our Division Quarters stores, broke her rudder on the bar of Devil's Island; while the "Erving" was snagged and totally wrecked on a sand bar opposite the Devil's Bake Oven; her soldiers and stores taken off and packed on the other already overloaded and overcrowded boats. Further down the Omaha was snagged and sunk; her stores and troops must also be packed on the other boats. But the Ohio and Cumberland rivers were in good boating stage.

Fifty-seven transports moved up the Cumberland, with several gunboats back and forth as patrol guard. Report said that our wily old foe, General Forrest, was also on patrol, and that our own Iowa Hatch was on his trail with his mounted troopers.

About 3 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 1st we were in Nashville. The desperate battle of Franklin had just been fought the day previous, and Schofield was falling back on Nashville.

For the first time in ten days, after reaching Nashville, the writer was camped in Court Square, at the court house, being then in the division quartermaster department, and while there had an opportunity of hearing the leading loyal men of Nashville express an opinion of men and things, and was surprised to hear some of them then freely express a want of confidence in Andrew Johnson. The Register of Davidson county, a man, who, I believe, had been loyal and true under all circumstances, a native of Massachusetts, but for many years a citizen of

Nashville,—remarked that Andrew Johnson was, intellectually, a strong man, a man of a massive, powerful brain; but it was too often stimulated by bad whisky; that he was a man of extremes; a strong hater; and his better judgment too often clouded by prejudice.

These Union men said they would have much preferred to have had the Union element of Tennessee under the leadership of men of the Emerson Ethridge and Horace Maynard type.

The ground upon which the battle of Nashville was fought was a mass of hills, knobs and ravines. About ten miles south of this city are what is known as the Brentwood Hills (and here is where General Thomas at first designed to meet Hood and give him battle.) In these hills two streams or creeks rise not far apart, and flow almost parallel with each other for several miles toward the city; then, bending off, one to the northwest enters the Cumberland river several miles below the city, while the other turns to the northeast and enters the river some miles above the city.

Along the divide, or watershed, between these streams runs the "Granny White" pike, leading south from the city. Little streams running each way from the divide into these creeks form a mass of hills and little valleys.

Our command moved about half a mile southwest of the city and camped in line of battle. The next day we moved about one mile further on and nearer the enemy's lines, and began field entrenchments with an abatis of timber cut down and sharp pointed stakes firmly planted in the ground in front

of the entire line. This line of defensive works was completed by the morning of the fifth.

Every day there was more or less skirmishing between the picket lines of the two armies; and also some "artillery practice."

During the next three days the skirmishing was brisk, and our artillery, and especially the heavy guns of the forts, sent a free supply of shot and shell into the enemy's lines, to which they briskly replied.

By the afternoon of the 8th, our lines were completely and strongly entrenched, and all things apparently ready for a forward movement; and an order passed along the line, "Be ready in two hours." Up to this time the weather was all that could be desired, but it began to get foggy, chilly and cold; and rain began to fall and freeze as it fell. The ground was soon a vast sheet of ice. The morning of December 9th dawned with a severe storm of sleet and snow, making it rough in the extreme for men in the trenches or on the picket line. The storm scarcely abated until the morning of the 14th, when it began to thaw, and as it thawed it became foggy, and then it was mud. Oh! the clay mud!

On the 12th and 13th rumors were rife at division headquarters that General Thomas was removed and that General Schofield, General Logan or some one else would be appointed in his place, "who would fight." Some papers received from home appeared to vie with each other in denouncing General Thomas and painting the stupidity of "Old Slow Trot," who, with his vast army was simply lying

around Nashville in idle stupidity while Hood had him hemmed in.

How grandly some of our friends at home, seated in a nice, well furnished room or office by a warm fire, could fight our battles for us! They understood the moves that should be on the warring chess board to perfection, just when and how to make them. And then they had a better place in which to make the moves than the men in the trenches in that pitiless storm of sleet and snow, or in that dense fog and mud; but the men of the line, in their simplicity, had all confidence in "Old Pap Thomas."

On the evening of the 14th the following order was received: "Reveille will be sounded to-morrow morning at 4 o'clock. The troops will immediately get breakfast, break up their camps, pack everything, and be prepared to move at 6 o'clock." But at 6 o'clock the earth was shrouded in a dense fog, and it was impossible for troops to move. By 8 o'clock the fog began to rise; when quickly and silently the troops along the entire line began to move into position for an advancing line of battle. About noon the fog cleared away and disclosed one of the grandest armies set in battle array. The battle of Nashville was opened in earnest. From the right flank to the left, over every hill top and through all the little valleys and ravines, it was a constant blaze of musketry. The artillery brigade of seven batteries, and Garrison's artillery of twelve batteries, opened fire. These together with the heavy guns of the forts and the artillery attached to the different brigades began to hurl their shot and shell on their errand of death. The very heavens appeared to be rent and the earth

to tremble. No one who has never been there can have a complete realization of such a scene. The enemy was soon keenly alive to the contest. Their shot and shell came hurling through the air over our heads.

Our division, the Second, commanded by General Kenner Gerrard, held the left of Smith's command; McArthur's first division on the right and Moore's third, the reserve.

Stanley's 4th corps, now commanded by General Thomas J. Wood (Stanley was disabled at Franklin), Schofield's 23d corps and Steadman's troops extended from our left to the river above the city; the flank protected by Wilson's cavalry and gunboats, as the right flank below the city was by Hatch's cavalry and gunboats.

The battle line was an irregular semi-circle (owing to the hills, knolls and ravines,) and about seven miles long. The battle of Nashville was not fought by detail, but was a battle fought complete in all its parts. Every part of the command was moving into position, or ready to be deployed, flanked or moved, as occasion might require; for this reason it is more difficult to write up the part taken by any one regiment or division.

Steadily our lines moved forward among hills, knolls and ravines, buildings, stone fences and stone walls. (It was while making the attack on one of those stone walls that Colonel Hill, of the 35th Iowa brigade on our right, of McArthur's division, was killed.) A little past noon we advanced to a steep hill, quite high and of an irregular shape. It had been covered with timber, and the timber cut and

slashed, making the ascent difficult. The cone of the hill was well fortified and held by the enemy. Just below the summit was an intrenchment, and just below the trenches an abatis, rows of sharp stakes driven in the ground. It was the key to their line. *It must be taken!* The troops on our left were to attack on the left, while our regiment with others were to make the right. There was a lull in battle. The echoes of the musketry and artillery had died away in the distance. But it was a mere breathing spell. Soon the artillery was in position all along the line, and hurling shot and shell around that hill top with fearful rapidity. A strong skirmish line was shoved out up the hill, while the main line followed with the screeching and crashing of the shot and shell from our own artillery passing overhead. The enemy opened with his artillery and musketry, but his fire appeared to be distracted by the heavy concentrated fire of our artillery; for up! up! went our line: up the steep ascent, working through the abatis and over the enemy's intrenchments. The enemy retreating, several pieces of artillery, stands of colors, and a large amount of small arms fell into our hands, together with many prisoners. Their first line was completely broken, and they were making a precipitate retreat. Our loss was very light, but in the rapid ascent of the hill, men were completely out of breath, and lines were thrown into confusion. It took some time to let them take breath and reform the regiments. Then came the order to move to the left and in pursuit. A strong skirmish line was thrown forward, which soon became engaged with the rear guard of the retreating enemy. But

soon it became so dark that it was impossible to move without great confusion; and all not sent out on the picket line were ordered to lie on their arms. It was a bleak, chill, December night, and men whose blood was well warmed by the exertions of the day, lay down to sleep on the cold wet ground, with naught but the sky for a covering, and with orders to "be ready."

The morning of the 16th dawned chilly and slightly foggy; but by 6 o'clock men were in motion. Owing to the unevenness of the ground they moved to almost every point of the compass, across the ridge to the left of "Granny White" pike. After some two hours or more advancing and manœuvering, the skirmishers came up to the rear guard of the retreating foe, when the lively work again commenced.

The enemy kept fighting and falling back. About noon he had retreated to his main and strongly fortified line on the Overton hills, Sky's hill, and the north peaks of the Brentwood hills. A strong skirmish line was sent out to crawl up and shelter themselves behind every rock, log or point they could find, get as near the enemy's works as possible, and pick off and annoy their artillery men, by a system of sharp shooting, and divert their fire. Artillery, as well as musketry, shooting down hill, nearly always overshoots.

All our artillery on the field was then brought into position and opened fire, bringing on another grand artillery duel. The division on our left was ordered to make a charge on the left peaks of the Overton hills. It was gallantly made, but repulsed

with heavy loss. Its leader, Gen. Post, was killed. Again there was a lull in the combat. For a few minutes an apparent indecision on the part of our officers as to what next.

It was said that Gen. Thomas then rode to Gen. Smith, on the field, and said, "General, can your men storm and take those works?" pointing to the peaks of the Overton hills and to Shy's hill. "I don't know, I don't know," said Smith, "but they can try, sir." "Then," replied Thomas, "order the charge." The artillery then opened fire again along the entire line. The artillery amunition on the field was becoming well nigh exhausted. The six-mule amunition wagons stuck fast in the still deepening mud, and details of men were made to carry the amunition from the wagons to the batteries. The artillery firing again became terrific. They thundered forth a deadly chorus, as up and still up moved that line of infantry; the 32nd Iowa ascending around the right peak, while our artillery was sending shot and shell overhead crashing around the summit of that hill, and the enemy's artillery came screeching and crashing down overhead. And the fip! fip! of the musketry also came whizzing by. In fact, it was a storm of artillery and musketry hailing down, but nearly all passing overhead. The salient points of the enemy's works were struck. They were strongly intrenched, and just below their intrenched line, a complete network of Chevaux de frize. It was through this network and over the intrenchments our line must go. But the fire of the enemy appeared to be somewhat confused. In fact the enthusiasm with which the advance was made along our entire line appeared to

make them realize that they could not successfully resist the impetuosity of the charge. It had been said that the rebs did not fight with the same degree of courage at Nashville that they did at Franklin. Be that as it may, their works were carried by storm. The key to their second and strongest line was gone. To them it was a complete rout.

The loss of our regiment was three killed and fifteen wounded.

But night was coming on. The sky was overcast with dark and somber clouds. A drizzling rain had already set in, and soon it became so dark that troops could not be moved. Men were ordered to lie down as best they could, but to be ready for the pursuit at morning's dawn. It soon settled down to an all night's drenching rain.

Among notes taken at the time, I find the following item, obtained at division headquarters:

"When General Thomas ordered the move in pursuit of Hood, he ordered the pontoon train to be moved out on the Franklin Pike, but the clerk, in writing the order, wrote, 'Murfreeshboro Pike,' " and the train was ten miles out before the mistake was discovered; and hence the delay in bridging Duck river, giving Hood that much time to get away.

The next morning we were on the move at dawn, and after the usual standing and waiting in the rain for several hours, started along the "Granny White" pike, and then turned off to the Franklin pike. The march that day was merely a wade through mud and slush, in an all day's rain. The camping that night was merely lying down by the road side, every man as best he could, thoroughly soaked and covered

with mud. On the 18th it was the same, with still deepening and thickening slush.

On the 18th we crossed the Harpeth river and went into camp on the battlefield of Franklin, not far from the Carter house, a place of more than tragic interest in that fearful combat.

The march to Spring Hill and Columbia was monotonous for mud and rain. On coming to Duck river, we had to stand in the mud and wait until a bridge was built. All the streams were full to overflowing. Small streams, mere rivulets, would swim our six-mule teams. The army of Hood, although badly beaten, scattered and demoralized, still was enabled to keep a well handled cavalry rear guard, commanded by General Forrest, that destroyed all the bridges in their rear and our front, making the pursuit, considering the weather and roads, a toilsome march.

From the 19th to the 25th it was rainy. From the 25th to the 28th, for variety's sake, we had rain and sleet, while on the last two days of 1864 rain, sleet and snow were beautifully combined, and that on the sunny line of Tennessee. Turning to the northwest, with half rations for a New Year's treat, we reached Clifton on the night of January 2, 1865, and on the 4th we boarded the steamer Clara Poe, landing at Eastport, Miss., on the morning of January 9th, when we received orders to put up winter quarters.

The train moved by land from Clifton to Savannah, and did four days' hard work in moving twenty-two miles, owing to mud and swollen streams.

Sometimes six mule teams would be wading in

water over their backs in little streams, which, in ordinary times, were mere rivulets. On reaching Savannah, the teams were all worn out, and were shipped thence on steamboats.

In further illustration of the events in this Chapter—the Battle of Nashville—the following extracts from letters written by Captain Brockway to the girl he left behind him, and which were penciled on the field, are here inserted. Liberty has been taken to omit the sweet confidences that lovers will sometimes commit to paper, as the experiences and memories of many will enable the reader to supply these without special effort.

Battle Field near Nashville,

Dec. 16, 1864, p. m.

* * * *

I don't know how to write to you to-night. I am too full of joy to write. Long before this reaches you you will have heard of the glorious work of yesterday and to-day. I cannot tell it. We have had two days of tremendous fighting. Oh! it was sublimely beautiful to-day. We have driven Hood from all his works; captured many thousand prisoners, and about 50 cannon. I suppose we will pursue to-morrow and there will be more fighting. Language cannot begin to tell you how good I feel. Glory! Glory! Our loss has been heavy, but nothing in comparison to that of the rebels. Thank God, I am yet spared. I'll write you more when I have time,

though I can never adequately tell the story. We charged (our regiment) a battery, and their works, and took them; and thus charged for over two miles. You ought to have seen the rebels run, and surrender! It was glorious! To-night I received your letter of the 8th inst., the first one since yours of 21st inst., and it did me good. Don't you think I ought to be too full to write? A glorious victory and a glorious loving letter, both the same day! And I am thankful too. My own safety after going through such terrible scenes, the glorious victory of our arms, and having such a true noble woman as you are, are three things either of which ought to make me overwhelmingly thankful. And I know you, too, are thankful to Him "from whom all blessings flow." Every man in our company is a hero; I am as large as a mountain, myself, to-night! * *

* The mail is just going and I must close."

* * *

"Franklin, Tenn., Dec. 18, 1864.

It is better and better! Hood is fleeing, and we are pursuing, capturing men, cannon and small arms. We have got nearly every one of his cannon,—some where about 75 pieces, and our prisoners now must number 10,000, and they are still coming in. We have captured Major Generals, and Brig. Generals, and all of Hood's papers. It is a crushing defeat, a perfect rout, an overwhelming and glorious victory — more complete than any our arms have ever won.

* * It was grand work. In five minutes we carried their works in front of us. It seems to me

it was nothing less than providential that we lost no more, for we charged for a quarter of a mile through a perfect storm of bullets, and right up to the mouths of their guns. They fired their last discharge right into our faces when we were within a few yards of their batteries. . . . They are running now like sheep, and our cavalry are right after them, and we are following as fast as we can. I don't think Hood will bring his army to a stand this side of the Tennessee River. He may then be reinforced by Breckenridge and Dick Taylor, but his main army is hopelessly demoralized. It seems to me that in its effect it is the greatest victory we have ever won, but perhaps you must allow something for my enthusiasm. Such victories will end this war soon and then I can come home.

To-day we have heard that Sherman has taken Savannah. I have had no blankets since we marched out of the Nashville works to fight, but I could have slept upon an iceberg the last three nights and been above fever heat all the time. I write this on my knee while we are halted a short time; and I shall try and send it back some way."

"Camp 32nd Iowa, 10 miles South of Franklin, Tenn.,

Dec. 20, 1864.

We are resting to-day. . . . I have written you twice, hurriedly, and perhaps incoherently, since the great battle. Both of those letters were written under the most unfavorable cir-

cumstances for calm deliberate thought. I have written you a great deal about the events of the last few days, but at the risk of wearying you I shall write you some more. . . . I cannot describe the battle to you in full. No pen, no tongue can do that. For two days the roar of battle was incessant. The first day we carried Hood's first line of works, capturing 15 to 20 cannon, and about 1000 prisoners. At night he contracted his lines and fell back to his second line of works. To drive him from these was the work of the next day. Early in the morning our whole line advanced. Our Brigade passed over several open fields, exposed to a severe artillery fire, and about 10 o'clock took position in a little ravine about five hundred yards from the rebel works. Our batteries took position on our right, left, and rear, and then commenced a furious artillery duel. It was awfully grand,—that artillery fight; but it was not pleasant. The air seemed alive with shrieking demons. Shells were bursting in every direction. We lay close to the ground, and hugged old mother earth closer than any of us had ever hugged our mothers or sweethearts. It was our only chance for safety. . . . About 12 m. a charge was made by the 4th Corps which lay on our left, but was repulsed. Also about 2 p.m. the cavalry on our right charged with only indifferent success. It was reserved for General A. J. Smith's command to organize victory. About 3 p. m. the order came for "Smith's Guerrillas" to charge the works in our front. We did charge; General Mower's Division immediately on our right taking the initiative, and carrying the key to the enemy's

position, a hill in their immediate front. For ten minutes it seemed as though all hell had broken loose! About two hundred pieces of artillery opened simultaneously, and thousands of small arms, and with a cheer we went in. As we came to the top of the hill in our front our artillery had to cease firing or they would have been killing us. But the rebel cannon raked us in every direction and there was an incessant whiz of musket-balls. But "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell" we went with a yell. We climbed over their works; we rolled over them; we jumped over them; and then the rebels ran.

Orders have just came to be ready to move at a moments notice. I can hear cannonading at the front, and suppose we are wanted there, and I must close."

The Official Records do not indicate that there have ever been any serious differences of opinion in relation to the merit and bravery of the officers and soldiers who participated in the battles of this campaign. It will therefore not be necessary to give space to other reports than that of Lt. Colonel Eberhart, who commanded the 32nd Iowa. It is as follows:--

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND IOWA INFANTRY,
In the Field, December 21, 1864.

LIEUTENANT:—Of the part taken by the Thirty-second Iowa Infantry in the battle of the 15th and 16th instant, I have the honor to report as follows:

At 6 a. m. on the 15th, in obedience to orders

from brigade headquarters, I formed the regiment on the right of the brigade, with my left resting on the Fifty-eight Illinois Infantry. The regiment advanced in line of battle for more than a mile, slowly wheeling to the left, conforming to the movement of the line on our right. From 11 a. m. until 4 p. m. we lay under artillery fire from a battery 1,000 yards in our front. When the works were carried by the forces in front we moved forward about one mile and a half, when we were ordered to go into camp for the night. The regiment was not brought into close action, and suffered no loss.

On the morning of the 16th we were again on the right of the brigade, our right resting on the left of the First Division. The advance was ordered about 7 a. m., the line wheeling to the right to confront the enemy's works. When within about 1,200 yards we came in full view of the enemy, drawing upon us a brisk fire from their battery, under which the men moved forward with commendable coolness. The First Division contracting in order to form two lines we were thrown by the flank to the right about half a mile. At this point we lay under fire of the enemy's artillery for about five hours. At 3:30 p. m. the right of the First Division carried the left of the enemy's works; we then moved forward at a double-quick over an open field, under a severe fire from artillery and musketry, and in a few minutes gained the intrenchments, capturing about 50 prisoners and 5 pieces of artillery. Some of the artillerists were killed as they were leaving the guns. Private William May, of Company H, dashed forward and captured the battery guidon. The regiment moved forward in pursuit, gathering a few prisoners, until we reached the base of the mountain, when we received orders to halt. At dark, the battle being over, we were ordered into camp near the mountain.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the conduct of the officers and men under the heavy fire during the charge; every one moved forward with a determination to carry the works.

Where all behaved so creditably it is a delicate matter to make particular mention of persons, but I

presume no exceptions will be taken when I speak of Lieut. W. L. Carpenter, acting regimental adjutant, who was, as usual, conspicuous for his brave and gallant conduct in the action, and was among the first over the rebel works. Also, Capt. Theodore De Tar, commanding Company D, who, after pursuing the enemy to the mountain, was wounded in the right ankle, making an amputation necessary. This will cause the loss to the regiment of an officer who has always been esteemed for his excellent qualities as an officer and a gentleman. First Sergt. Daniel W. Albaugh, Company C, who was killed almost instantly by a minie ball, was one of our best non-commissioned officers, and was much loved by his company as an officer and comrade. They mourn his loss deeply. My thanks are due Maj. Jonathan Hutchinson for his assistance during the action.

I cannot refrain from mentioning Color-Sergt. A. J. Ellis, of Company G, who carried the standard. Although once thrown to the ground by a glancing shot he refused to give the standard to any one else, but made his way forward and was one of the first over the works. Corporal Bell, of Company G, who bore the regimental colors, was noticed for his bravery in action.

I send herewith a list of casualties in the regiment, which is light, only because the artillery was aimed too high, and the infantry intimidated by our rapid firing as we advanced.

Very respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

G. A. EBERHART,

Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding Regiment.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MARCH TO IUKA—STAY AT EASTPORT—RUMORS OF
PEACE—SHORT OF RATIONS—RUMORS WHERE WE
SHALL GO—WEATHER—BOARD THE STEAM-
ER GROESBECK—DOWN RIVER TO NEW OR-
LEANS BATTLE GROUND—THENCE TO
DAUPHIN ISLAND—STORM ON THE GULF
—FAREWELL TO DAUPHIN ISLAND
AND OYSTERS—UP FISH RIVER—
AMONG THE STATELY PINES,
CYPRESS SWAMPS AND
TORPEDOES. [BOYD.]

On the same day the command landed at Eastport it marched to Iuka. After some hours spent among the scenes of Rosecrans' movements of September 19th, 1862, and along the line of the Memphis & Charleston railroad, toward Corinth, and the scenes of the more desperate battle of October 4th, the command returned the same night to Eastport. Our stay at Eastport was characterized by nothing special except that we had a rest for a month, and the fact that for a time the mules were required to divide with us their rations of corn (two ears to the man per day); but with mulish stubbornness they refused us any share of their hay and straw.

Papers received from home were filled with rumors of peace. Stephens, Greely, Blair, Campbell,

Hunter & Co., were attempting a peace that never could be peace.

Robert M. T. Hunter exclaimed that "when the Lincoln government refused to recognize the confederacy long enough to treat with it for peace, nothing beyond this is needed to stir the blood of southern men."

Much blood was yet to be spilled, and destruction o'er the land came pouring like a flood. Again there were rumors of an active campaign.

Gen. Grant had ordered the 23d corps, Schofield's, sent to the Atlantic coast by way of Cincinnati, Parkersburg, W. Va., and Annapolis, to New Bern, N.C.; and Sherman desired Thomas to take an expedition through Alabama, and to connect with him in Georgia or North Carolina, and our rations and mails had been sent in advance. At least, on reaching Cairo, a mail was received, and some of the letters had been remailed from Sherman's command in Georgia. But it appears that Thomas was too slow in getting started to suit Grant and Sherman, and on the 26th of January Grant issued an order directing Smith to report to Canby, at Mobile.

A few of the last days of January and the first of February, the weather was very pleasant, like the soft breezes of a June morning at home. But then in a few days came,

"The lowering scowl of heaven,
And an inkling hue of livid blue
To the dark sky was given,"

It was cloudy and cold, with a chillness that was bitter; and mud in superabundance. By the 7th and 8th the wind came sweeping down from the north in

regular blizzard style, freezing the mud solid.

On the 9th of February we boarded the steamer "J. H. Groesbeck." As the weather had turned cold, with very chilly winds, our berths on the hurricane deck were no more than comfortable as we passed down the Tennessee and Ohio. The chilly winds found every button hole, and pierced to the very marrow.

At Cairo we received orders to dispose of all surplus baggage and take nothing but what we could carry in the field. This indicated active work again. While passing down the Mississippi, frequent shots were fired from the Arkansas shore. Below Memphis one man of Co. B was shot through the heart, and four men of the 58th Illinois wounded. February 15th found us once more at Vicksburg, where we stopped four days.

On the 21st we landed on the old New Orleans battle-ground.

An order was received to make a complete report of all the men who had ever belonged to each company of the regiment. Those who had been killed, died, or been discharged, to show where and when; and those who were absent, to show who they were and why they were absent. If sick in hospitals or on detached service, to show where, and date of absence. And the names of all present, and especially of all present and fit for active duty. General Canby doubtless desired to know just how many men he could command for the Mobile campaign.

The stay here among the historic associations of January 8, 1815, near the place where General Packenham had his headquarters, the monuments,

cannon-carriages, etc., of that notable day, may be characterized as emphatically a day in the mud, rain and cold.

Midnight's silent hour of March 5th brought the order, "Up, and be ready to move," but as soldiers we had then learned to stand and wait. It was six o'clock the next evening when the regiment marched to the hurricane deck of the coast steamer, "Cromwell," which was closely packed with a human cargo. Not a spot on that hurricane deck where a human being could be stowed but was occupied by a soldier. Room to comfortably lie down in was out of the question, but a hungry soldier can eat and a tired one sleep under almost any circumstances.

We sailed down the Mississippi that night to the bar, and then waited for day. After passing the bar we were soon on the deep sea, and as the waters of the river were rolling out, the line of the demarcation between that and the blue sea water could be plainly seen. At first there was something bracing about the sea breeze; we enjoyed "a sniff of the sea air." In the afternoon a heavy gale springing up, made the vessel rock and heave. She would rock from side to side and then plunge forward into the hollows of the ocean, and the next moment be riding on the rolling billows.

Soon the boys began to heave Jonah, and the railing around the deck was soon crowded with them, sending their breakfast and dinner over into the watery deep. But very soon the railing around the deck was more than full, and the men were in great danger of going over among Jonah's fish. And many were too sea-sick to care where they did their heav-

ing. Marshall says that "Mere propriety and beauty are at a discount with a soldier when he is at dinner, asleep, or in a fight," and I might add when he is aboard a crowded ship and sea-sick on a stormy sea.

The "Cromwell" stood out to sea with a high pressure of steam, to prevent her from being driven on the rocks. That night and until noon of the 8th, the rain came down in torrents, and the wind blew heavily towards the shore, while we were being thoroughly drenched on that hurricane deck. About noon the rain ceased and it became calm, when the steamer Iberville came and took us off, landing us on Dauphin island. All our clothing was thoroughly soaked.

The stay of eleven days at Dauphin island was a pleasant time. We were camped on a ridge of sand hills by a little grove of small pines, near a branch of Mobile Bay. When the tide was down the boys would take an old grain sack, wade out and fill it full of oysters. During our stay here we had a feast of fat things.

But on the 19th it was farewell to rest and oysters. Boarding the ironclad 44 we moved out to Navy Cove bay, about 30 miles from Mobile, and thence to Weeks' bay and Fish river bar, when the gunboat was discovered to be on fire in the hold. Suspicion was aroused of treachery in the boat's crew. The regiment was transferred to the transport Starlight, and we sailed up Fish river.

On the 21st of March the regiment camped at Donaldson's mills; in a beautiful forest of tall, straight pines. The trees would average about 150

feet high, with no limbs except a small cluster at the top. There was no underbrush, and the trees were far enough apart, in many instances, for a six-mule team to drive between them. The soil on the ridges was nothing but sand; along the ravines it was sand and sediment, or washings, and there they appeared to raise a few vegetables, sweet potatoes, etc., but on the ridges nothing grew except the trees, producing tar and turpentine. Old settlers said those trees would produce about \$5 worth of turpentine to the tree per year, and the tree would bear the turpentine bleeding for about five years, and then die. I might add that old settlers were a little scarce then. Baldwin county had only about 200 inhabitants, all told.

The roads along the ridges were all that could be desired for marching, and trains could move on them with all ease; but when we struck the low grounds among the cypress swamps they were horrible; even where corduroyed, six-mule teams were at a discount.

A good story is told of Gen. Tom Benton. Finding one of his wagons down in the swamp, where the road was corduroyed, but badly demoralized, and the men tugging away without being able to move the wagon, he dismounted from his horse, took hold of the rope and called out, "Here boys, here is another mule!" But just as he gave a surge upon the rope his feet flew from under him, and away went General Benton, heels over stomach, down in the filthy mud and water. Gathering himself up and wiping the filthy water from his face, he joined with the boys in a hearty laugh and exclaimed, "Here boys,

here are your mules for another pull; altogether now!" But just then happening to look up, he saw a second lieutenant (acting as quarter master) sitting on a horse clear out on dry land, and calling to the men in a tone of supreme authority, "*Get that wagon out!*" This was too much for the Hawkeye relative of "Old Bullion." His laughing mood was gone; his blood was up; and straightening himself up as he stood in the mud and water he denounced the young lieutenant as a "whiffet of an upstart," and ordered him to get down off his horse, as "shoulder-straps had taken a fall."

Some lieutenants who were fortunate enough to get a detail on some general's staff, became vastly more important in their own eyes than ever General Canby thought of being, and could assume more dignity of style than ever that noble old "Princely German," General Austerhaus, thought of attempting to put on.

From Donaldson's mills commenced the continuous move that culminated in the capture of the last defense of Mobile. The entire movement was one of caution on the part of commanding officers. Every time the command halted for the night a complete line of battle was formed, and before we laid down to rest the tall pine timber was cut and thrown in line, and with the sandy clay breastworks were soon made, so that surprise was impossible, except from sharp shooters and torpedoes, with both of which the pine woods appeared to be filled.

On the afternoon of the 25th we were moving left in front into line of battle. The 3d brigade of the 1st division, commanded by Colonel Marshall, of

the 7th Minnesota, in advance of us, had just formed their line. The colonel had ridden back, apparently surveying the formation of his line, and suddenly fell to the ground. The ball passed through the neck, barely missing the jugular vein. Dr. Underwood, of Eldora, the brigade surgeon, was soon at his side, and in two weeks he was again in command of the brigade.

From the 22nd of March until the 3d of April was continued skirmishing, with more than occasional torpedo bursting to break the monotony of the skirmish line. The roadsides were filled with torpedoes, buried in the ground so that if man, horse or wagon should step on or pass over one so as to strike the plug, it would explode and scatter the missiles of death in every direction.

On the 27th we made 14 miles, with the skirmish line well thrown forward, and at times the entire command thrown out in line under a lively fire of musketry, which, with the bursting of torpedoes and the roaring of artillery on our left, made a day of military music. Camping at Sibley's mills, on Sibley creek, six miles from the head of Briminette bay, the command fortified and prepared for an attack. The 27th was a day of lively skirmishing and fortifying. From the 28th to April 1st we were skirmishing and making gabions, and also ready at any moment for an attack. On the 2d our brigade moved out of camp and made a cautious march among torpedoes, our regiment being in advance. Hearing a sudden crash like the bursting of a shell in our front, upon looking up we saw Gen. Gilbert's staff and our regimental staff enveloped in a cloud of dust and

smoke, and after it cleared away it was discovered that a torpedo had been planted by the root of a stump in the track, and one of the horses had stepped on the plug, causing the instant explosion of the missile, and the death of two horses. One of them was the horse of Lieut. Child, of Co. K, acting brigade quarter master.

Capturing a rebel officer who was posted in the torpedo planting, he was placed in charge of a force of rebel prisoners and, with a guard over them, given the contract of taking out the explosives and stacking them in pyramidal form.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SIEGE OF FORT BLAKELY—SURRENDER OF SPANISH
FORT—FINAL CHARGE OVER CHEVAUX DE FRIEZE
AND TORPEDOES —GREEK FIRE—CHARGE OF
THE COLORED TROOPS—MARCH TO MONT-
GOMERY AND NEWS OF THE FALL OF
RICHMOND AND SURRENDER OF
LEE—RUMORS OF ASSASSIN-
ATION OF LINCOLN.

[BOYD.]

On the 3d the brigade moved out of the Sibley creek camp, going towards Fort Blakely, marching again cautiously among torpedoes and at times passing the torpedo shells neatly stacked up (the shells were 13 inches in diameter), and formed line of battle

in a pine forest a mile and a half from the Fort. One half of each regiment was at once set out on picket, and during the entire night the sky was ablaze with the firing of musketry and artillery. A deep hollow or ravine, starting from where our regiment had its camp, cut down between two hills, making a steep descent in front of our camp. From the foot of the hill, stretching out to the guns of the fort, was a level space of ground which had been thickly covered with pine timber. The timber had been cut down and the ground planted with torpedoes. The ground was also thickly studded with sticks about six or eight inches in diameter and from six to eight inches in length, driven obliquely into the ground with the sharpened end out, about the height of a man's breast. This *chevaux de frize* of timber was all woven together by wires, and wires were attached to the plugs of the torpedoes and woven into the wires of the *chevaux de frize*. It was over and through this net-work that the guns of Fort Blakely were to be silenced.

By going down the hollow our men were sheltered from the rebel shells. Each man had his gun in one hand and spade in the other. By going in the night with his spade they could soon dig a hole in the sandy soil large enough to bury themselves in, and they got into it too. Soon a trench was thus dug along the foot of the hill in full view of the rebel works, and protected in front by a complete row of gabions filled with sand. Then, by branching the trenches in different directions toward the enemy's works, we were getting into neighborly closeness with the Johnnies.

On the night of the 4th Co., B of our regiment,

had one man wounded, and the 27th Iowa had three. The artillery firing on our left all night indicated that the gunboats and mortars were doing some lively work. On the morning of the 5th the reserve was sent out at 3:30, relieving those in the trenches. During that night the camp on the hill was shelled all night, but being a little over the top, the shells either struck the brow or passed over. But the camp was illuminated the entire night.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 6th the entire reserve to a man was called out, anticipating a charge by the enemy upon our line, but it did not come. During the 6th and 7th the picket lines and trenches were still advancing, and at one o'clock on the morning of the 8th the enemy sallied out and made a general charge along our entire line, and for a few hours the work was warm. Their shells were sent clear over into the reserve camp, wounding one man in the 27th Iowa.

The terrible cannonading in the direction of the old Spanish fort indicated that the crisis might have come there. But about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of April 9th the time, according to General Sheridan, when Generals Grant and Lee were seated in the house of Mr. McLean at Appomattox, completing the terms of Lee's surrender, a different scene was transpiring in the pine forest on the hill back from the Tensas. The long roll is beating. "Fall in! Fall in! every man who is able to shoulder a gun, fall in!" It was for the final charge on the last defense of Mobile, Spanish fort having already surrendered. Forming into line and marching down the ravine, then filing to the right, we passed the 18th

New York, "Mack's black horse battery," sending shot and shell on their errands of destruction, and a little farther on the 15th Ohio and the 22d Illinois. Here our brigade was halted. Rebel siege guns were sending shot and shrapnel a little too rapidly for infantry to charge over that chevaux de frise and network of torpedoes. Generals Smith and Garrard, after viewing the conditions, did not order the charge. But the 3d Indiana battery, coming down the ravine with their horses on a keen run (they had been engaged at Spanish fort), asked to take position to the right at the side of the 32nd Iowa. To our right was a bare knoll up in the edge of the pine timber, and exposed to full view of the rebel guns. Running their horses upon that, the lieutenant, commanding, raised his glass and ordered the elevation, when solid shot was hurled at one of the principal rebel guns, and it was soon silenced. The artillery along our entire line then opened with renewed vigor, and the very earth for a time appeared to shake with the booming of the heavy guns.

Soon the order rang out along the entire line, "*Forward! Forward!*" And the troops did make their way over and through that net-work of chevaux de frise and torpedoes. "Charge! charge!" was the order, as the last ditch was reached. Soon the white flag was waving over their last defenses, and in a few minutes the stars and stripes were floating thereon. The last defense of Mobile was ours; the last great battle of the war was fought and the victory won, just as the sun was sinking in the west.

"When shriek of shot and scream of shell
And bellowing of the mortars"

were mingled with the groans of the dying, and the

peans of victory of the last great battle of the war.

Notwithstanding all the precautions taken, a number of lives were lost by the exploding of torpedoes, and yet very few to what might naturally have been expected. But, no doubt, it caused General Canby to move with greater caution. It was said he notified the rebel general Maury that, in retaliation of the torpedo business, he would on the morning of the 9th commence to shell his works with "Greek fire." On the 8th it was reported, and I think it was a fact, that 5,000 "Greek fire" shot were landed from a vessel in the bay for that purpose. But General Maury did not wait to take a sniff at the natural effects of naphtha, nitre and brimstone, when thrown at him as a dynamite in the shape of "Greek fire" shot, but during the terrific cannonading on the night of the 8th, it was said, he retired up the Alabama river, so as to be out of reach of even the sulphurous smell.

I have sometimes thought that our good English friends deserve a little taste of dynamite, to pay them for the aid they gave the rebels in this very torpedo business.

Their brave Major Green, who was lauded and titled for inventing the projectile torpedo for the rebels, had better now be engaged in inventing antidotes for their dynamite troubles at home.

CHARGE OF THE COLORED TROOPS.

While we were moving forward, making our way among the net-work of 'chevaux de frize and torpedoes, away to our extreme right might be seen a line of colored troops, moving forward in battle array

with military precision, and as they moved they could be heard singing in complete chorus, "Remember Fort Pillow!" On they moved, in spite of the zip! zip! of the minie ball, the solid cannon shot, or the bursting of the shells and torpedoes. It was Hawkins' brigade of colored troops. It was said they were facing Mississippi troops, and possibly some of them were with Forrest in the Fort Pillow massacre. The darkies faltered not; the Mississippi regiments gave way; the boys of color scaled the works, raised thereon the stars and stripes, and the Mississippians found themselves prisoners.

Some of them it was said, were taken and guarded by their former slaves!

After carrying the works the regiment moved over into Blakely, a mere hamlet of a few houses, then the county seat of Baldwin county, Alabama.

The men soon became restive, and began to get up sensational stories; the one who could get up the best story was the best fellow. A chap of Co. F went rambling off among the other troops, and came back exclaiming, "Now, boys, we have good news; oh, yes boys, we have glorious news!" "What is it? What is it?" exclaimed the boys, "Let us hear it." "Why," said McHenry, "Richmond is taken, Lee has surrendered, peace is declared, and we are going home!" This was possibly the second day after Lee's surrender but the story was all a make-up of Mac's. On the 13th the command started for Montgomery. The night of the 14th camped in a pine forest. As we stood around the camp fire made of old pine logs and pitch pine knots, warming and drying our clothes and blankets, after marching in a

soaking all day's rain and wading streams, we little thought that the rebel hate of Wilkes Booth would that night send the pistol shot crashing through the brain of Abraham Lincoln; and thus fulfill the sad prophetic declaration made at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, when on his way to Washington to be first inaugurated, he said, "Sooner than surrender these principles, I would be assassinated on the spot."

The 15th was an all day's rain and wading streams, and up to the 19th we passed very few farms, and they were merely little openings or clearings in the pine forests, and deserted.

The 19th was a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer throughout all of the northern states, on account of the death of Abraham Lincoln. Wherever the sentiments of loyalty prevailed, the church bells were tolling, and amid the solemn tolling of church bells, and the thundering of minute guns from all the defenses in and around Washington and all parts of the Union, his mortal remains were being conveyed to the rotunda of the capitol for funeral services, while we, as yet, had received no news of his assassination.

About 1 o'clock p. m., while trudging along the road in a thick forest of heavy pine timber, so dense that we could scarcely see the noon-day sun, we suddenly heard firing in our front, accompanied by yelling and cheering. The men began to hurry forward, exclaiming "a fight in front." Then came the order to halt. The line halted, but still the cheering, yelling and firing of guns kept coming nearer. On looking up we saw a man on horseback, and he appeared

to be the one who was causing all the excitement. Wherever he went the boys would yell, cheer, throw up their hats, and some shoot off their guns. That man was Wm. G. Donnan, of Buchanan county, then our brigade adjutant, with a dispatch announcing; ten days after it occurred, the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee.

The 21st was another day of soaking rain, and the marching was a wading in the sandy clay mud. On the 22d, having passed through the town of Greenville, the county seat of Butler county, and having passed the residence of Governor Watts, the rebel governor of Alabama, at one time a member of Jeff Davis' cabinet, and who figured conspicuously in the old traitor's late grand tournament through the south, and his grand ovation at Montgomery, we went into camp at 3 p. m., and fired a salute of 200 guns in honor of the capture of Lee and fall of Richmond.

- - - I have a note in my diary that on the mornings of both the 23rd and 24th of April, although some distance below Montgomery, Alabama, we had heavy white frosts.

On the 25th the command halted five miles below Montgomery, when we heard the first rumors in regard to the assassination of Lincoln and Seward. None could really believe it, and yet the rumor created a peticular feeling of distrust as to what might yet be the outcome of the rebellion.

On the 27th we marched through Montgomery the boys singing "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave," and camped about two miles north of the town in a pine forest, near a cypress swamp,

where we could go, brush away the green scum, and get water for boiling coffee. For drinking water we hung the canteens full on a high tree, with the corks out, and by morning we had a fair drink.

Soon every man in camp was on the sick-list, with fever, ague and malarial diseases of a malignant nature.

On the first day of May official notice was received of the assassination of Lincoln. I need not say that it occasioned profound sorrow, not only with the Union soldiers, but even among the rebels. On the street corners in Montgomery clusters of citizens could be seen in earnest conversation, discussing the effect it might have on their destiny. I heard a venerable old man, dressed in the Confederate gray, remark that he knew both Lincoln and Johnson well. Lincoln was a Northerner and an abolitionist, but he was a man of a kind heart and personally a noble man. Johnson was a Southern man and had been a Democrat, but he was a harsh man, a strong hater, and one liable to go to extremes one way or the other. All things considered, he would much prefer that the destiny of the South be left in the hands of Abraham Lincoln than of Andrew Johnson.

On the 4th of May the Montgomery papers published extras containing reports that Kirby Smith had surrendered the trans-Mississippi department, also telegrams from Sherman that terms of permanent peace were arranged. "And now," thought the boys, "surely we are going home."

But on the 8th or 9th many conflicting rumors were afloat in camp as to where we should go, when

we should move, or what should be done with us. The fact that Kirby Smith had refused the demand for surrender as sent by General Pope under the instructions of Gen. Grant, and the intimation that the seat of the Confederacy might be transferred to the west side of the Mississippi, the fact that a consultation of the rebel governors of Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Missouri was being held; the prince Polignac, who had fought us so persistently on our Red river retreat, was then in consultation with Napoleon III of France, looking to the attaching of a portion of the Confederacy to Mexico, and establishing an empire or a republican aristocracy, and having the whole a dependency to France; and that General Preston was sent to Mexico to learn how matters stood between the Liberals and Imperialists—the concentration of their army on the Brazos, to move thence to the Rio Grande, join with one or the other of the contending parties in Mexico and establish either an empire or a republic—Gen. Buckner to take command—their resolve was that “no surrender should be resorted to, and no steps taken whatever, looking toward an abandonment of the contest,”

These things no doubt caused the holding of a large portion of our troops, and I doubt not some of our commanding officers were entirely willing to remain in the field and still be brigadier and major-generals; and that an effort was made to have our command sent to Texas, while a counter move was on foot to have us mustered out as soon as possible.

Some of the officers of the 32nd attempted to open telegraphic communication with the Secretary

of War, the main credit of which, I think belongs to Adjutant W. L. Carpenter, he spending \$35 before meeting with success.

On the 10th of May we heard rumors of the capture of Jeff Davis, Clement C. Clay and other rebel leaders somewhere in North Carolina, but could learn no particulars. On the 17th we received positive information that Jeff Davis was captured, and then there was rejoicing. Although we never did hang old Jeff on a "sour-apple tree," we rejoiced that he was a prisoner—petticoats and all—and that night every tree in that pine camp was illuminated by burning candles and lighted tapers making a sight at once beautiful and grand.

The 25th was observed as a day of humiliation, and memorial services were held in respect to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. What loyal heart did not honor the memory of the martyred Lincoln?

The latter part of May and the first of June, the talk was that we should be mustered out and sent home. But on the 5th of June the whole going home business appeared to have "soured on us." The weather had now become very hot and dry and the ground parched; in places great fissures were opened in the baked earth. Men sickened at the thought that they must lie there under the intense heat of that Southern sun and simply do nothing.

On the 24th of June the regiment took a final leave of the cypress swamp, with its green-covered waters, and moved into camp about two miles away, on a plantation near that of Wm. L. Yancey, the once noted "Alabama fire-eater." Although camping in the broiling hot sun, it was really an improve-

ment on lying beside the filthy, stagnant water of the cypress swamp.

The Yancey plantation had a 20-acre peach orchard, then loaded with a large crop of peaches. Some of the boys made overtures to pay an equivalent for the peaches we needed—\$1 per bushel was the price in the Montgomery market—but they demanded \$4 per bushel. One of the boys replied, "We can steal them cheaper than that." That plantation and orchard was jointly and alternately guarded, and well guarded, by the 27th and 32nd Iowa; and now don't insinuate, kind reader, that we stole those peaches; but we got all we wanted!

The man who at the Democratic National Convention of 1852 expressed himself (in one of their committees) as anxious to have a civil war, and said, "A war the South must have, and the sooner the better!" did not live to see the Yankee soldiers guarding his home plantation and peach orchard, while they feasted on the peaches.

The late Governor Eastman several times told the writer that at the time they were agreeing upon a platform at that convention—the Governor being a delegate from Iowa—Yancey demanded that the committee on platform should insert a plank embracing the "Bob Toombs doctrine," that "they should have the right to call the roll of their slaves in the shadow of the Bunker Hill monument." Some one asked, "Yancey, do you want a war?" "Yes," he replied, "I do want a war; a war we must have, and the sooner the better for the South."

The stay at Montgomery until July 31st was one of nervous restlessness, the men being nearly all sick; the war was over, and they felt that they ought

to go home. On the 28th of July the recruits were transferred to the 8th Iowa veterans. We parted with these recruits with regret. They came to the regiment at Vicksburg, and without any drill or preparation, had their first experience in Sherman's Meridian raid, from which they returned just in time for the Red river campaign—a hard initiation, truly. From Red river some of them never returned, but there filled unmarked graves on the field of battle.

Some of the recruits were mere boys, and some of those boys made soldiers true and tried. Some of them were men of mature years. From those recruits we had some of our best soldiers, and we left them behind with regret.

On July 31st we boarded the steamer Joe Lawrence and sailed down the Alabama river. As the capital of the State, with the State-house where secession was first duly organized, and the arch fiend of the rebellion, Jeff Davis, inaugurated President of the Confederacy, was receding from our view, the boys gave it a farewell look without any feelings of regret. Thoughts of home were uppermost in our minds. We were homeward bound.

Arriving at Selma, we camped in the streets of the greatest manufacturing arsenal of the Confederacy, among the ruin and devastation made by General Wilson's raid. Immense piles of arms of all sizes, grades and conditions of finish, were now huge heaps of rubbish, twisted and distorted by the intense heat into all conceivable shapes. Wilson burned all the arsenal buildings.

August 1st we came down the Tombigbee river to McDowell's landing on a steamer, and thence by temporary cars to Meridian, Jackson and Vicksburg.

marching where the temporary trains failed to connect. We arrived at Vicksburg on the 6th, a number of the boys being completely worn out. The doctors believed it best to leave some of them at the hospital, but they thought it very hard to be thus left on the way home, and their comrades determined that it should not be. Samuel M. Woodward, of Co. F, was ordered to the hospital, but some of his comrades said, "No, he shan't be left; he shan't be left. He stood by us, and now we will stand by him." They hired an old darkey with a carriage, took him to the river and carried him on board the steamer Von Phul. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 12th the Von Phul landed us at St. Louis, also some of Missouri's rebel leaders.

On the evening of the same day the steamer Canada sailed up the river with the 32nd Iowa on board, and landed the remnant of the regiment at Clinton, Iowa, on the 16th, where it remained until the 24th to complete the mustering out.

On that day each man who was left received his discharge, and we were soldiers no more—"melted back" to be citizens of a reunited country.

A quiet shaking of hands, a brief farewell, and men who had stood shoulder to shoulder in the hard fought battles, and trudged side by side on many a long and toilsome march were separated. Their minds were filled with visions of home and loved ones, left behind three long years before.

But how many who went out with us never came back again? "Some sleep where near at hand the white stones dot the green expanse, and a nation guards their sleep, peaceful, quiet, glorious," while some of our brave comrades sleep uncoffined and unknown, even where they fell "

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GENERAL HALLECK'S LETTER TO GENERAL GRANT—
“LITTLE ROCK” ON THE COLORS—ORDER OF THE
TRANSPORTS—MAJOR HUTCHINSON'S REPORTS OF TUPALO AND OLD TOWN
CREEK—COLONEL EBERHART'S REPORT OF BATTLE OF NASHVILLE—
STORY OF A TEAMSTER—HOW
GENERAL SHERMAN HANDLED A REBEL MULE.

It seemed hardly practicable to insert various orders relating to the Regiment in connection with the dates of their occurrence without in some measure breaking the continuity of the story as told by Sergeant Boyd in the six preceding chapters. Some of these may now find a place.

Many of the comrades have wondered, no doubt, why the Regiment should have been so long divided, and the Detachments kept in different Departments. It may be stated that during the entire year 1863 no supposed opportunity of bringing the Detachments together was permitted to pass without an effort toward that end. Appeal after appeal was made to the Generals in command of the Departments. Major Eberhart fully sympathized with the members of the four companies in the desire to reach the regimental head quarters, have an opportunity to do service and make a record together. Colonel Scott spared no

pains to bring this about, at the risk of being regarded as wearisome and discontented. At last the union was accomplished under the following order from the General-in-Chief to General Grant. Perhaps the final effort of our Senators and Members of Congress had in this matter more influence than any consideration of the rights of the soldiers or the best interests of the service! The following is General Halleck's letter:—

January 13, 1864,

Major General Grant, *Chattanooga*.

GENERAL:—Complaints have been received from the Thirty-second Iowa and other regiments that they have been divided and that parts of the same regiment are now serving in different departments. It is presumed that this resulted from the exigencies of the service during the past year and was probably at the time unavoidable. It should, however, be remedied as promptly as possible by uniting in the same military department the regiments so divided. For example, six companies of the Thirty-second Iowa was reported at Columbus, Union City, and Island No. 10, and four companies at Little Rock, Ark., The entire regiment should either be sent to Arkansas or the four companies there sent to the Department of the Tennessee. As members of Congress from the districts and States in which the regiments are raised are urgent in their protest against such division, it is hoped that you will give the matter your early attention.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK,

General-in Chief.

The following extract from orders issued by General Steele needs no explanation or comment: —

GENERAL ORDERS, (HDQRS. ARMY OF ARK.,
NO. 7. (*Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 26, 1864.*

I. At a board of commissioned officers which convened at Little Rock, Ark., pursuant to Special Orders, No. 14, current series, from these headquarters, to name the number and names of regiments, battalions, and detachments belonging to the Army of Arkansas entitled to have "Little Rock" inscribed on their banners.

The following are the numbers and names:—

* * * Thirty-second Iowa Infantry
(four companies.) * * *

— —

For the purpose of refreshing the memory after the lapse of more than a third of a century, the following order for the control of the Transports conveying General Smith's 10,000 troops from Vicksburg to the mouth of Red River is inserted. Few who witnessed that procession can have forgotten its inspiring influences:—

GENERAL ORDERS, (HDQRS. RED RIVER EXPEDITION.
NO. 3. (*Vicksburg, Miss., March 10, 1864.*

The Red River expedition will leave Vicksburg to-day at about 3 p. m. The signal for getting up steam will be one gun from these headquarters one hour before starting. The signal for starting will be five whistles from these headquarters on steamer Clara Bell, to be repeated by the boats carrying division and brigade commanders. Upon the signal for starting being given, the boats will swing out into the stream, each general commanding leading his command, in the following order: First Division, Sixteenth Army Corps; Third Division, Sixteenth Army Corps; General Kilby Smith's division, Seventeenth Army Corps; the boats moving in the order laid down in the inclosed list.

The following signals are established for the

running of the boats during the expedition: For starting or hailing, five whistles; for closing up, four whistles; for landing, three whistles. In landing, the divisions must be kept together.

By order of Brig. General A. J. Smith.

J. HOUGH,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Inclosure

First, Clara Bell; second, Des Moines; third, Mars, Forty-seventh Illinois; fourth, Hamilton, Thirty-third Missouri; fifth, Baltic, Fifth Minnesota and Thirty-fifth Iowa; sixth, Chouteau, Eighty-ninth Indiana, Ninth [Indiana] Battery; seventh, Adriatic, Fifty-eighth and One hundred and nineteenth Illinois; eighth, J. H. Lacy; ninth, Southwester, Thirty-second Iowa; tenth, W. L. Ewing, Fourteenth Iowa, Third [Indiana] Battery; eleventh, Sioux City, Twenty-fourth Missouri; twelfth, Diadem, Twenty-seventh Iowa; thirteenth, Tutt, One hundred and seventeenth Illinois; fourteenth, Liberty, Forty-ninth Illinois; fifteenth, Emerald, One hundred and seventy-eighth New York; sixteenth, Hastings; seventeenth, Autocrat; eighteenth, Diana; nineteenth, Raine.

In relation to the battles at Tupelo and Old Town Creek, Major Hutchinson made the following reports:--

REPORTS OF MAJ. JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, THIRTY-SECOND IOWA INFANTRY.

HDQRS., THIRTY-SECOND IOWA INFANTRY,

La Grange, Tenn., July 21, 1864.

Sir:--In relation to the part taken by my command in the action of the 14th instant, at Tupelo, Miss., I have the honor to report that at 6 a. m. I formed my command in line of battle, on the left of

the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry. Shortly after I received orders to change front, faced to the rear, throwing a line of skirmishers about 100 yards in advance, covering the right and front of my line. The enemy having pressed our line in front (the Twenty-seventh Iowa and Twenty-fourth Missouri Infantry,) we moved forward to its support, leaving the Fourteenth and Thirty-second Iowa Infantry on the line where first stationed, the enemy shelling us very severely. At 7:30 a. m., the enemy threatening our left, I received orders to move by the left flank across the Tupelo road, and form on the right of the Eleventh Missouri Infantry, the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry forming on my right. This order was executed under a heavy fire of artillery. At 8:30 a. m. I was ordered to rejoin my brigade, which was stationed on the extreme right of the original line occupied by my command. At 5 p. m. I was ordered to the front, taking position on the extreme left of our line, and on the left of the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry. Skirmishers were thrown out, covering the front of my regiment. Considerable skirmishing was kept up along our line until dusk, when our main line was withdrawn to the rear. At 8 p. m. the skirmishers were partially driven from their position by an advancing line of the enemy, when my regiment was ordered to form on its original position, occupied previously at 5 p. m., on the left of the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry, which it did under a galling fire of musketry, driving the enemy from his position in front of our line. We continued to hold the position until the morning of the 15th instant, when we were withdrawn, preparatory to marching.

The officers and men conducted themselves in a creditable manner. I herewith inclose a list of casualties.

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON.

Major, Commanding Thirty-second Iowa Infantry.

Lieut. WM. G. DONNAN,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, Second Brigade.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND IOWA INFANTRY.

La Grange, Tenn., July 21, 1864.

Sir:- In relation to the part sustained by my command in the engagement at Old Town Creek on the 15th instant, I have the honor to report, that during the march between Tupelo and Old Town Creek my command was put in charge of part of the train, moving with them and going into camp at 4 p. m. on Old Town Creek. At 5 p. m., the First Division having passed in advance, the enemy obtained possession of a position that commanded our camp. They planted a battery and immediately commenced shelling us, the shells striking with accuracy and precision. I was ordered to move out by the right flank, crossing Old Town Creek, formed in line of battle and moved forward, taking position on the right of the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry, who, in connection with the Twenty-seventh Iowa Infantry, had charged the battery and had taken position on the ridge, which position was held till the morning of the 16th instant, when we moved forward with the command.

The officers and men conducted themselves with characteristic courage.

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON,

Major, Commanding Thirty-second Regiment Iowa Infantry

Lieut. W. G. DONNAN,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, Second Brigade.

REPORT OF LIEUT. COL. GUSTAVUS A. EBERHART,
THIRTY-SECOND IOWA INFANTRY, OF OPERATIONS
DECEMBER 15-16, 1864.

HDQRS. THIRTY-SECOND IOWA INFANTRY.

In the Field, December 21, 1864.

LIEUTENANT:--Of the part taken by the Thirty-second Iowa Infantry in the battle of the 15th and

16th instant, I have the honor to report as follows:

At 6 a. m. on the 15th, in obedience to orders from brigade headquarters, I formed the regiment on the right of the brigade, with my left resting on the Fifty-eighth Illinois Infantry. The regiment advanced in line of battle for more than a mile, slowly wheeling to the left, conforming to the movement of the line on our right. From 11 a. m. until 4 p. m. we lay under artillery fire from a battery 1,000 yards in our front. When the works were carried by the forces in front we moved forward about one mile and a half, when we were ordered to go into camp for the night. The regiment was not brought into close action, and suffered no loss.

On the morning of the 16th we were again on the right of the brigade, our right resting on the left of the First Division. The advance was ordered about 7 a. m., the line wheeling to the right to confront the enemy's works. When within about 1,200 yards we came in full view of the enemy, drawing upon us a brisk fire from their battery, under which the men moved forward with commendable coolness. The First Division contracting in order to form two lines we were thrown by the flank to the right about half a mile. At this point we lay under fire of the enemy's artillery for about five hours. At 3:30 p. m. the right of the First Division carried the left of the enemy's works; we then moved forward at a double-quick over an open field, under a severe fire from artillery and musketry, and in a few minutes gained the intrenchments, capturing about 50 prisoners and 5 pieces of artillery. Some of the artillerists were killed as they were leaving the guns. Private Wm. May, of Company H, dashed forward and captured the battery guidon. The regiment moved forward in pursuit, gathering a few prisoners, until we reached the base of the mountain, when we received orders to halt. At dark, the battle being over, we were ordered into camp near the mountain.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the conduct of the officers and men under the heavy fire during the charge; every one moved forward with a determination to carry the works.

Where all behaved so creditably it is a delicate matter to make particular mention of persons, but I presume no exceptions will be taken when I speak of Lieut. W. L. Carpenter acting regimental adjutant, who was, as usual, conspicuous for his brave and gallant conduct in the action, and was among the first over the rebel works. Also, Capt. Theodore De Tar, commanding Company D, who, after pursuing the enemy to the mountain, was wounded in the right ankle, making an amputation necessary. This will cause the loss to the regiment of an officer who has always been esteemed for his excellent qualities as an officer and a gentleman. First Sergeant W. Albaugh, Company C, who was killed almost instantly by a minie-ball, was one of our best non-commissioned officers, and was much loved by his company as an officer and comrade. They mourn his loss deeply. My thanks are due Maj. Jonathan Hutchinson for his assistance during the action.

I cannot refrain from mentioning Color-Sergeant A. J. Ellis, of Company G, who carried the standard. Although once thrown to the ground by a glancing shot he refused to give the standard to any one else, but made his way forward and was one of the first over the works. Corporal Bell, of Company G, who bore the regimental colors, was noticed for his bravery in action.

I send herewith a list of casualties in the regiment, which is light, only because the artillery was aimed too high, and the infantry intimidated by our rapid firing as we advanced.

Very respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

G. A. EBERHART,

Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding Regiment.

Lieut. W. G. DONNAN,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

The following War Reminiscences serve to illustrate other events than those to which they immediately refer, and are worthy the space they occupy.

A TEAMSTER'S STORY.

Charles A. Clark, Company C, now of Fairbury, Nebraska, served with the Company until February, 1864, when he was detailed as teamster. His first service in that line was handling six mules and a wagon, hauling shells for a Battery. He went through the expedition to Meridian in that duty.

He missed the Red River campaign, as most of our train was then left in the rear, but came into active service again on the raid to Tupelo. Of that he says:—

“That was a hot time. While going out our driving was mostly done in the night. The day before we reached Tupelo our train was attacked. There was quite a skirmish. There was not much fun in holding a team, and being shot at, with no chance to shoot back, or to get out. But when the way was cleared we got away without having orders to move given more than once.

The day of the fight I was sent on the field with a load of shells. When I reached the reserve line my guide led me to the left, where I was soon the target for a rebel's gun, then another, and to the lively tune they played I drove six mules on the run through places where I do not believe I could now drive two horses on a walk. We went over fences, through tree tops, timber and fields of corn, and reached the Battery, when the Captain called out—“Ho, there! Where in h—l are you going?” I answered that I was told by the ordnance officer to follow my guide, and that I had done so. He said—“I suppose you would follow him to h—l.” I told him expected I would, if he had gone on through. He

then ordered me to turn back and drive to the lee side of a cabin and be unloaded, and you can bet I was not long in obeying that order.

The battle was then nearly over, and I was ordered to haul wounded men off the field. I never want to do that job again. I would be shelled by six guns rather than haul wounded men.

The next day a rebel in the dress of a Federal Colonel gave the wagon master orders to park the train in a field about a mile before we got to Old Town Creek, which would soon have been done had not our quarter master come along and showed us three big rebel guns looking at us from a high hill, and making ready to play Dixie. We did not wait for the music to start, but waltzed out before it began. That was the nearest our train ever came to a regular stampede.

I only saw the 32nd Iowa once during that campaign.

I was sick on the Oxford campaign. hardly able to stand long enough to string out my team, but I dreaded the hospital, and worried through. On the return, near the Hatchie, a drunken Lieutenant came along and scared my mules, when I was hitching up. I respectfully asked him to go away. He became angry, and threatened to do me up, but as he came for me he staggered against my off-wheel mule, and she laid him out. I got started and soon overtook the train. I again saw the Lieutenant stagger up to an ambulance and order Corporal John La Barre out, and take the vacant place. At the risk of pun-

ishment for myself I induced the corporal to ride in my wagon.

One evening Col. Shaw had a nice bonfire of cotton, bed quilts, and other things picked up on the expedition. Cyrus Shaffer's wagon box was full of cotton, on which some sick men were riding. One of them, Sergeant Alexander, said the men were too sick to move. The Colonel ordered Cyrus to drive on, and at Memphis he sold his cotton for sixty dollars."

Clark's story includes the campaign in Missouri, the Nashville campaign, the removal to Eastport, to the plains and mud of Chalmette, across the Gulf, the Mobile campaign, and the trip to Montgomery, where he was reduced to the grade of Wagon master, with better pay and less hard work, until his train was turned over, leaving him nothing to do but eat blackberries till he was mustered out.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE MULE.

Comrade Charles N. Thomas, Company G, now a citizen of Albion, Iowa, relates that when the four companies were camped at Big Black river, awaiting the return of the six companies from the expedition to Meridian, about March 1st, 1864, he was detailed to assist in loading a train with captured mules. He tells this incident:--

"The business went smoothly enough until we reached a frisky young mule that concluded he would

not enter the car. While we were discussing the case with him a man in citizen's dress was passing, and paused to hear the arguments. Seeing that the mule was getting rather the better of us the citizen said:--"That mule is a Reb. Let me show you how to load him." Under his instructions we got a rope about fifteen feet long; three men took hold of each end, and Mr. Citizen took the middle. Another man held the mule's head toward the door of the car. Thus equipped we moved on the enemy's works, the citizen holding the rope so it would not touch the mule till the proper moment; and when that time came he ordered an advance, took the tail of the mule in one hand, adjusted the rope with the other, and the procession entered the car.

Without further remark Mr. Citizen walked away, leaving with us the impression that he was not so much of a fool as we had taken him to be. About this time an officer came along and inquired what had interested General Sherman. The fact was that the successful campaign against that mule was concluded under the personal direction of the distinguished soldier."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE REBEL PRISON.

The story of the Great War is not complete if the sufferings and hardships of those who were so unfortunate as to fall alive into the hands of the enemy should be entirely omitted. There were not many of the comrades of the 32nd Iowa who had this experience. Some of those who were captured were among our bravest and best men, and have given truthful and interesting accounts of what they suffered, and somewhat in detail incidents connected with their escape from bondage by traversing many miles of dangerous territory. Among those who endured and braved these hardships and dangers, and who have heretofore told the story of their imprisonment, may be named Sergeant Jewett of Company D; Corporal D. W. Robbins, of, the same Company; Sergeant W. H. Guy, of Company E; Lt. W. A. Fallas, of Company K; and I. A. Packard, of Company A.

Fallas and Guy escaped from their guards at Mansfield, and joined the Regiment again at Grand Ecore. Robbins was confined at Tyler, Texas, until April 17th, 1865, (more than a year,) when with many others he was exchanged.

The story of Packard, as told by himself, is given herein. It was published in May, 1886, in the *Grand Army Advocate*, and is as follows:—

“In the spring of 1864, I was unfortunate in forming one of the command of General Banks, of Red River notoriety. I was captured in the battle at

Pleasant Hill, with many other comrades, and immediately hustled through the rebel lines to the rear. I had thought we had pretty hard fare in our army, but now I was to know something of what hard fare really was. We were taken to Mansfield, and incarcerated in the court house with orders that if a man showed himself at the window he would get shot. One of the boys inadvertantly exposed himself and immediately got a severe wound. This was the signal for the boys to begin to impose on the guards, by putting hats on sticks to draw their fire and then yell at them in derision. This sport was indulged in until the rebel officers came in and said if it were not stopped, some one would be punished. The battle of Pleasant Hill was fought on Saturday, and on the next Tuesday morning we got our first bite of grub. It consisted of small pieces of corn bread, about the size of an ordinary piece of cake, and about two bites of salt beef, so salty as to almost blister the skin from the mouth.

On the next Thursday, we were marched from our quarters and informed that we were to go to Tyler, Texas. I will give a few incidents of the march, showing the ignorance, brutality and hate of the yanks indulged in by the rebels. We passed but one school house, and the school marm must let out the scholars to see the yanks pass. There they stood all in a row, mouth agape. One little chap says "Why, I don't see any horns." Another "Why they look just like we-uns does." Some of our boys were sick and unable to travel; they put ropes about their necks, tied them to the pommel of their saddles, and then when they were not able to stand any long-

er, they were dragged by the neck. An old planter was passing us one day and one of the boys called out. "Uncle, how far is it to Tyler?" "Go on, go on you yankee son of-a —, don't speak to me." At last foot sore and weary, we came in sight of our prison pen; what a prospect! No shelter of any description. The pen was a spot of land enclosed by standing on end logs set in a trench, and then filled with earth. The thought struck me as I passed through the gate, shall I ever go out alive? Soon after entering the prison, I was taken sick with fever and ague, and to make it worse it began to rain and rained every day for two weeks. The only covering possessed by myself and comrades, (or bunkmates rather) was an old cotton blanket; and we did not lie down without lying in mud and water. When we got fairly settled and divided up into squads and regiments, our rations one and one half pints of corn meal per day and three-fourths of a pound of beef.

By the first of July we began to resemble a set of scarecrows, rags fluttering in the wind, bones almost projecting from the skin. Our death list began to assume fearful proportions; comrades lying about and dying, without as much attention as our hogs got at home, for they generally have straw for a bed and plenty to eat.

Soon after we entered the prison, a small dump cart came in to remove the filth from the camp; it was driven by a negro, and a reb sent to guard it. Some of the boys would entice the guard off to one side to trade, a couple of the boys would be all ready, jump into the cart and be covered with the debris by their comrades, when loaded the negro would call to the guard to accompany him to the gate, where guard

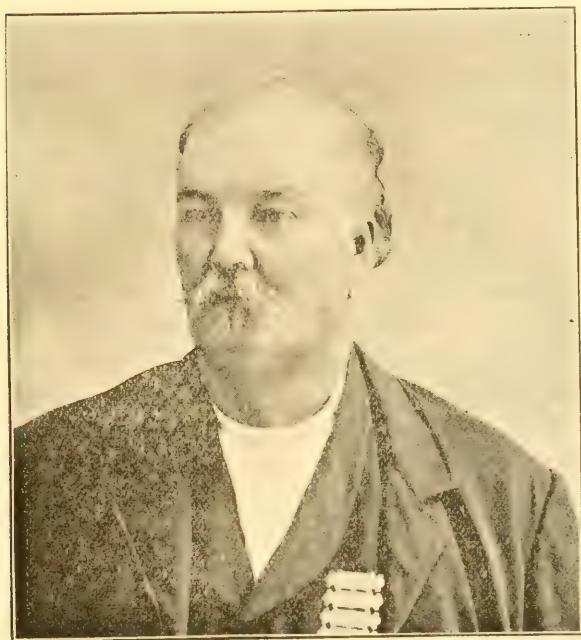
would stop and the negro would proceed with his load about a quarter of a mile into a hollow, where he would dump it and return for some more yanks.

About one hundred and fifty got out in this way before the rebels discovered it. Nearly all were brought back by the rebs, caught by the bounds, when they would punish them by tying them by the thumbs and various other ways cruel in the extreme. When it began to get cooler weather, in the fall, I began to think of escape.

A number of tunnels had been dug under the stockade, and just as they were completed some of our men would turn traitor and disclose their locality to the rebels. The first one that turned traitor, the rebs did not take him from the stockade immediately, and when they came to look for him, he was not to be found. Only one tunnel was made a success of, and from that one twenty-seven men made their escape. The first of October I was appointed by the commander of the prison to issue meat to my fellow prisoners; for this service I was to get six extra rations. I then weighed 145 pounds. About this time a lieutenant of our regiment who was a surgeon was appointed chief surgeon at our hospital; through his influence six of our regiment per day were to go outside on parole of honor, the forfeiture of the parole was death.

We were allowed to go anywhere within one mile of the stockade. We now began to see better times; carried logs from this timber and built us log huts, and had plenty of fuel to burn, also went into the fields and pulled grass for our beds. I now began to save up food for my extra rations, in anticipa-

tion of my escape. No opportunity offering, we formed a party and began a tunnel in a little cave or dug-out, occupied by a couple of New Yorkers. We worked at this tunnel until we had proceeded 100 feet and were directly under the stockade.



I. A. PACKARD.

The work on this cost us one month's hard labor. The New Yorkers whose dugout we had started in, gave information to the rebels that lead to its discovery.

It was now winter and the prison presented a decidedly better appearance than in the summer, but a

little too airy for winter. Our prison now presented quite a busy spectacle; there were seven turning lathes, with these they made combs, rings, chessmen and various other articles, these they bartered with the rebels, principally for something to eat.

The location of our regiment was in the extreme corner of the stockade during the summer. One night after I had lain down to rest three of my comrades came and sat down close by and began to talk of a sermon they had just listened to, when suddenly a gun cracked and I heard the whistle of the bullet over my head, one of these men jumped to his feet with the exclamation, "My God! I am shot!"

He died before morning, and the murderer got a furlough home and a promotion to corporal, for killing him. At another time I saw one of the guard draw up his gun and shoot a man who was walking thirty feet inside the dead line. In the latter part of the summer and the fore part of the fall, our prison became extremely filthy; the ground was full of gray-backs and maggots. After lying on our blankets over night, take them up and you could scrape up a double handful of maggots under them.

After the escape of the prisoners by the dump cart, they allowed us no means of cleaning up. In the winter James Howard, of company E, and D. S. Jewett of company D, (both of my regiment) made an agreement that if possible we would make our escape together. To make our arrangements for escape plain to the reader, I will have to make some explanations here, for you will not see the drift of it later.

Our hospital was on the out side of the stockade, on a hillside commanding a view of the whole interi-

or of the prison.

The nurses attending the sick in the hospital were on parole of honor; and only three guards were detailed per day to see that everything went straight at the hospital. The nurses carried their own wood from the timber, about one-fourth of a mile distant. They had roll-call at sunrise in the morning, and they were not molested after that for the day unless something out of the ordinary routine occurred. We decided in the event of our escape to strike for Little Rock, Arkansas; also that we would travel after attaining a goodly distance from prison as rebel soldiers on furlough.

We got acquainted with what we called a "mountain Fed," or in other words an Arkansas Union man, that lived when at home in the Ozark mountains; from him we got directions to three Union men directly on our route. The first of these being his brother-in-law.

We also agreed that if one by any accident should get separated from the other two, they were to stop right there and give him a reasonable time to return to his comrades.

After the failure of our tunnel scheme we were almost disheartened. But after a time engaged in other projects for escape only to be disappointed; until the night of April 20th, 1865. D. S. Jewett, then came running into the shanty exclaiming "Get your things boys we have a chance for escape." I will here explain that some of the guards were conscripts, and some of these were Union men. The rebel officers knew who nearly all of these men were, and would only put one of them in a place with men that they

knew to be genuine rebels between. But this night they got two on adjoining posts, and they had promised D. S. Jewett to let us over the stockade. After snatching up our provisions that I might have saved from extra rations, ready at all times, we bade our comrades a hearty good-bye and started for liberty and God's country.

With the help of our comrades we scrambled over the stockade and were free. I neglected to state when speaking of our arrangements for escape that we were to go to the hospital and stop until the next night, in order to get an early start in the evening and baffle the hounds which would be put on our trail the morning after learning of our flight.

In accordance with programme we went direct to the hospital and were told that we had better go to the woods for the night, as they had just had roll-call, and might have it again.

So we went to the edge of the timber and camped for the remainder of the night.

Immediately after roll-call at the hospital, and before roll-call in the stockade, we shouldered a stick of wood and started for the hospital, as though we were some of the nurses after fuel.

We were eager to watch the roll-call in the stockade, as there were thirty-two besides ourselves who made their escape at the same time we did.

There were some missing at the first roll-call, and the ward masters were sent back for a second, and still not right, they were sent back for a third. They were not satisfied that some of the — Yankees were gone.

"Now for some sport! Hurrah boys, get out the hounds, and we will soon catch those infernal Yan-

kees."

We stood and watched them as they started to catch us, and were talking to the rebels at the time. We lounged around the hospital all day, and along in the afternoon they began to bring back our comrades who had made their escape at the same time we did, until they had caught fifteen.

As soon as it was fairly dark we bade our comrades at the hospital good-bye, and, with a God speed and a "hope you'll have good luck boys" from them, we started for Yankee land.

We guided our course by the north star, traveling very fast so as to get as far as possible from the stockade the first night. At the first peep of day we crawled into some thick brush for concealment. We laid our weary limbs down to rest and had only got fairly settled when we heard a rooster crow so startlingly near, as to make us jump to our feet in a hurry and seek more distant quarters.

We remained there through the day without being disturbed, and resumed our march at early dusk. About midnight we came to the Sabine river, which was very high.

Howard was a very poor swimmer; and before we started from the prison made us agree to help him over the streams. We hunted about for something to make a raft, and not finding anything suitable we concluded to wait for daylight.

The next morning we resumed our search for materials to make a raft, and after hunting along the bank for about a mile down stream, found some old plank, apparently from some bridge.

We constructed our raft and were about to cross,

when the baying of the hounds (so familiar of late) was wafted to our ears from the rear. We listened until satisfied they were on our trail, when Howard leaped into the water and struck for the opposite shore as though a legion of devils were after him.

Jewett said:

“Packard, you follow him and help him if he needs it, and I will bring the raft with our clothes.”

Need help? I guess not! I am a pretty good swimmer, and I had all I could do to keep up with him. I tell you the loud mouthing of those hounds in the rear was a pretty good spur.

We got across all right, turned our raft adrift, and laid in the brush to wait and see if the hounds crossed the river, intending if they did to take to the water. Fortunately for us they did not cross and we were safe from them for the time being. We stopped in the vicinity until night when we again took up our line of march. We traveled nights, resting days, without anything more worthy of note occurring until the fifth day out, and it behooved us to look for some grub.

We camped that night in the brush by the side of a large plantation; Jewett said: “When the negroes go to work, I will see if we cannot get some food of them.”

After the negroes went to work Jewett crawled up to the fence and accosting a boy plowing corn asked him if he could get some food of him, telling him we were escaped prisoners.

The boy after thinking a moment said that he would like to give us ‘suffin to eat awful well, massa, but I don’t see how I git it. Dar am bout 150 black

folks on dis place, and dey gits ter grub ebery day; some of dem hab a little ahead, put de most ob dem eats it as fast as dey gits it."

To cut the conversation short, he said there was danger of our being captured if he tried to get us any food; so we gave it up for that time.

We had now one little cracker, or a hardtack per man; that we ate for supper. That night we traveled as usual, and stopped for the day by the side of a wheat field with a cotton gin in the center.

At sunrise the negroes came out to work at plowing corn in the field adjoining. It was now Howard's turn to try for some grub. So in pursuance of this object, he stealthily crawled along the division fence, to where the negro was plowing. When they came up and turned their mules about Howard spoke to them,

The negroes, with the exclamation of "Good Lord, what's dat," jumped as though shot. Quieting their fears, he told them what he was after.

They said we havn't time to talk, but "You come to dat old cotton-gin at moonrise to night, and we fetch you suffin to eat, suah. If we stay here long the old overseer will be here mighty quick."

We waited patiently as we could without anything to eat until nightfall, and then we went to the old cotton-gin, to wait the appearance of our sable friends.

The moon rose and ascended upward and our friends failed to make their appearance. We were beginning to despair of getting anything to eat that night, when the welcome sound of a whistle greeted our ears. They soon came to view bearing a jug of

butter milk, corn bread, boiled bacon and some bacon uncooked.

We fell upon the viands with a relish begotten by extreme hunger. After eating and chatting awhile, they informed us that we had a large swamp to cross, and if we wished they would go with us and show us a road.

We thankfully accepted their offer and accompanied them to their cabins. They gave us some oatmeal and a little more bacon, and with spirits revived and with stomachs replenished we started forth. Our sable friends kept us company two and a half miles, with good wishes for our ultimate escape, by them, and thanks for their assistance, we parted company. We traveled on as usual until the ninth day out, when our provisions again failed us and we must again look for grub. We traveled for two nights more without finding any chance to get any food, except berries we could gather.

The eleventh day out it rained all day; footsore, hungry, wet and cold we made up our mind we were going to have something to eat, or make a big effort at any rate.

So just before sundown we started to find a road and had not far to go until we came to one; following it about a mile we came to one of those big double houses, with a portico between, so common in the south.

As we came up to the house there was a young white woman with a milk pail on her arm, putting the cow in the yard for the night.

Jewett said, "Madam, what is the nearest town on this road?" She answered, "Mt. Pleasant."

“How far is it?” “Five miles.”

She never turned her head to look at us. With thanks for her information we passed on.

After getting out of ear shot Howard said, “Did you see any niggers about?” “No” said Howard, “I believe they are a Union family.”

“I believe they are myself,” said Jewett.

“Well,” said I “If you think they are let us pick out a good place to camp, and Jewett go to the house and stop as a rebel soldier on furlough.”

Find out their sentiments, and if they are Union, get some food.

“Oh, no,” said Jewett. “This is too risky. Let us stop here and try to steal some.”

I then asked Howard if he would attempt it. And after some little study he thought it too hazardous.

“Well,” said I, “if you wait for me I will attempt it.” They both agreed.

So we turned from the road into the timber, and picked out a camping place so that I could find them again and changing hat and coat, I made a detour and came up to the house from the opposite direction. It was raining hard all this time.

As I came up to the house there was an old lady standing in the door. “Madam,” said I; “can you keep a poor soldier over night?”

Old lady—“Well, we are not in the habit of keeping folks, [slight hesitation] I would not turn a dog off such a night as this. Come in.”

Accepting this invitation, I stepped into the cheerful warmth of an open fireplace. The old lady began to quiz me immediately, asking for all sorts of information; where I had come from, where I was go-

ing to, when I thought the war would end, which side I thought would whip, and many others too numerous to mention.

While we were talking (and no appearance of supper, and that was what interested me the most at that time,) the old gent came in; he civilly bade me good evening, and after some little conversation, in which his wife informed him that I was a soldier stopping for the night, and the old gent began to question me, following nearly the same line of questions as the old lady. In conversation with the old gent I was so eager to learn his sentiments as to become incautious, and in speaking of the Union forces used the pronoun us, or we. I noticed the oversight immediately and watched to note its effects on the old folks.

They did not seem to notice it but I could not say as much for the other members of the family, as they sat behind me. I noticed the old gent sat suspiciously near a loaded rifle.

I was more cautious after the slip of the tongue. About eight o'clock in the evening we had supper, and never did minutes seem so long to any poor mortal as to me while it was in preparation.

"Packard," says Howard, on leaving them, "If you get anything to eat, slip something into your pocket and bring it to us to night if possible." So at the supper table I watched my opportunity to slip some food unseen, into my pocket, but failed to do so, as only the old folks and I ate at the first table, and his daughter and daughter in law waited upon the table, and one or the other of them was watching the

table all the time.

I ate as long as the other folks and for some time after, and then did not have near enough, but forced myself to stop as they began to regard me with wonder on account of my extraordinary voracity.

About nine o'clock they began to speak of going to bed. I put on my shoes (which I had taken off to dry my stockings) and I scud for the boys as fast as the darkness and density of the timber would permit of. I went as near as I could where I had left them and softly called them by name; no answer. I called again, and still the same result. I then went farther and called but got no answer.

I then began to think I was deserted. I called again as loud as I dared, and got a faint answer from a distance. I followed the sound and found my companions ensconced under a fallen tree that partially protected them from the storm.

The first question that came was, have you anything for us to eat? I was forced to answer in the negative. The next question was, are they Union people? I replied, "I can't say for certain, but think they are, and in the morning will get the old man out of doors and away from that rifle and I will find out whether he is a Union man or not."

Jewett says: "For pity's sake come to us as soon as you can, as we are nearly starved." I promised compliance, and went to the house and went to bed, pulling off my shirt as well as other clothing, as by this time our clothing had become pretty well seeded with graybacks. I took a sweet night's rest and arose as early in the morning as any of the family.

I again tried to "pump" the old man and learn

his sentiments, but could get him to say nothing for or against either side. I gave up the job until after breakfast, which we did not get until about eight o'clock.

In conversation the night before I had learned the names of the different ferries on the Red river, and to cross on the one I said I wished to. The old man said I would have to take a different route and he would go and show me a path leading to it, that would shorten the distance.

As this was just what I wanted I assented and we started forth. After getting a little distance from the house the old gent's little grandchild came running after us with a couple of biscuits in her hand, saying. "Ma says put them in your pocket for lunch."

I accepted them and we passed on into the timber out of sight of the house. Turning square about, I said: "old man I suppose you think I am a rebel soldier do you not?" "Why yes you said you was." "Well," said I, "I am not; I am a Union soldier trying to make my escape from the rebels, and I believe you to be a Union man, and if you are, now is the time to show it."

"Ah, ha!" said he, "you can't fool me that way." I replied, "I was fooling you last night, but I am telling you the truth now." After some further conversation, in which I failed to convince him that I was what I claimed to be, I said, "Old man do I talk like a southern man?"

He answered, "No, but you said last night that your former home was in Missouri, and I thought that was the reason you talked different from us."

I answered, "My real home is in Iowa, and I have a couple of comrades out here in the brush that are nearly starved, having been without food for nearly three days, and if you are a Union man, and wish to help us, now is your time to say so."

He looked me fully in the eye for nearly a minute, and finally said, "You look as if you were telling the truth and I will have to trust you, if I do get bit. I will now tell you why I was so suspicious of you. The rebs doubt my loyalty to their cause and sent a soldier to entrap me in precisely the same manner in which you have come. I was nothing loth to express my sentiments and the result was the rebels had me arrested and I laid in jail at Mt. Pleasant for over three months, and I did not care for such an experience again. Go and get your comrades, and if you are all right you will find me the same."

I went to the boys, and the first question was, "What luck?" "Bully, they are Union to the backbone." I then gave them the two biscuits and they said they were the sweetest morsels they had ever tasted.

After washing at the brook we repaired to the house, and I tell you they got a good breakfast, and a great deal better one than I had. The old man asked me if I did not want some more breakfast, and I replied that I had had enough for that morning but had risen hungry from the table the night before.

His daughter said she had noticed my slip of the tongue last evening, but had thought it another plan to entrap her pa, and so let it pass as though not noticed. We stopped there that day and the girls

killed and cooked three chickens, made eight dried apple turnovers, cooked a lot of biscuits, and on our preparing for departure in the evening, took us into the smoke house and told us to take all the meat we could carry.

The old gent accompanied us eight miles on our journey; he bade us adieu with many well-wishes for our ultimate escape. Let me say right here that as long as I shall live I shall never think of that family without heartfelt gratitude for their timely assistance.

We had no more adventures worthy of note, until our arrival at Red river, which we reached about midnight. We decided, if possible, to try and find a skiff or canoe to cross in, as the river was very wide and full of alligators.

After rambling up and down the river, waking up all the dogs along the stream, and meeting with no success we made a raft of dry logs, tied them together with linn bark, and using the same for ropes. Howard mounted the raft with Jewett and myself as his aquatic steeds, we made a break for the opposite shore just as daylight began to appear.

We effected our crossing all right, Jewett so nearly exhausted as not to be able to climb the bank until rested. We laid by for the day and started as usual at night fall, soon after starting we heard a drum-beat immediately in front of us, and so near as to make us wonder if we had passed the pickets.

We made a wide detour to avoid the camp. After traveling some time Jewett said, "What is the reason we don't find any roads?" We traveled all night without crossing anything in the shape of

roads, except foot paths, and one of my comrades says, "Let us follow this path and see where it will lead to?" We agreed upon that, and soon came in sight of some Indian wigwams. A new light broke upon us; we were in the Indian Territory, and we made up our minds that the best thing for us to do would be to get out of the Territory quickly as possible.

In pursuance of this object we turned directly East, and decided to travel all day. We shortly came to an Indian hunting lodge, and in it was a rifle, a skillet for cooking and a bed of boughs. We hunted for amunition, intending if we found any to take the rifle; but did not succeed in finding any. About dark we came to a sluggish stream called the Ultima Thule; it looked decidedly porkerish, and having traveled for twenty-four hours steady, we agreed to camp for the night.

I awoke with a feeling of oppression on my chest, as though a heavy weight was lying thereon and a suffocating perfume invaded my nostrils, that nearly stifled me. I sprang to my feet casting the blanket, weight and all, from me with all the force at my command. I never shall know for certain, but suppose it was a snake lying on my breast; there was no more sleep for me that night. We crossed the stream all right in the morning, and continued our journey, crossing another very beautiful and rapid stream in the afternoon.

After crossing this last stream we soon came to a couple of small log huts. We made inquiries here and learned that we were now in Arkansas, having just crossed the line. Our last meal had been raw bacon. We found at these huts no one but females and

children, one family living in each.

After some conversation with them we concluded that one of them was a Union woman, and so informed her who we were, and asked for something to eat. The woman replied, "It is a good thing you did not tell that other woman who you are as she would inform on you if she had a chance. My husband has gone into Texas after corn, and I expect him home every hour; I have the last meal I have in the house baking, but I will divide with you, and give you half." We bade adieu to this friendly woman and going a short distance laid down to rest for a couple of hours, intending to travel again that night. We awoke about nine o'clock and again took up our line of march. After going two or three miles we came to a swamp, attempted to cross it, the moon and stars were obscured by clouds and left us without a guide; after splashing about in the mud and water, starting out the snakes by the score, and crossing a bayon on the same log twice, we concluded that we did not know which way to go, and so we got on top of a log and waited for daylight. As the first streaks of dawn tinged the east, we struck for dry land, and just at sunrise we were again on solid ground.

We climbed a hill and stopped at a cabin, to beg some vituals. We found no one at home, and hunting about for some grub, found half a corn cake which we appropriated for our own use. The one solitary bed was tumbled and yet warm as though it had just been vacated. After getting our corn bread, we hid in the brush to eat, and consider what to do, as we were now in the vicinity of the first Union man that

we were directed to before leaving prison.

After consultation we concluded to take the road, travel on our furloughs, and inquire for Mr. Whistle, (I use a fictitious name.) We then boldly took to the road, and at the first house I went in and made inquiry. They did not know such a man, but it was a good long spell to Paraclista; she did not know how far. We then traveled some seven or eight miles, keeping in the timber most of the time. At last we came out upon a road that led through a lane between two fields.

It now being Jewett's turn to make inquiry, he said that we had better pass around the field, through the timber and he would join us on the other side.

We did as directed and had barely seated ourselves at the road, when Jewett came in sight with a rebel soldier.

We hastily decided it would not do to talk any to Jewett unless he first spoke to us, as the rebel soldier might have him under arrest. As Jewett came along, he gave us a wink and said, "Good morning boys. Are you traveling?" We replied, "Yes sir," and he passed on as though he had never seen us before. In accordance with our agreement we selected a spot close by to await his appearance if not captured.

We laid down and slept until about three o'clock, when we decided that he had had plenty of time to return to us. After some consultation Howard and I resolved to take to the road and travel as rebel soldiers on a furlough. Howard being a very quick-tempered, passionate man, said that I would have to do all of the talking, as he could not control his temper, and might betray us. I agreed, and with that

understanding we took the road as rebels. At the first house we inquired for Mr. Whistle and were told that they did not know such a man; but it was about seven miles to Paraclifta.

Jogging on again we caught up with a boy twelve years old; he said he knew where Mr. Whistle lived, and was going in sight of the house, which was just one-half mile north of Paraclifta. On questioning the boy farther, we learned there was a body of rebel troops at Paraclifta, and they had a pack of blood hounds for catching negroes and deserters.

We went to Mr. Whistle's house and seeing no men folks about, we inquired of the lady if Mr. Whistle was at home. She said, "No, that he had gone to mill," and invited us in. On entering the house we observed another lady. Bidding her good evening, we seated ourselves and believing everything to be all right, I told her who we were and that we had been directed to them by her brother, as being good Union people and that they would help us on our way. What was my surprise when she answered that we had been misinformed; that there was no better confederate woman in the south, and the only thing she ever had against her brother was that he was a Union man.

Imagine our situation! We were now at the mercy of these two women and they had it in their power to send us back into bondage. After thinking a minute, I said: "Well madam, what are you going to do about it? You have us in your power." "I do not know what to do," she said; "You never harmed me that I know of, and I do not know that it would do me any good to report you to the confederates; on

the other hand, if I do not, and the confederates find it out they would confiscate our property and probably imprison us." "Have no fears as to that," said I, "if you will give us your promise not to report us I will give you our word of honor, as soldiers, that we will say nothing that can bring harm to you."

After a moment's thought she replied; "that as far as she was concerned [and she glanced at the other woman] she would give us the promise." I then turned to the other woman and asked if she would give us the same assurance; after some time spent in meditation, she gave us the coveted answer; and thanking them for their kindness, we bade them good evening, and took our departure. "By George, Packard," said Jim, "That was a close shave." "Yes," I replied, "and we may not be out of it yet." As it was now near dark, we decided to stop at the first house we came to. We had gone about a half mile when we came to a log house; on asking to stay over night, we were answered in the affirmative.

The occupants consisted of a man and three girls, the latter from fifteen to eighteen years of age. The woman of the house immediately began a conversation with us, and in the conversation professed some decidedly Union proclivities. The daughter instantly said we must not mind what mother said, as she is a little cracked on the war question. After this the man joined in the conversation and told us that he was a guerrilla, and then followed some stories of his of how many Union soldiers he had killed, shooting them down from the bush; also of some they had captured and hung; of how they would beg for mercy, until our blood fairly boiled.

Howard got so angry that he could keep still no

longer, (forgetting his agreement that I was to do the talking) tried to speak and in the attempt broke down; he was so mad his lips fairly quivered; the guerrilla regarded him with astonishment, and watching him until I caught his eye I made a sign for him to keep still; he immediately subsided. I was so angry myself that I would have given every dollar I possessed if I could have killed him, with any hope of escape. Soon after expressing a wish to retire, he said we would have to sleep in an out-house, as they had no very good accommodations. After he had left us, Howard said: "Packard, let us get out of this I can't stand it." "No," I replied, "That would be just the way to get them after us; if we stay here quietly, and go about our business in the morning as though we were all right, we will have no trouble; but if we should leave to-night ten chances to one if we don't have the hounds after us in the morning." The result was, we decided to stay; had a breakfast, and departed in the morning, feeling much refreshed.

We journeyed on that day without any incident worthy of note, and in the evening were in the vicinity of the second man we were directed to, Mr. Walton. On making inquiry of a woman standing by the side of the road, she informed us that he was very sick, and not expected to live. I then asked her if she could keep us over night. She said that we could stop, and we passed on to her house, some distance from the road.

She did not appear to be very communicative, but we learned that her husband was in the rebel army and a captain of a company of Indians. We de-

parted in the morning, having fared sumptuously on biscuit, sweet potatoes, and bacon. We jogged along until nearly noon, when on nearing a house to get a drink of water, a woman standing in the door watching us very attentively as we came up, made a sudden rush as though to clasp me in her arms. I backed off, and said, "Madam I guess you have made a mistake." She looked at me for a moment, and burst into tears. As soon as she could control her emotion she made an explanation. She thought I was her son. We jogged along that day and the next, when in the afternoon of the second day we got on the wrong road. Going to a house to make inquiries, we found quite a party assembled there, as we came up to the house, quite a natty, spruce-looking sort of a chap was trying to kiss a girl, and she was resisting [or pretending to] with all her strength. There were two girls and about half a dozen men. I speak of the girls particularly, as we shall have more to do with them hereafter.

We talked with the men for some little time; they directed us to the right road and we departed without learning whether they were soldiers or not. The next day we came in the vicinity of a camp of rebels. On stopping at a house to get a drink of water, we got into a conversation with one of the rebels and he said they were Quantrell's men and that he belonged to them. The next day, being in the vicinity of the third man we made inquiries and easily found the place. On going to the house we saw a boy plowing with a mule; on asking where Mr. Appleton was, he replied that he was not at home. After talking with him a little I asked him if he knew

Tom Whistle.

He opened his eyes wide with surprise and said, "Yes! Where did you know him?" I gave an evasive answer as I was not yet entirely satisfied whether they were rebel or union. We had been caught once and did not propose to get caught in the same fix again. After talking a while longer I became satisfied that the boy was all right at any rate. I then told him who we were and that Whistle was in prison. He appeared to doubt, at first, but I finally convinced him that we were what we represented ourselves. He then told me that they were suspected by the rebels of disloyalty to their cause and had to be very careful of what they did.

"Mother," he said, "here are two union prisoners that were acquainted with Tom Whistle in the rebel prison." She got as white as a sheet in an instant and gave him a look as much as to say, "Well, now, you have done it." "Oh, mother," he said, "you need not be frightened they are all right." I now thought it time for me to say something. "Madam you can set your fears entirely at rest; we are just what we represent ourselves to be, escaped union prisoners, from the rebel prison in Texas, and were acquainted with Tom Whistle there, and were directed by him to you as being union people, and that you would help us on our way."

She was now entirely satisfied and said that they were Union and thought that our coming was some trick of the rebels to deceive them. Mr. Appleton would not be at home till late some time in the evening.

We were eating supper when the old gentleman

came in. He looked very much surprised to see a couple of strangers at the table. "Father," the old lady said "these are a couple of union men from the rebel prison, they were acquainted with Tom down there, and he directed them to us. The old man looked in blank amazement first at her then at us.

I saw that he was afraid that they were taken in by us and I proceeded to disarm his fears as soon as possible. After becoming convinced that we were really Union soldiers he became very cordial and said we were welcome and wanted to know what he could do for us. I told him we wanted a chance to rest a day or two, wash our clothes, and give the graybacks a hot bath.

He agreed to this; made us welcome, and told us of two women who were going our road for sixty miles, with whom we could travel without being suspected. The women came along next day with three yoke of oxen. We joined them and went to their home, they being the two women mentioned before. Their families were loyal, the men hiding from conscription. When we arrived the men came in from the brush and their caves in the rocks, brought their arms with them, and surplus guns for us. Desperate as the chances were we felt once more that we were men, and would stand or fall together.

The night passed in quiet, and the next morning the captain of the band said that he would pilot us to a man who lived in the mountain about six miles distant, and who would go with us to Little Rock, as he had been over the route many times.

On arriving at the house, we were informed by his wife that we would find her husband in the brush

by a small mountain stream in sight of the house, pointing it out to us at the same time.

We went to the place designated and found him at work cobbling his shoes; on talking the matter over with him, he said he could go with us and would start the next morning. During the day he ventured to go to the house in our company, saying that it was the first time he had been to the house in daylight for a long time; that the guerrillas had made several raids on his establishment and cleaned him out of almost everything, not leaving them scarcely a dish to eat from.

At nearly night-fall we started for his cave, higher up in the mountains. On arriving there we found it to be a small natural cave, almost as impregnable as a fortress! A person could approach it but in one direction and only in single file. Can my readers appreciate the loyalty and devotion of these hardy mountaineers to the Union? Watched for by their enemies, who were greatly their superior in numbers; shot at from the bush, when least expecting it; scarcely daring to visit their families in the light of the day; compelled to crawl to their own firesides in the dead of night, like a sheep-stealing dog!

After a comfortable and quiet night of rest, we started for the highest part of the mountain intending to take the dividing ridge, keeping as much as possible away from all roads of travel.

Several times we saw bodies of men in the valleys but could not tell who they were. The second day after leaving our guide's cave my shoes gave out completely and I was compelled to take it barefooted over the rocks and briars. The next day my feet

were so full of cuts, bruises and briars that it was almost impossible for me to travel. In this extremity I bethought me of my rebel hat. I cut it in two parts through the middle, and tied the pieces on my feet with strings. It was still very difficult for me to travel, but the hat was a great improvement.

About twenty-five miles from Little Rock we left the mountain, and then came the tug of war. We were now to pass over the most dangerous part of our route; for the nearer we got to our lines the more danger there was. The last night out we camped about fifteen miles from our lines. No one who has never been in our position can realize with what anxiety we watched the passage of time, every mile bringing us nearer and increasing the danger; every nerve was on the strain, every sense alert to catch the slightest sound.

At last we came in sight of the glorious old Stars and Stripes. Happy moment! We had often speculated on what our feelings would be when we should see the flag of our country again. We thought we should feel like shouting for joy! How different the reality. Neither one of us could speak; our emotions were too deep for words, we grasped each others hands in silence and thanked God in our hearts that our long imprisonment was ended. After passing the videttes, between them and the inside pickets we came to the Missouri regiment and learned on inquiry that major ——, one of our old prison comrades belonged to that regiment.

We here received the grateful news on first entering our lines that the war was over; Lee had sur-

rendered. No more fighting for us, we were going home.

That evening we learned that one of our company was at the hospital. The next morning we called upon him and learned that Jewett [our missing comrade] had passed through town two days previous. I did not hear any more from him until I saw him at his house in Iowa, some years later, he then related the circumstances of our separation.



On going to the house of Mr. Whistle, a rebel soldier that chanced to be at the house, made answer and said: "I know where he lives, am going in sight of his house, and will show it to you." I thought if I recognized you he might suspect something, so I thought it best to pass right on and then return to you as we had agreed.

So I went to Mr. Whistle's found him at home and a union man. But Mr. Whistle says, "I cannot help you any only to give you your dinner and directions on your way, as there is a woman visiting here to day and she is a rank rebel." Jewett got his dinner and started to return to us and got astray on another road. When discovering his mistake he returned to the forks of the road, and took the right road. We had passed on our way to Mr. Whistle's.

He returned to where he had left us and ran

around in the brush calling us by name. When assured that we had gone he said that if it would have done any good he would have sat down and cried like a baby. Going to the house where he had found the rebel soldier, he stopped over night, and the next morning struck out for Little Rock alone.

In his wanderings he got on the road to Ft. Smith, was captured by the guerrillas, and condemned to be hung without judge or jury. In this extremity the lieutenant of the band took him to one side and asked him what our government would do with them if they should go in, give themselves up and take the oath of allegiance. Jewett replied, "They won't do anything, you could go to your home and be all right." The other said, "If I could believe that I should be tempted to go in with you."

Jewett who was pleading for dear life, used all the arts of persuasion of which he was capable, and finally convinced him to the extent that he consented to go in with him and take the oath of allegiance. On making the proposal to his men they would not consent, and insisted on hanging Jewett at once.

The lieutenant expostulated with them, but finding they were determined to hang him, and all argument useless, he drew his revolver and said the first man that laid hands on him would get a ball through him.

The men then gave it up, and giving Jewett a horse to ride, they started for Ft. Smith. On arriving almost within sight of our pickets, the guerrilla's heart failed him and he said that he did not dare go in. Jewett found all argument with him to be useless. Said the lieutenant, "My mother lives at Ft.

Smith, inside the lines; you go to her, give her the horse and tell her I am all right; that is all that I ask of you."

So they separated, the rebel going back to his companions, and Jewett toward the Fort. On arriving in sight of our pickets he was challenged, and not being able to give the countersign he was taken to the guard-house for the night. Not a very agreeable reception after such an experience as his!

The next morning he asked to be taken to a commanding officer, and convincing him of his identity he was released from custody, and he went on his way rejoicing.

Sergeants Wm. H. Guy, Company E, and Wm. A. Fallas, Company K, who were captured at Pleasant Hill, having agreed to escape at the first opportunity, volunteered on the evening of April 11th, at Mansfield, to cook rations for the journey to Tyler, which was to begin next day. They baked the corn bread and boiled the beef for that march, closely guarded, until after midnight, when they each took a small piece of the bread and beef, and walked off."

Having put in a week among the bayous, forests, and tangled thickets of the Red River country, they joined the Regiment at Grand Ecore on the morning of the 17th of April. They brought the first reliable information obtained by our officers as to the completeness of our victory at Pleasant Hill, and the utter defeat and demoralization of the rebels.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PERSONAL MEMORANDA.

It has been from the first the plan of the Compiler to note, as far as practicable, something of the personal history of each comrade. Each one has borne a part in making this honorable record possible. Each one by reason of association in the Regiment is entitled to a share in the record. Many, through special capacity, gifts, or opportunity, illustrated in their own persons the traits that have given the volunteer soldier who offered himself on the altar of his country his present place in the hearts of all worthy and patriotic citizens. It was thought to be practicable to make in this History large mention of such traits, and incidents which brought them into notice. But it has been found that the modesty of these brave men presented a barrier to such accomplishment that could not be surmounted. Most of them have silently but firmly refused to mention their own achievements; and have not been persuaded to any considerable extent to give the achievements of others as individuals, but only collectively.

In the presentation of Portraits the same obstructions have been encountered. With some these have been overcome by the desire to please the comrades of other days by showing in some degree how the passing years have been carried, and to reciprocate the like favor expected from others. Many will be disappointed in not finding the Portraits of some with whom they had association that specially

endeared them to each other. This is not from the fault of any one, but is simply a misfortune that is to be borne with patience by all.

It must be apparent that the Compiler, nor any one individual, could have such acquaintance with the personal history of a very large percentage of the Comrades as to be able to give sketches that would be satisfactory. It requires also no great skill in figures to show that the limits of one volume would not admit of extended notice of each one of so large a number as are entitled to mention. Even half a page to each comrade would double the size of the book. Therefore the brief notices herein must be accepted as all that is possible under the limits of the space at command, and the time and strength of the Compiler.

The surviving Comrades are now widely separated. They are to be found in every Western State; and in many of the States of the Central and Southern portions of the Republic. Many of them occupy positions of responsibility. Some of them are widely known and respected because of useful and honorable labors in the public interest. Others have been highly successful in narrower fields, and most of them happy within the limits of their own comfortable homes and business relations. May this volume come to each of them as a kindly greeting from every living Comrade whose name is found herein.

In this spirit the volume goes forth with kindly and hopeful greetings, from Comrade to Comrade, though the message be no more than a mere announcement of the present Post Office address of many whose names are found herein. Even these

will have a present interest and a possible value, and may serve to open correspondence that may have been long desired. For such omissions of facts as may be noted none can have more regret than has the Compiler, and for these he has only to say that his not being able to do everything has not been taken as a reason for not doing all that he could.

Each individual of the Regimental Field and Staff being personally known to nearly every Comrade is here, as far as practicable, presented individually. It is to be regretted that during the third of a century that has elapsed since we stood side by side in the great struggle, death has been busy in this as in every other department, and in some cases seems to have left no representative to whom appeal could be successfully made for personal memoirs.

In the original muster-in of the Regiment, at Dubuque, October 6th, 1862, the following names were borne on the roll as of the

FIELD AND STAFF.

John Scott, age 38, residence Nevada, Story County, native of Ohio, rank of Colonel, commission as such dated August 10th, 1862, being a promotion from the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the Third Iowa Infantry.

Edward H. Mix, age 45, residence Shell Rock, Butler County, rank of Lieutenant Colonel,—formerly Q. M. S. 3d Iowa Infantry.

Gustavus A. Eberhart, age 26, residence Waterloo, Black Hawk County, native of Pennsylvania, rank of Major, formerly Lieutenant in Company I, 3d Iowa Infantry.

Charles Aldrich, age 34, Webster City, native of

N. Y., rank of Adjutant.

Thomas C. McCall, age 35, residence Nevada, born in Ohio, rank of Quarter Master.

Stephen B. Olney, age 41, residence Ft. Dodge, born in New York, rank of Surgeon.

Jesse Wasson, age 40, residence La Porte City, native of Indiana, rank of Assistant Surgeon.

Wm. B. Waters, age 43, residence Marshalltown, born in Connecticut, Assistant Surgeon.

The commissions of these were of September 19th, 1862.

Lorenzo S. Coffin, age 38, residence Ft. Dodge, born in New Hampshire, Chaplain. Was mustered from Q. M. Sergeant October 30th 1862.

Charles H. Huntley, age 29, Mason City, born in New York, was appointed Sergeant Major from Private in Company B.

Allen T. Birchard, age 27, Boonsboro, native of Pennsylvania, was appointed Quarter Master Sergeant November 8, from Private in Company I, vice Coffin, promoted Chaplain.

Jason R. Millard, age 27, Waterloo, native of Pennsylvania, appointed Commissary Sergeant from Private in Company C.

Newcomb S. Smith, age 23, Albion, born in New York, appointed Hospital Steward from Private in Company K.

Lucian M. Stoddard, age 33, Iowa Falls, born in Connecticut, promoted Drum Major from Musician in Company H.

Benjamin G. Scott, age 26, Webster City, native of Ohio, promoted Fife Major from Private in Company A.

The non-commissioned Staff took rank from mus-

ter into service Oct. 6, 1862.

The death of Col. Mix at Pleasant Hill, in April 1864; the resignation of Colonel Scott on May following; the discharge of Surgeon Olney, for disability, in October 1864; the resignations of Assistant Surgeons Wasson and Waters, and of Adjutant Aldrich and Chaplain Coffin, in 1863; and the promotion of Quarter Master McCall to the rank of Captain and A. Q. M. of U. S. Volunteers in March 1864, brought numerous promotions. Captain Jonathan Hutchinson, Ft. Dodge, came to the rank of Major, and Lt. Col. by brevet, and Captain J. R. Jones, Clarksville, to Major by brevet, and Major Eberhart was commissioned and mustered as Lt. Colonel, and commissioned as Colonel, though not mustered as such. Philander Byam, of Hopkinton, became Assistant Surgeon April 3d, 1863, and was assigned to the four companies; and in January 1865 was promoted to the rank of Major, and made regimental Surgeon. Wm. L. Huston, Iowa City, became Assistant Surgeon in August 1863, and Hospital Steward. Wm. B. Church, was commissioned as Assistant Surgeon in 1865, but was not mustered as such.

Charles H. Huntley was commissioned Adjutant in August, 1863, and was killed in battle at Pleasant Hill. Owing to some uncertainty for a time as to his death the commission to his successor did not issue until October 15th, 1864, when W. L. Carpenter, Second Lt. of Company G became Adjutant. Meantime Quarter Master Sergeant Birchard had been recommended for promotion as Adjutant, by Colonel Scott, and Lt. Colonel Eberhart afterwards substituted the recommendation of Lt. Carpenter.

Morrison Bailey was promoted from Sergeant Major to regimental Quarter Master, to fill the place left vacant by the promotion of Captain McCall.



COLONEL JOHN SCOTT.

Captain Joseph Callwallaler, of Company K, became Chaplain in October 1863.

Col. John Scott was a member of the Iowa State Senate in 1861, and left his seat to accept the captaincy of Company E, Third Iowa Infantry. He served with that Regiment as Lt. Colonel, until August, 1862, when he was promoted to the Colonelcy of the Thirty-second Iowa Infantry. He resigned May 27th, 1864. He has continuously lived in the home to which he returned; has been engaged in livestock farming, varied by occasional duties in official positions, and assisting in efforts for the public welfare in various organizations for the improvement of Agriculture, and other industrial interests. Was elected Lt. Governor in 1867; State Senator in 1885; and served as President of State Associations for advancing Improved Stock breeding, improving highways, &c. He served with the mounted Volunteers from Kentucky in the war with Mexico, and was taken prisoner with Cassius M. Clay and others in January, 1847. Present residence is Nevada, Iowa.

Lt. Colonel Edward H. Mix was a farmer and business man in Butler county, Iowa, in 1861. He enlisted in Company I, of the Third Iowa Infantry, and was appointed Quarter Master Sergeant. His son Thomas, in the same Regiment, was killed at his side in the battle at Blue Mills Landing, Missouri, in October 1861. His father was an officer in the American Navy. Colonel Mix was a brave cultured, and courteous gentleman, and fell at Pleasant Hill, firmly standing at his perilous post. His two sons, Edward and William, were enlisted men in the Thirty-second Iowa.

Colonel Gustavus A. Eberhart returned to his home in Waterloo when the war closed, and served for a number of years as Clerk of the Courts. Since that time he has been mostly engaged in contracting for and erecting iron bridges, in the employ of companies extensively engaged in that work. The business has called him to other States, even to California, where he was thus engaged for some years. His present residence is Des Moines, Iowa. [See Portrait, page 50.]

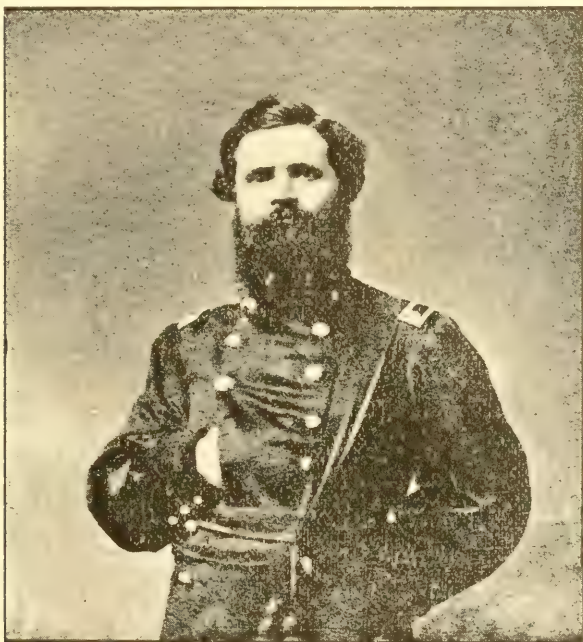
Major Jonathan Hutchinson was a carpenter and contractor in Ft. Dodge in 1862. His counsel and example in the enlistment of Company I—pointed to him as a leader, and insured a confidence and respect from his comrades that were never disappointed. One of the most touching episodes in the history of the Regiment was the death of his son, near his side, at Pleasant Hill.

After his return he was elected Treasurer of Webster county, an office which he held for several terms. In the settlement of the affairs of the office there were found discrepancies that greatly embarrassed and humiliated the gallant soldier, embittered his days, and shortened his life. They were caused by his generosity to those who abused his confidence. No one ever doubted his integrity. He died at Fort Dodge in 1886.

John R. Jones was commissioned major as a promotion from the Captaincy of Company E, August 23d, 1865, but was not mustered as such. After his return to his home in Butler county he engaged in farming, and was for a time Sheriff of the county. He afterwards removed to Washington, D. C., and

finally to Florida, where he died about 1892, mourned and respected by all who knew him.

Surgeon Stephen B. Olney had been for many years the leading and trusted physician and surgeon at Ft. Dodge. After his discharge, in October, 1864, he returned to his former practice, to which as



MAJOR PHILANDER BYAM.

health and strength permitted he devoted himself for a number of years. Later he sought relief from labor, and what he hoped would be a more congenial climate, by removing to Vineland, New Jersey, where he died.

Surgeon Philander Byam entered service in

April, 1863, as Assistant Surgeon, and was with the Four Companies in the campaign in Arkansas, joining the united Regiment at Vicksburg. He was commission Surgeon, with the rank of Major, January 15th, 1865. His genial, unassuming, and cordial manner, made him a pleasant companion, and his kindness and sympathy endeared him to the comrades. He died at Hopkinton, Iowa.

Assistant Surgeon William B. Waters was a physician of experience at Marshalltown, where he had long resided. Failing health and climatic effects impelled him to resign in the summer of 1893. He returned to his former home, resumed his practice, and when the Soldier's Home was established at Marshalltown he was appointed Surgeon thereto, which position he held at the time of his death.

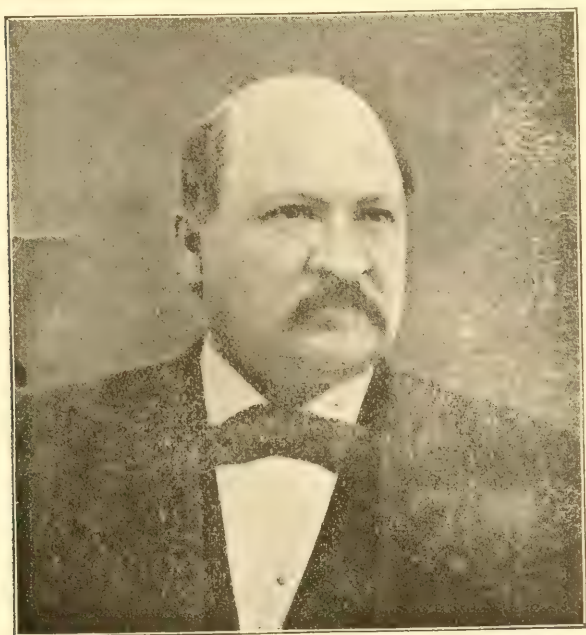
Assistant Surgeon Jesse Wasson had for a number of years a leading practice as physician and surgeon in Black Hawk and Benton counties. When he came to Iowa in 1853 he settled at Vinton, but in 1855 he purchased the site of La Porte City, and a tract of land adjoining, and making that place his home he became the active leader of affairs, and promoter of the growth and advancement of the community. Much of the resultant prosperity and character of that region is due to the wisdom, energy, and well directed industry of Dr. Wasson. Resigned March 7, '63.

He was Surgeon of the Ninth Iowa Cavalry until March, 1895, when his failing health and the climate of Arkansas demanded his resignation.

He was for a number of years a member of the County Board of Supervisors, and in 1869 was elect-

ed a member of the Legislature of the state. He died May 15th, 1889.

Adjutant Charles Aldrich was the publisher of the *Hamilton Freeman*, at Webster City, in 1862, and was also Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives.



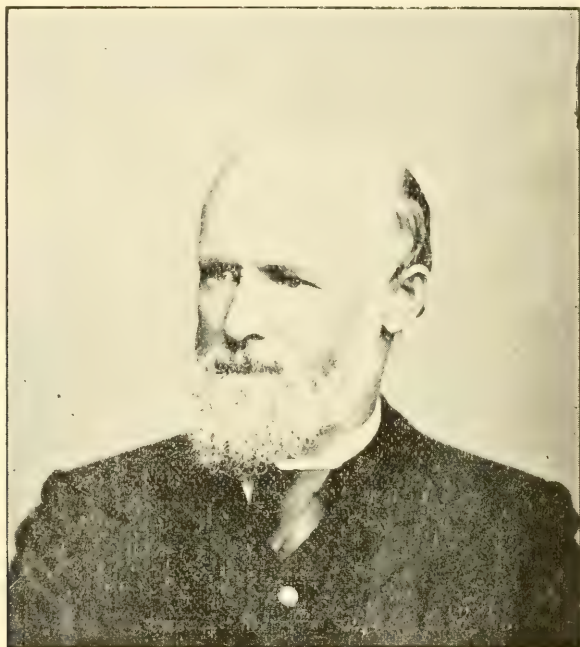
HON. JESSE WASSON.

When Captain L. H. Cutler, Company A, was made Assistant Surgeon of the Ninth Iowa Infantry, Adjutant Aldrich was commissioned Captain of Company A, but was never mustered nor served as such, and resigned December 28th, 1863.

On his return to Iowa he again engaged in journalistic work, and took an active interest in political

affairs, representing Hamilton county for a time in the General Assembly.

He donated to the State the large and quite famous Aldrich Collection of Autographs. He is now Curator of the State Historical Department, for which an appropriation has been recently made, (1896,) in-



HON. THOMAS C. MC'ALL.

suring the erection of a Memorial Hall in which are to be preserved such things as relate to the history of Iowa. His address is Des Moines, Iowa.

Adjutant William L. Carpenter, who succeeded the lamented Adjutant Huntley. [killed at Pleasant Hill,] after his return to Iowa settled in Des Moines,

and engaged in the manufacture of barbed wire, in opposition to the monopoly which had control of that industry. He was subsequently elected Mayor of the city; and afterward was Custodian of the Capitol. He is understood to have live-stock or other interests in Montana. His address is Des Moines.

Captain Thomas C. McCall was a member of the House of Representatives from Story county in 1862, and was a model regimental Quarter Master until he was promoted in that service, and assigned to important posts of duty elsewhere. After the war he engaged in real estate business in Nevada, his former home. He was active and influential in public affairs and successful in business. He was elected to the State Senate, and was a prominent member of that body at the time of his death, which occurred in August 1893.

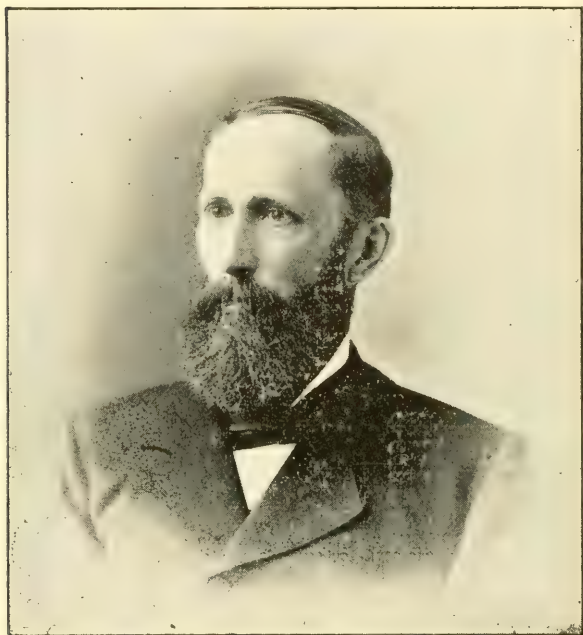
Quarter Master Morrison Bailey, who succeeded Captain McCall, when the latter was promoted, entered the service as second sergeant of Company C, but at his own request was detailed in the Quarter Master's department. He was promoted Sergeant Major, and commissioned regimental Quarter Master August 2, 1864, and served as such till muster-out.

He settled at Waterloo in 1853, and in 1856 was elected Representative in the General Assembly from the counties of Black Hawk and Buchanan. The strife and trickery of politics were distasteful to him, and he declined further service.

In 1866 he removed to Michigan, where he engaged in business, from which failing health compelled him to retire in 1888. Meantime he was twice

chosen President of the Village of Plainwell, and held responsible positions on the school board. His honesty and conscientious discharge of every duty commanded the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. He died at Plainwell, Michigan, March 13th, 1890.

His son, O. J. Bailey, is a prominent lawyer at Peoria, Illinois.



MORRISON BAILEY.

Assistant Surgeon Wm. L. Huston was commissioned and mustered in August, 1863, and served till muster-out of the Regiment. He was left in charge of the wounded at Pleasant Hill, where he remained

until they could be removed. His address is believed to be Marengo, Iowa. Dr. Huston had served as a private in the Second Iowa Cavalry.

Chaplain Lorengo S. Coffin was an early settler near Fort Dodge, where he as a hardy pioneer opened a farm on which he still lives. His ability, industry, and versatility, pointed him out as a suitable person to sustain the duties of almost any place to which he might be called. Captain Hutchinson had appointed him First Sergeant of Company I. When

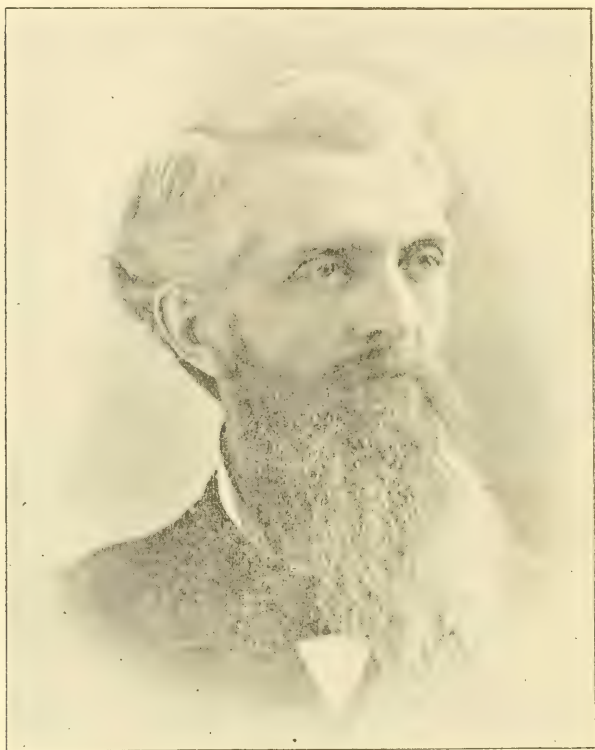


mustered in he was promoted to the position of Quarter Master Sergeant. By the end of October he was promoted to the position of regimental Chaplain.

While occupying this place he was efficient in procuring reading matter for the camp as well as dainties for the hospital, and was ever ready to take hold of that which would ameliorate the conditions of the service. In his efforts in this behalf he was absent for a time, constituting a technical breach of army regulations, and because of representations made by Col. Wolfe, in command at Ft. Pillow, he left the service in the summer of 1863.

His subsequent career has made him a noted man of his time. He became active in fostering industrial progress, notably in stock-breeding and dairying. He was appointed on the State Board of Railway Commissioners, and through his interest in bettering the condition of Railway men has organized various associations for their benefit. His order of the White Button, in the interest of total ab-

stinence among Railway employees, contains a membership of many thousands, and is no doubt of immense benefit to the members thereof, and also tends



SERGEANT BIRCHARD.

greatly to the safety and comfort of the traveling public.

His address, as for the past forty years, is Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Chaplain Joseph Cadwallader entered the service as Captain of Company K. Being a Methodist

minster, a religious enthusiast, of an emotional nature, when a vacancy occurred he requested that he be appointed Regimental Chaplain, which was done in October, 1863. He served acceptably, and was especially valuable and efficient in looking after contrabands, both in camp and in the various campaigns. His address is Jacksonville, Florida; and for some years he has traveled and labored as an Evangelist.

Quarter Master Sergeant Birchard was a most faithful, efficient, and competent officer. He settled in Marshalltown some years after the war, where he now resides, one of the foremost citizens in character and influence. His ability and integrity are fully recognized by his fellow citizens, as well as by his comrades of the 32nd Iowa, for whose veteran association he has continuously been secretary-treasurer up to 1895. He is also an influential member of the Board of Control of the Iowa Soldier's Home.



CLARK FULLER

Clark Fuller, of Company I, became Commissary Sergeant February 4th 1863. He was an efficient and valuable officer. After his return home he settled on his fine stock-farm near Kalo, Webster county, where he died, October 27th, 1895. He was President of the Regimental Vet-

eran Association in 1892 and 1893.

Sergeant W. L. Defore, of Company D, was detailed in December 1862 to act as Regimental Wagon Master. After his return home he was elected by the people of Boone county to represent them in the General Assembly. He died in 1887.

CHAPTER XXXVI

APPROXIMATE ROSTER BY COMPANIES.

The Compiler, as he approaches the labor of searching through all the volumns of the reports of the Adjutant General of Iowa, and the proceedings of Regimental re-unions, personal correspondence and his own memory, already overtaxed by the amount of data that has been examined, stands aghast at the task presented. He cannot hope to do justice to the military and later records of very many of the comrades. He trusts that the *intent* to do what is right, and not to do what is wrong, may in some measure be accepted by the comrades in lieu of such memoranda as he would wish to present.

The casualties reported are taken from the rolls in the office of the Adjutant General of Iowa. There are doubtless errors and omissions. In cases in which soldiers served through the war without casualty, perhaps being in every battle in which the regiment was engaged, they may have but meager mention

herein. Many of these were of the most soldierly bearing and high character,

Effort has been made to give the present P. O. address of Comrades. This has been done to the extent of giving a former address where the present one is not known. In cases where no State is mentioned Iowa may be assumed as the residence.

It will be observed that some of the Comrades are only mentioned by name. It is not to be understood from that fact that they have no military record. On the contrary it was possible for such a Comrade to have served with honor through the entire period, from muster-in at Dubuque, October 6, 1862, to muster-out at Clinton, August 24, 1865; to have borne the severe marches; to have faced the enemy in the most deadly battles; to have stood face to face with Death in all the ghastly phases in which he was wont to present himself; and yet have no casualty to be recorded as a small part of his history of faithful service. Some such soldiers of the 32nd Iowa Volunteers have not even a "hospital record" on which to base a claim for a pension, yet they did their duty from day to day while they followed the Old Flag.

APPROXIMATE ROSTER OF COMPANY A.

Dr. L. A. Cutler was the first Captain. He was 41 years old, a native of New York and lived at Belmond, was a practicing physician and had been a member of the General Assembly. He was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the 9th Iowa Infantry in May 1863. He removed to California and died

there.

Michael Ackerman enlisted as a private and was promoted Second Lieutenant in June 1863, promoted Captain in October 1863, was very severely wounded and left on the field at Pleasant Hill, (see page 149) was paroled about June 19th, was sent to New Orleans, thence to Memphis, and thence home. He was discharged in January 1865, and is now Clerk of the Courts of Miner county, South Dakota, and lives at Roswell.

John H. Ford enlisted in Company I, of which he was Sergeant, and Company A being left with only five men in the ranks after the battle of Pleasant Hill, all others being disabled or captured, he was promoted First Lieutenant of Company A, and was commissioned Captain in August 1865, but was not mustered. He lived until recently near Livermore, and was Postmaster there. At present he lives in Kansas.

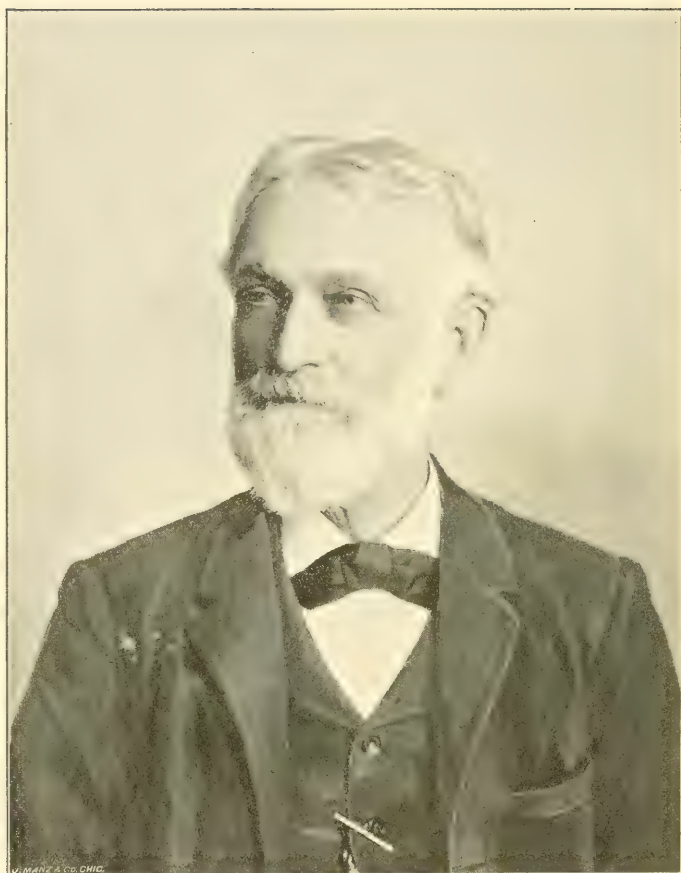
Allen Greer, of Berlin, Hardin county, was First Lieutenant; resigned in February 1864; died in Hardin county.

Joseph P. Airy was Second Lieutenant, and resigned in April 1863. His address is Durango, Colorado,

Abiathar Hull, Algona, commissioned Second Lieutenant in October 1893, was not mustered, and was killed at Pleasant Hill.

John N. Maxwell was First Sergeant, and was discharged for disability, March 19, 1863. He lives at Webster City.

Andrew J. Ripley, Third Sergeant, was promot-



Charles Schrick

Adjutant 32d Iowa Infantry, Oct. 6, 1862—Jan. 13, 1864.

ed First Sergeant, was wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill, was discharged for disability in 1865. Lives at Williams.

Lewis S. Hazen was Second Sergeant, and was discharged for disability March 19, 1864. He lives at Huron, South Dakota.

Amos Doan, Fourth Sergeant, was captured at Pleasant Hill. Address, Vermillion, South Dakota.

Jasper Scurlock, Sergeant, discharged June 7, 1865, at Davenport.

John S. Qinggle, Sergeant, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Robertson.

Cyrenus H. Packard, Sergeant, died at Little Rock, Arkansas, Sept. 26, 1863.

Wm. P. Hiserodt, promoted Sergeant, thrice wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill, escaped and reached our army at Vicksburg; furloughed himself, and came to Iowa with Captain Ackerman; returned and served through the entire Missouri, Nashville and Gulf campaigns; was discharged for disability at Montgomery, July 17, 1865.

Comrade Hiserodt was a man of rare bravery and resources; of great endurance; and would put down the rebellion if it took the last ham, chicken, or horse in the Confederacy. Illustrative of this it is told of him that in Montgomery after Bragg's force was disbanded there, "Bill" was in a saloon, and heard a rebel Major raving about the results of the surrender and his embarrassment at being compelled to go home without ever being whipped, etc., etc. "Bill" finally told him to square himself and he should have something that he could talk about to his folks

at home; and proceeded at once to administer to the boastful and hitherto unwhipped rebel a most thorough and severe beating in the most approved knock-down style. After he returned to his home near Robertson he engaged in farming and raising live stock; was elected Justice of the Peace; was a member of the Board of Supervisors; took an active part in the prosecution of outlaws in that region: and died there in 1894. (See portrait, page 162.)

Eligah Rogers, corporal, discharged for disability at Dubuque, October 30, 1862.

Wm. K. Laughlin was mustered in as corporal at Dubuque; discharged at Louisville as private, Feb. 17, 1865. Lives at Fort Dodge.

John S. Kersey, corporal, dis. at Little Rock for disability, Oct. 5, '63. Lives at New Providence.

Thomas S. Hoskins, corporal, discharged at Cape Girardeau for disability, March. 4. 1863.

Robert T. Rowan, corporal, died at Little Rock, Nov. 30, 1863.

Joseph A. Kent, promoted corporal, captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Rowan.

Mortimer Hiams, promoted corporal, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Died June 6, 1865 at Montgomery.

Robert P. Mack, musician severely wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives in Kansas.

Leonard Henkle, music, an.

John Courtney, teamster, died since his return home.

Thomas C. Allen, died Nov. 27, 1862, at St. Louis.

Joseph Adams, discharged at Cape Girardeau, Nov. 26, 1862. Lives at Webster City.

J. N. Airy lives at Smyrna.

Patrick Burns, captured at Cape Girardeau, April 26, 1863, also at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Owasso.

Augustus Brown, *alias* Pietzke. Lives at Riceville.

Menue D. Bootsman, died at Dubuque, November 2, 1862.

John Basham, died at Little Rock, September 19, 1863.

Thomas B. Bolton, died at Memphis, Sept. 19, 1864.

James Brock, discharged at Cape Girardeau, March 7, 1863, Lives at Tunnel.

Archibald Bellville, died at Little Rock, Sept. 14, 1863.

Linus Betts, captured at Pleasant Hill, Lives at Verndale, Minn.

George Benchoter, died at Little Rock, Oct. 7, 1863.

George W. Barnes, lives at Portland, Oregon.

Hiram N. Chancy, promoted Sergeant. Lives at Arkansas City, Kansas.

Wm. H. Coutant, died at Memphis, June 18, '64.

Thomas M. Canon, died at Memphis, Sept. 2, '63.

Cephas Church, died at Upper Grove after the war.

James S. Cross, was discharged at Jefferson Barracks, August 11, 1864.

Wm. T. Crockett, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Wm. Courrier, Oakland, Cal.

Winthrop Dyer, San Diego, Cal.

Louis Danger, died at Cape Girardeau, Mar. 5, '63

John Downs is reported simply as "wounded at Pleasant Hill." But in 1893 Charles Packard writes: "John Downs and I started back together when we left our position at Pleasant Hill. He was shot in the back when we had only gone a short distance; I carried him until we met Gen. Mower's men, and laid him down. He crawled off into the brush and I could not find him. Just one year after that he came to us at Blakely, but never did any duty, and died at Steamboat Rock."

Wm. O. Dean, discharged at Cape Girardeau, Nov. 10, 1863, Lives at Goldfield.

Thomas Downs, transferred to Company B.

James Duckett.

James B. Dixon, discharged at Mound City, March 10, 1864. Lives at Eagle Grove.

James Duffy, died in hospital for insane at Independence, Iowa.

Roderick D. Faught, captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Yates Center, Kansas.

Henry Frank, captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Renwick.

James J. Gamble.

Charles Gray, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Wm. H. Griffith, died at Memphis, May 29, '64

Charles H. Griffith, a prominent farmer, and

lives near Eagle Grove. Was transferred to Company C.

Wm. Hamlin.

John I. Hartman, died at Dubuque, Nov. 12, '62.

Wm. T. Hensley, died at Benton, Nov. 21, '63.



John C. Heckart, a prosperous citizen of Eagle Grove. President of Regimental Association in 1895.

John Hoskins, captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Iowa Falls.

L. Henkle.

George Houtz.

Oliver M. Hess,

JOHN C. HECKART.

severely wounded at Fort DeRussy, discharged March 7, 1865. Dead.

J. L. Kerr, New Providence.

James P. Kent, discharged Sept. 5, 1864, at Davenport. Lives at Dows.

H. B. King, lives at Carroll.

Warren D. Lathrop, discharged March 7, 1863. Lives at Cherokee.

David W. Layton, died since the war.

Ezra H. Little, discharged March 4, 1862.

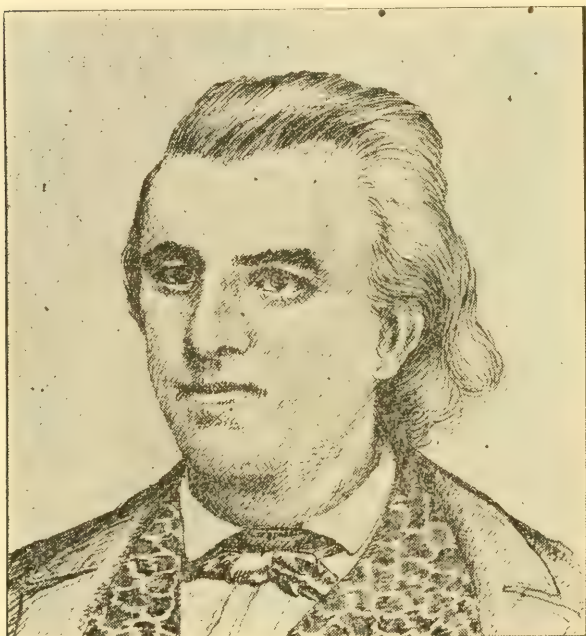
Wm. Moore, died December 30, 1865.

Thomas Miller, discharged July 21, 1865.

Joshua McFarland, wounded at Pleasant Hill.
Lives at Vilas, Dakota.

Samuel McFarland, lives at Stratford.

John A. McFarland, lives at Stanhope.



WM. H. GRIFFITH.

Wm. W. Mattox, lives at Earling,

John McMiller, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill. An officer at the State Penitentiary, Anamosa. Has been sheriff of Hamilton county.

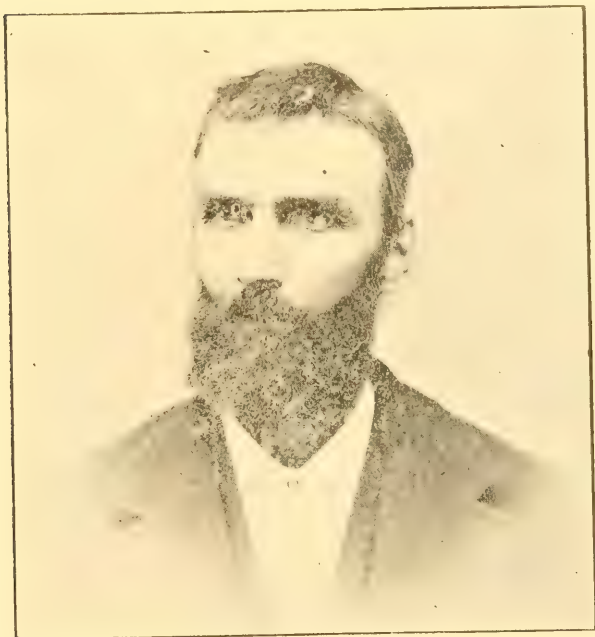
Nelson G. Olmstead, a prosperous resident of

Tama City.

Levi Olmstead, discharged Feb. 23, 1863. Lives at Weston, Neb.

Simeon Overacker, transferred to Invalid Corps. Dead.

Cassius M. Overacker, died Nov. 29, 1862.



CHARLES H. GRIFFITH.

Charles E. Oreutt, wounded and captured at Tupelo, July 14, 1864. Died of wounds.

Joseph T. Payne, captured at Pleasant Hill. Died in 1892.

Inrank A Packard, captured at Pleasant Hill.

(See pages 161-162) Lives at Delphas, Kan.

Charles Packard, lives at Renwick.

Artemus C. Packard, promoted Sergeant, lives at Wadena, Minn.

Thomas J. Persons.

Theodore Phillips, dead.

Augustus Pitze, lives at Riceville.

John Reed, has been recorder of Kossuth county. A merchant in Algona.

William H. Renner, died Oct. 21, 1863.

Stephen P. Ross, discharged Feb. 9, 1865. A minister at Fairbury, Neb.

George Raines.

Mathew J. Sample, lives at Humboldt.

Rufus Sanderson, a farmer near Livermore.

Levi Scurlock, discharged Jan. 27, 1863, at St. Louis.

Benjamin G. Scott, promoted Fife Major.

Wm. F. Shafer, discharged October 14, 1863. Lives at Shubert, Neb.

Andrew Smith, transferred to Second Lieutenant in 3d Arkansas; last address, Portland, Ore.

Henry Smith, captured at Pleasant Hill, and died at Tyler, Texas, Oct. 12, 1864.

Enna Smith, lives in Lyon county, Iowa.

David H. Smith.

Derk H. Stienblock, lives near Abbott.

James D. Striker, died Feb. 18, 1863, at Cape Girardeau.

Jerome B. Shipman, died June 11, 1864, at Memphis.

Wm. R. Southard, lives at Cotesville, Neb.

Geo. M. Sweeden, wounded and died at Pleasant Hill, April 20, 1864.

Stephen Tjaden, captured at Pleasant Hill. A farmer near Algona.

John Talbot, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, April 30, 1864.

Luther N. Taylor; died June 28, '64, at Memphis

Cyrus M. Townsend, captured at Pleasant Hill, died at Iowa Falls in 1895.

Adam Wasem.

Michael Walters, died November 8, 1863 at Cape Girardeau.

John W. Ward, died in 1895 at Xenia, Ohio.

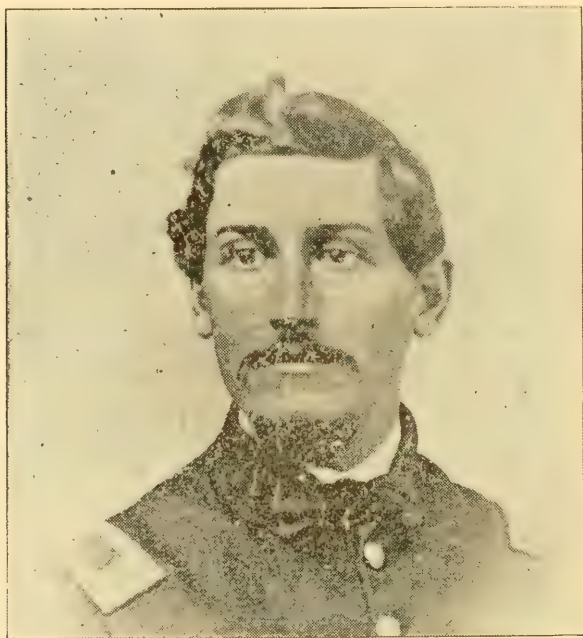
James L. Wilcox, died Dec. 5, 1862 at St. Louis.

Wm. Whited, died Arril 8, 1864 at Vicksburg.

Andrew Williams, captured at Pleasant Hill, and died at Tyler, Texas, May 2. 1864.

APPROXIMATE ROSTER OF COMPANY B.

Amos B. Miller was a man of fine character and ability. Was Register of the State Land Office; a member of a Quaker family in Pennsylvania; and having been active in recruiting the company, was



LT. THOMAS O. HOWARD.

chosen Captain. "He was brave, but not rash, a strict disciplinarian, and a polished, courteous gentleman. When he died at Pleasant Hill, the regiment lost an able officer, and Iowa lost one of her noblest sons. He was respected and beloved by all his com-

rades."

He fell, shot through the body, in the heat of the battle, and his comrades carried him to the shelter of the dry bed of a small stream near at hand, from which after nearly thirty hours he was removed with others to a cabin, and died the night of



A. L. TOWNE.

April 11th. [See page 151.]

He did efficient service in command of a post at Fulton, near Fort Pillow, and also in command of the regiment at Columbus, when Col. Scott was in command of that Post.

Harvey N. Brockway entered the service as

Fourth Sergeant, by promotion became First Sergeant, and on the death of Captain Miller and First Lieutenant Howard, was commissioned Captain, and served through the war; was wounded at Pleasant Hill. After his return home he engaged in Law and Real Estate in Hancock county; served as Judge of the Circuit Court; and lives at Garner, in the enjoyment of an independence fairly earned by attending to business.

Captain Brockway has taken an active and generous interest in the preparation of this History, and in efforts to do justice to the reasonable fame of the living and the memory of his dead Comrades. [See portrait page 155.]

William C. Stanberry was mustered with the company as First Lieutenant, and resigned July 13, 1863. Died at Mason City.

Thomas O. Howard entered the service as First Sergeant, was promoted Second Lieutenant, Dec. 17, 1862; promoted First Lieutenant, July 14, 1863; and died at Pleasant Hill, April 11, 1864. As a Soldier, he was brave and generous; as a Man, a Comrade, a Friend, he was trusted implicitly by his associates. When the battle opened he was in command of the skirmish line, and brought his men back in gallant style under the advance of the enemy in heavy force. He fell early in the action while there was yet opportunity to remove the wounded to the hospital. When Captain Miller and many others went down somewhat later, no hospital force could reach them through the deadly storm. [See portrait page 422.]

Mrs. Rosa Howard, his widow, lives at Clear

Lake, and is always kindly greeted by the Comrades at the meetings of the Veterans of the Regiment.

Henry Keerl was mustered as Fifth Sergeant; promoted, and from Third Sergeant was commissioned First Lieutenant April 14, 1864. He served through the war and after he returned home, engaged in business, and was afterwards Postmaster at Mason City, where he now lives, a respected and influential citizen.

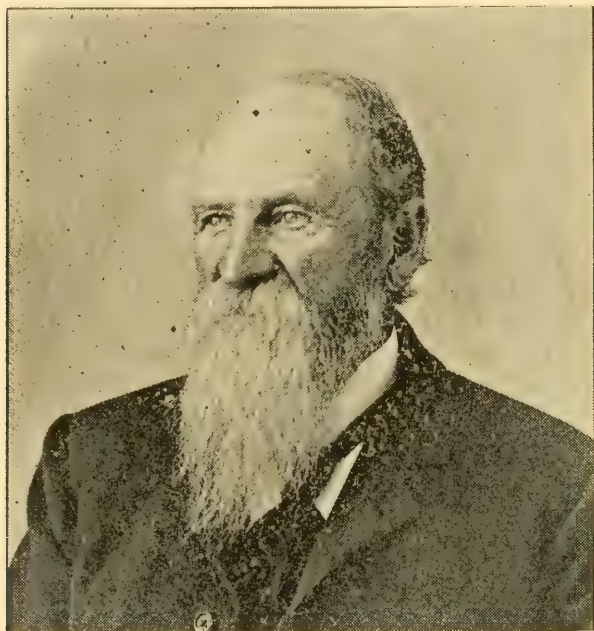
At the battle of Pleasant Hill, Company B was the extreme right of the regiment. The order to form to the left and make way toward our advancing troops was sent from the left down the line but did not reach those of Company B who still remained in line. The men, finding themselves abandoned, and the retreating enemy rapidly approaching, worked their way to the left and rear as best they could, dodging and covering their movements with trees and logs, and of these Sergeant Keerl was the first to join the remnant of the shattered Regiment which was led out by Colonel Scott. He fell into line and having no comrades to join him in stacking arms, he desperately stuck his bayonet into the ground and thus "stacked arms" for Company B. He believed that all his comrades were slain on the field and reported his belief. He brought off his canteen, which contained a rebel bullet, but the water went out where the bullet came in.

Chauncey S. Lane entered the service as Second Lieutenant, and died of pneumonia at New Madrid, Dec. 15, 1862.

Samuel W. Griffin was promoted from Second

Sergeant to First, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant July 13, 1863. He was captured at Pleasant Hill, and discharged June 24, 1865.

Harvey D. Barr, Third Sergeant, was promoted to Second, and to First Sergeant; was wounded at Pleasant Hill. He is said to be a farmer in Woodbury county.

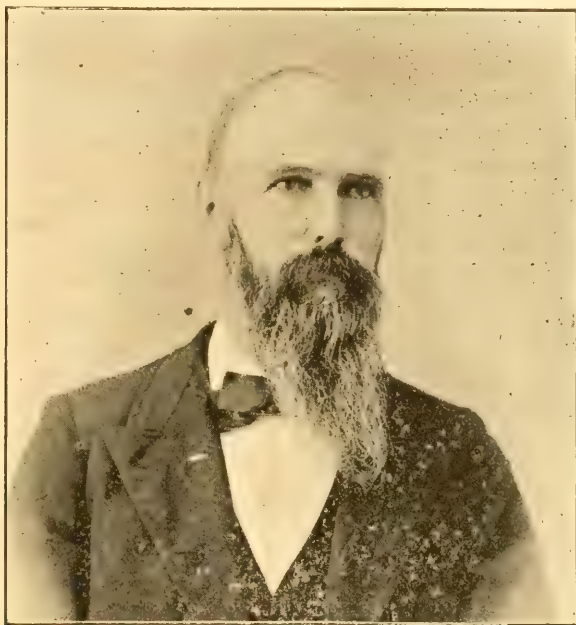


ED. NICHOLS.

Peter R. Wood, promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, fatally wounded at Pleasant Hill, and died April, 20, 1864.

Albert L. Towne was a Corporal at date of muster-in, and by promotion became Second Sergeant.

There were many brave, intelligent, faithful soldiers in each company. Company B was no exception to this rule; and one who knew the men of that company long and well, says that by a close shave between many of them, he regarded Towne as the ideal soldier of the company. Always modest, always



F. M. ROGERS.

ready, never officious, never meddling, never grumbling; demanding the treatment due to a faithful soldier, and never complaining over a necessary hardship; asking for the last bean and hardtack that was his due, but content on half-rations if that were necessary.

In the battle of Nashville, charging the flying enemy; Towne, fifteen rods or more in advance of his line, took a prisoner, disarmed him, trotted him into our lines, and joined the command as though that had always been his business.

He is a farmer; has been Sheriff of Worth county, and his home is at Northwood.

Edwin Nichols was mustered in as Corporal, and by promotion became Sergeant. He was often entrusted with special duties, requiring sagacity and courage, and discharged them with zeal and ability. [He has furnished copious notes as to the service of the company, and of many interesting details relating to other comrades and himself, which are so interwoven with matters already incorporated in the text that it is not practicable to insert them here.] He is a prominent farmer near Clear Lake. His portrait indicates that he like others has aged a trifle in the past thirty years.

Milton P. Goodell, mustered as Corporal, promoted Sergeant, wounded at Pleasant Hill and died there in the hospital May 9, 1864.

Alonzo Frink, mustered as Corporal.

Abiel Pierce, mustered as private, promoted to Sergeant. At one time lived near Sheridan, Ill.

John Christie Jr. was mustered as private, and promoted Sergeant. He has served as Auditor of Hancock county; and lives at Concord.

Peter Crum was mustered as Corporal, and discharged at Keokuck, Jan. 14, 1865. His address is Henryville, Florence Co., Tenn.

Chandler W. Scott, Corporal, discharged at Columbus, July 22, 1864.

Bruce A. Bryant, discharged May 10, 1864. Was a farmer and died at Mason City September 29, 1895.

Leonard R. Warner, promoted Corporal, died at Mason City, Oct. 4, 1864.

James Turner, promoted Corporal, died August 1, 1865, at Demopolis, Ala.

James Jenkinson, promoted Corporal, captured at Pleasant Hill, and died at Mason City in 1892.

Peter Cope, promoted Corporal, died Dec. 12, 1864, at Bristol, Iowa,

George H. Welsh, promoted Corporal, lives in Boone, a prominent druggist, influential citizen and successful business man.

Joseph Morris, promoted Musician.

Francis M. Rogers, Musician, discharged July 10, 1865, at Montgomery, Ala. Is a banker at Clear Lake.

James Clark, promoted Corporal, is a farmer and lives near Mason City,

Edward Thorpe, promoted Corporal.

Joseph Woodland, promoted Corporal, and died in Dakota since the war.

Otis Greeley, promoted Corporal; was a farmer, and died at Bristol in 1885.

Chas. M. Adams, is District Court Reporter, and lives at Mason City.

Eugene B. Aulman, enlisted Feb. 29, 1864

David H. Butt, died at Fort Pillow, April 12, '63.

Edward E. Billings, enlisted January 1864.

Benjamin Bloker, was a farmer, and died at Kensett, Iowa in 1893.

Doctor C. Bigelow, enlisted December 1863.

Charles R. Belanskie was wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Nora Springs.

Lewis B. Boomhower was captured at Pleasant Hill.

Ole T. Bergo, died at Bristol, Ia., Sept. 15, 1895.

Geo. O. Brown was discharged May 25, 1864 at Davenport. A farmer near Mason City,

Jacob G. Brown, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Leander L. Brenton; a farmer near Mason City.

Benjamin F. Crum, a farmer near Elk Point, S. D.

James B. Cravath, a ranchman at Poway, San Diego county, Cal.

Anthony Carr, died Jan. 5, 1865, on Steamer "D. A. January."

Cyrus A. Church, farmer and capitalist, Belmond, Iowa.

John A. Curran, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Died in Kansas.

Wm. B. Church, lives at Marshall, Mich.

Allen T. Cole, a farmer, and lives near Forest City. Was wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill.

John Connell, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Boyden.

Wm. Cole, died June 26, 1864.

Albert Clark, died March 26, '64.

John Crosier, wounded at Pleasant Hill; died July 18, 1864, at Cairo.

Charles Church, enlisted in February '65; transferred to 8th Iowa.

Wm. Dack, transferred to Invalid Corps. Died in Dakota.

John Ecksteine, transferred for promotion in 68th U. S. (Colored) Infantry. Died in Kansas.

Samuel Elwood, transferred to V. R. C. May 29, 1864. Lives at Floyd.

Jacob G. Folsom, enlisted Jan. 2, '64.

James H. Felt, discharged May 5, 1863. Lives at Britt.

John P. Ford, killed at Pleasant Hill.

James L. Fry, died Jan. 17, '63, at Fort Pillow.

Wm. E. Fisher, discharged Feb. 23, '64.

Chancey H. Frost, enlisted December 1863.

F. B. Florence, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Mason City.

Wm. Florence.

Geo. A. Fuller, died June 27, 1864.

Zebediah S. Graves, died June 8, '64.

Wm. N. Gallup.

Thomas S. Gardner, discharged July 16, 1865. Lives at Clear Lake.

Solomon Greeley, enlisted Feb. 26, '64. Lives at Lake Mills.

John Henry, died June 14, '64 at Vicksburg.

Ignatius Heiney, lives at Fertile.

Edward Hughes, farmer, lives near Forest City.

Wm. C. Hawks, enlisted Dec. 23, '63.

Wm. Harris, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives near Robertson.

Wilbur F. Hoyt, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Amos Ingalls, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, April 20, 1864.

Halvor Inglebritzen, lives near Bristol.

Marion Jones, enlisted Feb. 4, 1864.

Franklin Judd, lives at Manly.

William A. Kerns.

James Soruson Lahd.

Bije Long, lives in Montana.

Sylvester Lebanway, died March 9, 1864 at Vicksburg.

Hiram K. Landrue, discharged July 28, 1865. Lives in Minnesota.

Geo. B. W. Lanning, Musician; a printer, publishes a paper and lives at Egan, S. Dak.

Douglass Magill, farmer, Deer Creek, Minn.

Thomas Magill, farmer, Deer Creek, Minn.

H. A. Marsh, wounded at Yellow Bayou, and discharged at Davenport, April 20, 1865. He has been Sheriff of Cerro Gordo county. Lives at Mason City.

Cyrus Morris, wounded at Pleasant Hill also at Blakely.

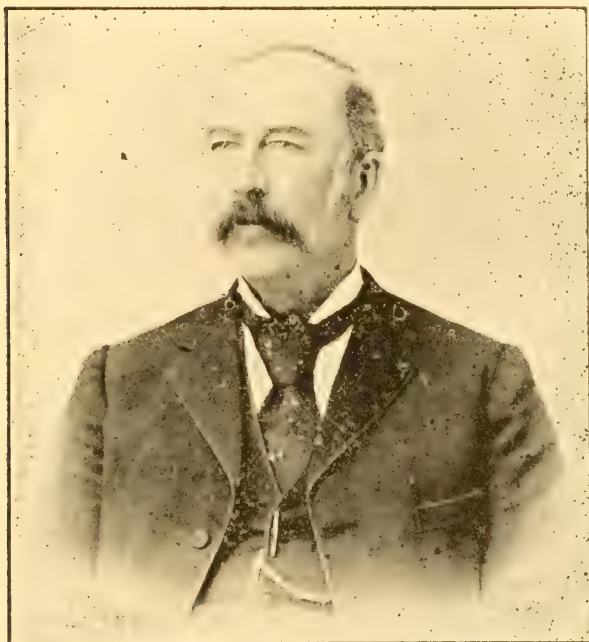
Joseph Morris, supposed to be in Dakota.

Orrin F. Morris, wounded at Yellow Bayou.

Columbus Mason, died Jan. 20, '63 at Fort Pillow.

David J. Martin, discharged Oct. 29, 1862.

Arthur McConville, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill. Was drowned January 1894 at Woodville, Oregon.



MARTIN B. PARKER.

Archibald McDonald, enlisted Jan. 2, '64.

Edward E. Needham, enlisted Jan. 2, '64.

Austin Oleson, lives at Northwood.

Herbrand Oleson, discharged May 5, '63.

Martin B. Parker, captured at Pleasant Hill,

taken to Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas; where he managed to deceive the rebel officers to the extent of his liberty, by personating an absent man of another regiment. and being noted as exchanged. He joined the Regiment at Cairo and followed its fortunes through the later campaigns, and was discharged at Montgomery July 27, 1865, as having been in Rebel prison more than six months. He was then so emaciated that his mother refused to believe in his identity. His home is in Blue Earth City, Minn., and he is State Agent of Insurance Companies.

He has evidently made nice gains in several ways since he left the Rebel prison. See portrait in evidence of this.

Henry O. Pratt, discharged at Fort Pillow, March 18, '63. Has been a Member of Congress, and is a minister in the Methodist church.

Lester Place was captured at Lake Chicot, June 6, 1864, and died at Tyler, Texas, Oct. 23, '64.

John W. Plummer.

John Randall, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill. Is a farmer at Manly.

James Randall, died July 23, '64.

John Rossell, captured at Pleasant Hill.

Samuel C. Robbins. died Jan. 22, '65 at Eastport, Miss.

Wm. Rhodes was for many years a farmer and miller at Fertile, Iowa; he became a resident of Mason City, but has returned to Fertile. He assisted Captain Miller when wounded, and brought off his watch and sword.

Charles T. Rosencrans, died Aug. 1, '64 at Memphis.

Jabez Sumner, killed on boat by guerrillas firing from the levee, Feb. 13, 1865,

Wm. H. Spaulding, killed at Pleasant Hill.

George W. Swanger, died June 22, 1864 at Mound City.

Charles Strong, transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Philander A. Sawyer, discharged March 10, 1863 at Fort Pillow.

Henry M. Tewney, transferred for promotion as Lieutenant to 107 U. S. (Colored) Infantry. Lives at Plymouth.

Samuel Tennis, died on boat June 9, 1864.

F. J. Turnure, captured at Pleasant Hill. Died of heart disease at Mason City, Oct. 14, 1895.

Cornelius W. Tobin, captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Flandreau, S. D.

John West, a railway contractor, and lives at Mason City.

Oliver J. Winters, discharged May 5, '62. Lives at Cascade.

Hiram A. Wiltfong, died March 8, 1863 at Fort Pillow.

Joseph Woodland,

Oscar A. Wilson, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, April 29, 1864.

Lemuel Williams.

APPROXIMATE ROSTER OF COMPANY C.

Herbert F. Peebles was commissioned and mustered as Captain Oct. 1, 1863. He was a very bright young man of fine manners and accomplishments, a favorite in society and the Regiment. He is remembered as an ideal soldier and gentleman, and his early sacrifice was sincerely mourned. He died April 26, 1864 in hospital, of wounds received at Pleasant Hill. See the account of his death as given by Captain Ackerman, page 152.

Henry C. Raymond's rank as Captain dates from April 26, 1864, and was a promotion from First Lieutenant at the death of Captain Peebles.

Captain Raymond is understood to have retired from active business. He has been active and earnest in encouragement of the publication of this History, and standing bravely for the permanent record of its loyalty, as in time of need he helped to make that record. His home is in Charles City, Ia.

Benjamin F. Thomas, mustered in as Second Lieutenant and promoted to First, April 26, 1864.

Patrick McIsaacs, promoted Second Lieutenant from First Sergeant, April 26, 1864. Resigned Jan. 19, 1865. Was for some years a prominent farmer and citizen of Waterloo; was a Director of the State Agricultural Society; removed to Lathrop, Mich., where he died March 12, 1884.

Wellington Russell was commissioned Second Lieutenant, August 1, 1865, but was mustered out as Sergeant. He is an active and influential citizen and

NOTE.

After the Roster of Company B had passed through the printer's hands, a letter was received from Geo. H. Welsh, urging the Compiler to give extended notes of "the boys of 1862, and the same 'boys' 30 years later, many of them now in positions of honor and trust, and blest with homes, families and the means of enjoying life." He suggested the reproduction of their photos and those of their wives and families for this volume. He mentioned as some of those who had not only held high the honor of soldiers on bloody fields, but had also achieved success in civil life, such members of Company B as Brockway, Rogers and Keerl, also Barkley of D, all of whom in honoring themselves had done honor to our Regiment.

And while the time has passed in which it was practicable to work out his suggestions for others, the Compiler took advantage of Comrade Welsh's enthusiasm to extort from him the suggested photos, and some memoranda as to his history after being mustered out, all of which no doubt will please many Comrades by their reproduction in pages added for the purpose.

The portraits explain themselves. In August 1862, Comrade Welsh, at the age of 17 years and weighing 96 pounds, took the oath of a soldier. He was the orphan son of a soldier of the 46th Illinois, who fell at Shiloh, April 7, 1862. After a third of a century, with the aid of this copy of a faded and rusty photo, we again see this sturdy boy as he stood

in government clothing, all too large for him, the unnecessary length of his trousers helping to round out the legs of his too ample boots.

After serving three years and sixteen days, and fighting from Fort de Russy to Fort Blakely, he had reached a height of five feet and four inches, and a



GEO. H. WELSH. (1896)

weight of 135 pounds. Being somewhat ambitious as to avordupois he has gained an average of a pound a year; though presumably some of this weight was acquired simply for fashion's sake when he became an alderman, in which capacity he served his city most acceptably, and advanced her interests by

urging and aiding in the construction of her water-works and street railways.

He was a printer. After a year in the high school he purchased a half interest in *The Times* at Marshalltown. A year later he established himself in the drug business in Boone, which has continued to the present.



MRS. HELEN F. WELSH.

Mrs. Helen Frances Welsh was born in Rockford, Ill; married our Comrade in 1867; is the mother of three sons and two daughters; is president of the Hawthorne Club, and takes an active interest in all that pertains to the advancement of women and the

betterment of their condition.

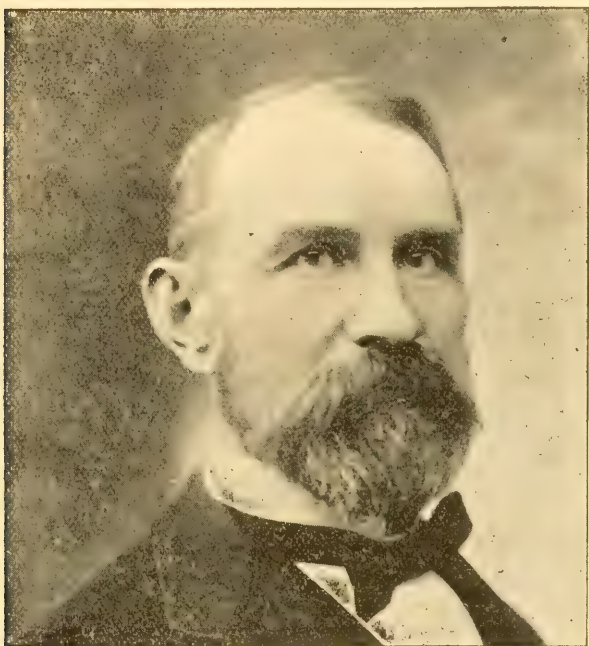


GEO. H. WELSH. (1862)

adealer in grains at Liscomb, Iowa.

Morrison Bailey, Second Sergeant at muster-in.
[See portrait and sketch, page 406.]

Charles K. White, promoted First Sergeant; discharged April 20, 1865, at Davenport. Lives in Kansas.



CAPT. H. C. RAYMOND.

J. Henry Cutter, promoted Third Sergeant; discharged Dec. 18, '63, at Columbus.

Daniel W. Albaugh, promoted Fourth Sergeant.
Killed in battle at Nashville.

John M. Wood, promoted Sergeant; discharged

July 6, 1865. Died Jan. 22, 1892 at Wales Center, Erie county, N. Y.

Cornelius Bennett, promoted Sergeant, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, April 10, '64.

Nathan R. Ordway, promoted Sergeant, died at Waterloo.

Humphrey T. Roberts, promoted Corporal, lives at Arkansas City, Kansas.

Chase P. Hunt, promoted Corporal, wounded at Pleasant Hill, discharged June 25, 1865, at Jefferson Barracks.

Orra Alexander, promoted Corporal; died at Mendon, Mich. in 1894.

Wm. Nichols, promoted Corporal, died April 9, 1864 at Waterloo.

Edward B. Williams, promoted Corporal, is a prominent druggist and citizen of Strawberry Point.

John LaBarre, promoted Corporal, was discharged at Keokuk, May 19, '65. Lives at Waterloo.

Frank Williams, promoted Corporal, wounded at Nashville, discharged July 26, 1865.

Wm. Prouty, Corporal, killed at Lake Chicot, June 6, 1864.

Elias S. Lichty, Musician, died at Waterloo, Oct. 18, 1863.

Elijah M. Balcom, Musician, transferred to 24th Missouri, Aug. 12, 1863. Died at Waterloo.

Joseph F. McFarland, teamster, died at Pleasant Hill, April 18, '64, of wounds received in battle.

Thomas Atkinson, transferred to Invalid Corps,

Nov. 20, 1863, Lives at Norway.

Isaac V. G. W. Brown, died May 15, '63 at Fort Pillow.

Elnathan Brooks, discharged Feb. 3. '65. Died in hospital.

John W. Backus, discharged May 29, '63 at Fort Pillow.

Ransom S. Bowers, lives at Saratoga, Kan.

Allen T. Baldwin, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Hudson.

Wm. H. Bowen, discharged May 26, '65 at Davenport. Lives at Bull City, Kan.

Chas. W. Benight was mustered Jan. 5, '64. Lives at Brooks.

James Baldwin.

Americus Bond, died in 1890.

E. C. Brainard, lives at Prairie du Chien, Wis.

John H. Brooks, lives at Central City, Neb.

Isaac A. Buker, 1369 N. Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

N. M. Carson, died in South America.

Hiram Couch Jr., died June 29, '63, at Columbus.

Chas. A. Clark, lives at Fairbury, Neb. [See page 357.]

James L. Cooley, transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 11, '65. Lives at Waterloo.

George D. Clark, lives at 286 West High St. Dubuque.

Wm. Colvin, lives at Ida Grove.

Robert Clark, discharged May 29, '63, at Fort

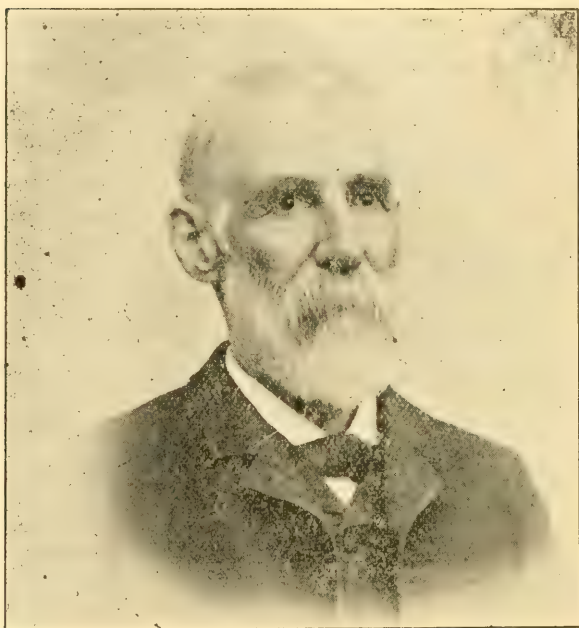
Pillow. Lives at May View, Kan.

James A. Carter, Vinton.

Joseph Craypo, mustered in April, and died at Memphis, July 20, 1864.

Charles Cleveland, wounded at Pleasant Hill.

Henry Chapman, died at Memphis, July 14, '64.



WELLINGTON RUSSELL.

W. W. Campbell, lives at Jesup.

Thomas B. Doxie, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Is a farmer and lives near Washburn.

Zenas J. Duke, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Waterloo.

Levi Donley.

John Emmett, lives at Traer.

Luther Ellis, lives at Waterloo.

Lloyd Eberhart, lives at Joliet, Ill.

John Felton, died June 18, 1864.

Augustus Fiske, discharged Oct. 3, '63.

C. R. Filkins, died June 30, '64, at Memphis.

Edward Flood, killed in battle, Feb. 28, '64. at Canton, Miss.

Horace J. Goodwin, died at Memphis, April 22, 1865.

Miles B. Gilbert.

Solomon Haney, lives at Cedar Falls.

Jesse Helfer, captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Republic City, Kansas.

Johnson B. Hewitt, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Amos B. Highsmith, lives at 1728 Second Ave., Council Bluffs.

John L. Jackson, lives at Waterloo.

Levi L. Jolls, lives at Waterloo.

Jacob B. Kellogg, died at Soldiers' Home.

Joel M. Lichty, died from wounds received in battle at Nashville, Dec. 21, '64.

Cyrus W. Lichty, lives at Waterloo,

Alonzo Lemon.

David M. Longaker, died prior to 1891.

August Meyer, 113 Seventh St., Ashland, Wis.

Lafayette Martindale, died July 4, 1864, at Mem-

phis, of small-pox.

T. F. Marquard, Florence, Arizona.

Jason R. Millard, promoted to the Staff; Portland, Oregon.

Barnard McCormick, severely wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Waterloo.

Jacob L. Myers, died Sept. 8. '64, at Jefferson Barracks.

Samuel S. Martin, Canton, S. D.

Elias A. Moore, discharged March, 5, '64. Lives at Lohrville.

J. Morris, lives at Rock Falls.

Levi Miller, lives at Emporia, Kan.

Albert W. Miller.

George F. Mathews, lives at Frederica.

David J. Miller, Emporia, Kan.

Wm. H. Mills, died at Cairo, June 27, '64.

Alexander McCall, Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee.

James F. McFarland, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, April 18, '64.

Adam N. Ohler, died at Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 22, 1894.

Alva Page, lives at Waterloo,

John S. Phillis.

George N. Palmer, Grundy Center.

Almon W. Parmenter, lives at Perry.

David F. Phillips, died at Fort Pillow, May 28, '63.

Sidney W. Palmer, died of wounds at Pleasant

Hill, May 13, '64.

Ziba Rice, discharged March 20, '63, at Fort Pillow. Lives at Vedette, Ark.

Andrew J. Rose, Berlamont, Mich.

Warren Rathburn.

Leonard L. Redfield, lives near Canton, S. D.

James A. Redfield. died at New Orleans, June 9, 1864.

John N. Richardson, discharged at Fort Pillow, May 30, 1863. Lives at South West City, McDonald county, Mo.

Charles Ridsen writes kindly from Ainsworth, Neb., and mentions among the men of Company C, "who were seldom from duty—Trask, Eugene Brainard, Fred Switzer, E. B. Williams, McCormick, Jackson, Tom Doxey, Alexander and McIsaac.

H. T. Roberts, 419 S. C. Street, Arkansas City, Kansas.

Harrison Rich, enlisted in '64. Lives in Lowell, Arkansas.

Frederick Shaffer, died at Waverly.

William Davis Switzer, one of *the boys* of 1862, writes from Cheney, in far-off Washington, where he is a prominent citizen and druggist of that growing city, and sends kind regards to the old comrades. He was discharged at Montgomery, Jan. 24, 1865.

Frederick Switzer, lives at Cheney, Wash.

Cyrus Shaffer, died at Nashville, Dec. 7, '64.

Frank Shaffer, lives at Alma, Neb.

C. B. Shaw, wounded and captured at Pleasant

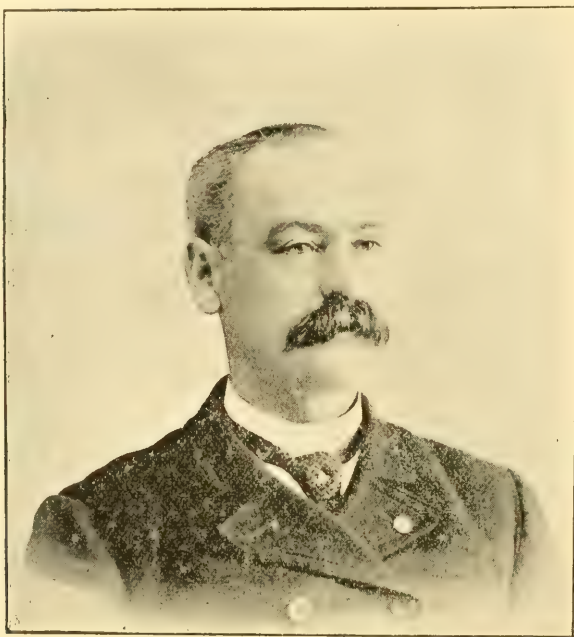
Hill. Lives at Oskaloosa.

Robert Smith, lives at Milford.

Uriah Scott, died at Waterloo.

A. J. W. Thompson. Hastings, Minn.

Albert Trask, a leading attorney at Saginaw, Mich. [See pages 107 to 117.]



WM. TROBRIDGE.

William Trobridge, hardware merchant and business man in Carroll, Iowa. [See page 297.] He was rejected in 1862, being under age; and enlisted in 1864.

Henry Vogle, died at Waterloo.

Eugene M. Vorhees, lives at Waterloo.

Isaac Virden, enlisted Jan. 1864.

Chas. White, lives at Reno, Christian county, Mo.

Amasa Worthington. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Freeman T. Whipple, died at Memphis, July. 5, 1864.

John N. Ward, died at Vermillion, S. D.

Oscar W. Webster, wounded at Pleasant Hill.
Lives at San Pedro, Los Angeles county, Cal.

Charles Wiltse.

John H. Young, Station B, St. Louis, Mo.

APPROXIMATE ROSTER OF COMPANY D.

Theodore DeTar was a practicing physician in Boonsboro in 1862, and was selected to lead the Company raised there for the 32nd Iowa Infantry. He was commissioned and mustered as Captain Oct. 6, 1862, and commanded the Company until he was severely wounded in the battle of Nashville, Dec. 16, 1864. He was discharged for disability caused by his wounds. (suffering the amputation of a leg) May 15, 1865. He died in Florida in 1894. He was a modest, brave and meritorious man and officer.

Robert J. Shannon had seen service in the war with Mexico. He was mustered as Second Lieutenant of Company D, promoted First Lieutenant on the

discharge of Templin, and commissioned Captain August 23, 1865, but not mustered. He enjoys his ease, honors and years, at Boone, Iowa.

William D. Templin was mustered as First Lieutenant at organization, and so continued until discharged for disability from wounds at Yellow Bayou. He suffered the loss of a leg in that battle, May 18, 1864, and was discharged March 30, 1865.

He became a successful pension attorney in Boonsboro, where he now lives, in the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens and old comrades.

Joseph H. Harvey was commissioned First Lieutenant August 23, 1865, being a promotion from First Sergeant, but was not mustered under the commission. He died in 1890.

Joseph G. Miller, First Sergeant, captured at Pleasant Hill, and died while in prison at Tyler, Texas, July 28, '64.

W. L. Defore, Sergeant, detailed Wagon Master, Dec. 26, '62. Died in 1887.

David S. Jewett, promoted Sergeant, captured at Pleasant Hill; escaped from Tyler. Died in 1885.

Francis M. Spurrier, Sergeant, wounded at Pleasant Hill, discharged for wounds, Nov. 24, 1864. Lives at Cgden.

Isaas C. Nutt, Sergeant, died Nov. 8, '63, at Benton, Ark.

Jasper W. Holmes, promoted Sergeant, lives at 816 Cooley street, St. Joe, Mo.

Austin C. Warrick, Corporal, discharged Jan. 20, 1865. Lives at Lampoe, Cal.

Martin Summers, Corporal, relieved at his own request.

James P. Williams, promoted Corporal, lives at 422 W street, Emporia. Kan.

Malbern Pettibone, Corporal, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Daniel W. Robbins, captured at Pleasant Hill. Retired merchant; home at Colorado Springs; address in winter months, San Diego, Cal. [See portrait page 164.]

Wm. M. Petty, Corporal, lives near Pilot Mound.

John Weston, Corporal, wounded at Pleasant Hill, and died of wounds at Memphis, May 18, 1864.

Wm. Stover, Corporal, reduced at his own request. Lives at Miller, S. D.

Fenelon W. Hull, promoted Corporal, wounded at Tupelo. Died at Boone in 1885.

Isaac Williams, promoted Corporal, died at Mound City, Jan. 24, '64.

Joseph Bone, Musician,

Samuel Bone, Musician, lives at Silverdale, Kan.

Norman P. Rogers, teamster, discharged March 4, '63. Lives at Boone.

Robert Atkinson, killed in battle at Bayou Metoe, Aug. 27, '63.

James Atkinson, lives at Pana, Ill.

John A. Atkinson, killed at Tupelo, July 14, '64.

H. Abercrombie, wounded at Little Red River, August 18, '63; discharged Dec. 16. '64.

Abner Arasmith, died at Cape Girardeau, June 16, 1863.

W. C. Ainsworth, Fort Dodge.

Francis Annis, died at Vicksburg, May 20, '64.

Samuel Andrews, lives at Boone.

Edward M. Boone, lives at Boone.

J. P. Boone, Boone.

Wm. S. Berry, lives at Turner, Neb.

Peter Battin, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Saunel C. Blunk, wounded at Pleasant Hill, discharged Sept. 4, '64. Lives at Boone.

Amos I Blunk, wounded at Pleasant Hill, discharged Nov. 1, '64. Lives at Galena, Kan.

Jacob M. Buffington, captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Oxford, Kan.

Alonzo J. Barkley, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill. A banker in Boone.

James A. Baker, died at Alexandria, April 11, '64.

John W. Benson.

Edward E. Billings.

Wm. D. Carpenter.

Joseph I. W. Cline, discharged March 13, '63. Lives at Boone.

Edward M. Cline, discharged March 13, '63. Lives at Pilot Mound.

Stephen W. Cree, lives at Luther.

Isaac B. Cummings, Boone.

Moses S. Capps, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Hezekiah Carpenter, Pilot Mound.

A. J. Delander.

James A. Davis, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, May 4, 1864.

Cyrus M. Davis, Luther.

John B. Dooley, 1523 N. 20th St., Omaha, Neb.

Thomas E. Dooley, Boone. While Company D was at Benton, Ark. in January 1864, Dooley was captured by a scouting party of Marmaduke's men, who took in ten six-mule teams that were loaded with supplies for the troops at Benton, hauling the same from Little Rock. Dooley had been in hospital and was sent by this train to Benton. The captors abandoned the wagons, taking what clothing they could carry on the mules. The capture was about 5 o'clock p. m., and the party traveled all night, reaching the rebel camp next day. Dooley became too ill and weak to ride and was dumped in the road, reaching a cabin early in the morning, he exchanged his new boots and some clothing for a ride to Benton.

W. R. Dyer, Boone.

Aaron Doty, Kimball, S. D.

Cyrus A. Ebersole, wounded at Little Red River and transferred to Invalid Corps. Lives at Anamosa.

Edward Eckley, discharged Nov. 16, 1863.

George H. Fox, killed at the battle of Little Red River.

John W. Gilliland, Superior, Neb.

Hugh R. Gilliland, Sisseton, S. D.

Wm. G. Grayson, Boone.

Robert N. Gwinn, transferred to Company I.

W. W. Goodrich, wounded at Little Red River, and discharged Jan. 16, '64. Lives at Luther.

James Gaskil, Hubbell, Neb.

J. B. Hurlburt, Indianola.

Benjamin N. Hickman, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Pinos Altos, New Mexico.

Lewis S. Hinman, died in 1892.

Wm. C. Hickman, Boone.

Nicholas Harter, killed at Pleasant Hill.

George D. Hunter, discharged March 7, '63.

Tyler Higbee.

John Herron, discharged March 24, '64. Boone.

Isaac W. Hughes, died in 1886.

Wm. H. Irwin, Woodward.

John F. Joice, died July 23, '63.

Garrett L. Joice, captured at Pleasant Hill.

Levi Jones, discharged Nov. 16, '63. Ogden.

Thomas Kelly, died April 26, '63 at Bloomfield, Missouri.

Henry C. Kirkendall, died at Duvall's Bluff, Sept. 1, 1863.

John W. Kirkendall, Lohrville.

John W. Kearby, severely wounded at Bayou Metoe, August 27, '63, and discharged because of wounds, August, 13, '64. Lives at Woodward.

Joseph H. Kinkead.

Charles Lefferts.

Wm. B. Lanton, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Abbott Lee, Cloverdale, Kan.

John W. Landers, Missouri Valley.

Gustus Linn, captured at Pleasant Hill. Is a farmer and lives near Dayton.

Wm. P. Leonard.

Wm. B. Lawton, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Zachariah S. McCall, died at Little Rock, Oct. 15, 1863.

Isaac N. W. Mahaffey, Burr Oak, Kan.

John H. Merrick, wounded at Pleasant Hill.

Wm. V. Manchester, Burnside.

Arch. McDonald.

John W. McFarling, Boone.

J. J. Moriarty, Souix Rapids.

Thomas Meyers, Boone.

Edward O. Nutt, discharged March 15, '63.

Willam Nelson.

Jones W. Nelson, died at Woodward in 1892.

John W. Overman, died June 10, '63.

Wm. M. Peoples, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Peter Peterson, Madrid.

Yons Peterson, discharged Oct. 4, '63.

Thomas Payne, Boone.

Josiah B. Patterson, Boone.

Sharon A. Paxton, died at Brownsville, Sept. 14, 1863.

D. U. Parker, Jefferson.

O. B. Pettit, Panora.

Robert C. Petty.

James Shuffling, died at Little Rock, Sept. 25, '62.

Jedediah L. Starr, killed at Pleasant Hill.

John Segrin, Madrid.

Thomas H. Spickelmire, wounded at Pleasant Hill and died at Memphis July 1, '64.

Elias D. Strunk, transferred for promotion to colored troops.

William Stover, wounded at Little Red River. Lives at Miller, S. D.

Henry Sussong, La Porte City.

Rufus L. St. Johns, Eldora.

Harvey M. St. Johns, Eldora.

L. D. Smith, Newbern.

Thomas B. Thomson, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Martin Tappin, died at Mound City, July 16, '64.

Spencer R. Williams, died at Brownsville, Sept. 5, 1863.

Samuel B. Williams, severely wounded at Bayou Metoe. He was detailed in some of the convalescent hospitals; was assigned to the Veteran Reserve Corps. and had an interesting army experience. He is an enthusiastic Republican and a loyal citizen. Lives in Aiba, Jasper county, Mo.

Richard S. Williams, wounded at Little Rock. Lives at Centerville, Ore.

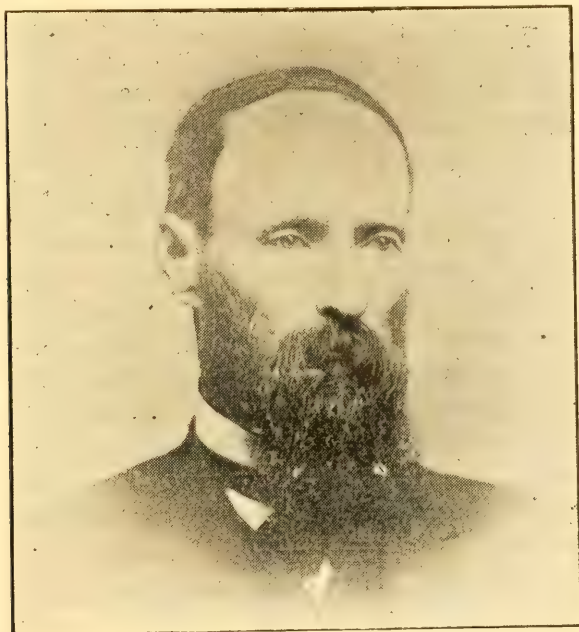
John E. R. Wright, on his return from absence on furlough, as told by Dooley his brother-in-law, was captured between Little Rock and Benton. In a short time his captors sent him in for exchange. He was killed at Pleasant Hill

Calvin M. J. Walker.

James W. Webster, died at Memphis, July 10, '64.

APPROXIMATE ROSTER OF COMPANY E.

John R. Jones was mustered as Captain Oct. 6, 1862. Though commissioned Major in August, 1865, he was the only Captain *de facto* of the Company. [See page 400.]



CAPT. JOHN R. JONES.

Alonzo Converse was First Lieutenant from muster-in to muster-out. He was at times detailed on responsible duties, and made a good record in each position. In civil life he represented his dis-

trict in the Iowa State Senate. He removed to Dakota, and his last known residence was in or near Letcher, S. D. He was commissioned Captain August 23, 1865.

John F. Wright was Second Lieutenant during his entire term of service, and was mustered out as such, though he had a commission of promotion of date August 23, 1865. He was severely wounded and left in hospital at Pleasant Hill. He died at his home at Shell Rock in 1893.

This Company had the unique experience of carrying its line officers without change during the entire term of service.

Wm. H. Guy was mustered in as Fourth Sergeant, by promotion became First Sergeant, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant, but was not mustered as such.

He removed to Kansas, where he has been a highly useful and and respected citizen; sustaining a character worthy of the 32nd Iowa in various official positions, notably that of Superintendent of Schools. His home is at Grenola, Kan. His capture at Pleasant Hill and escape a few days thereafter are noted elsewhere.

Samuel German was First Sergeant when the Company was mustered in. He was discharged for disability August 15, 1864.

Marshall Kelly, Second Sergeant, died at New Madrid, Dec. 21, 1862.

Ovid Hare, Sergeant, lived at Storm Lake but has removed.

Edward A. Glenn, Sergeant, lives at Souix City.

Samuel E. Hayden, promoted Sergeant, died at Columbus, July 13, 1863.

Wm. M. Martin, Corporal.

Alexander March, Corporal. Died in 1890.

Wesley H. Long, Coporal, died at New Orleans, April 27, '64.

Clark Speedy, Corporal, discharged for disability June 16, '63. Died.

Robert Stanly, Corporal, lives at Shell Rock.

Albert O. Royce, Corporal.

Robert Inman, Corporal.

Jacob H. Hickle, promoted Corporal, Clarksville.

Wm. H. Burham, Musician, Soldiers' Home.

John Burham, Musician, Grand River.

Nathan Olmstead, teamster, discharged May 5, 1863. Died at New Hartford, 1888.

James Acherson, died at Memphis. June 6, '64.

L. J. Ackerman, New Hartford.

Elias D. Allbright, Shell Rock.

Elias B. Allensworth, killed at Lake Chicot, June 6, 1864.

Joseph Aspey, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill.

Mordecai B. Broque, Shell Rock.

John W. Blass, killed at Pleasant Hill.

E. W. Blackman, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill. A merchant at Panora.

Anson Blackman, died at Nashville, March 3, '65.

Ebbert L. Blackman, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, June 12, '64.

George Bolton, New Hartford.

Albert H. Bookman, discharged March 20, 1865 at New Orleans.

Eli S. Burgess, died at Fort Pillow, March 7, '63.

Francis Brannick, discharged Oct. 11, 1863.

Henry Billhimer, Clarksville.

John N. Conner, captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives in Wisconsin.

Oliver Codner, captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Parkersburg.

George G. Codner,

James N. Churchill.

Henry C. Collins.

L. Dow Clayton, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill. Died at New Hartford, 1892.

Frederick J. Carter, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Geo. R. Copland.

Levi H. Chaffin, South Dakota.

Abram H. Dunning, transferred to Invalid Corps, Sept. 1, 1863. New Hartford.

Mordecai Dodge, died at Columbus of small-pox, March 5, 1864.

John Dickisson.

N. W. Davis, Hamburg.

Wm. H. Dunning, discharged July 29, 1865 at Montgomery.

Richard F. Ede, discharged Jan. 27, '63. Edge-

wood or Greely.

Theodore H. Ferris, died at Fort Pillow, April 26, 1863.

Francis G. Foster, Waverly.

Wm. Flood, Shell Rock.

Jacob G. Fulsom.

Wm. E. Fugue, discharged July 24, '64.

John W. Griffith, Canton, S. D.

Mathew Hartman, wounded at Nashville, Dec. 16, '63. Discharged July 19, '65.

David M. Henderson, died March 12, 1865 at Davenport.

Moses Hedrick.

Robert W. Hannont, Shell Rock.

James N. Howard, captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Crab Orchard.

Calvin Hall, Parkersburg.

Elijah Hites, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Thomas Houck, Marshalltown.

Isaac High, Janesville.

N. R. Hough, died at Vicksburg, June 4, 1864.

Judd D. Homback.

Nathan Jones.

Henry O. Jones, captured at Pleasant Hill

Lyman D. Jones, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Albert W. Joslen, died at Memphis, Mar. 19, '64.

Hinkley G. Knight.

Geo. W. Kimmel, died at Ft. Pillow, Mar. 8, '63.

Z. F. Kimmel, died at Ft. Pillow, April 5, '63.

Henry B. King.

Isaac N. Kitterman, captured at Pleasant Hill.

Wm. H. Ketcham.

James P. Leverich, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill.

John B. Langdon, 569 Banning St, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Lewis, captured at Pleasant Hill, and died at Tyler, Texas, Sept. 16, 1864.

Wilbert L. Lewis, killed at Pleasant Hill.

William Marteh, Fredericksburg.

Rollin P. Mead, wounded at Pleasant Hill; arm taken off at the shoulder. Discharged Sept. 4, '64. Lives on his farm one mile North of Aplington.

Charles E. Mix, discharged March 15, '65. Died in California.

Wm. N. Mix, lives at Vacaville, Cal.

Edward A. Morse, died at Memphis, July 9, '64.

O. S. Newcomb, captured at Pleasant Hill. Is a long-time merchant at Shell Rock.

P. O. Needham, Acampa, Cal.

Edward S. Needham, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Lake Preston, S. D.

Robert L. Olmstead, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, April 20, 1864.

Wallace W. Olmstead, captured at Pleasant Hill.

Theodore Olmstead, discharged Mar. 5, 1863. Lives at Aekley.

Orrin P. Olmstead, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives at New Hartford.

Franklin E. Orvis, Shell Rock.

W. A. Orvis, New Hartford.

Delos Patten, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Jasper Parriot, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Josiah Peck, McGregor.

Daniel G. Plummer, Wounded at Pleasant Hill.

Died at New Hartford in 1888.

J. W. Plummer, Hartford.

Fletcher C. Putman, wounded at Pleasant Hill.

John Quimby.

James W. Quinn, wounded at Pleasant Hill.

Lives at Aplington, Iowa, or Pratt, Kansas.

Alfred Robbins, Castana.

Benjamin Roberts, discharged May 5, '63.

Myron Rockwell, New Hartford.

Amos O. Royce.

James M. Rosebrough, died at Vicksburg, May 24, 1864.

John C. Sumner, Grand Junction, Col.

George Sowash, died in 1892 at Nevada.

Wm. Stockdale, died at Mound City, Mar. 4, '64.

John Sperry, Richardson, San Juan Co., Wash.

James N. Sperry, died at Vicksburg, Feb. 8, '64.

James Smith, died at Columbus, July 24, '63.

Henry Thomas, died at Fort Pillow, Mar. 4, '63.

Jesse Turner.

Samuel B. Whitney.

Ezra S. Wilson, died at Fort Pillow, May, 19, '53.

Austin Wilcox, discharged at Mound City, April 3, '64. Lives at Clarksville.

Solomon Wheeler, wounded at Pleasant Hill.
Lives at Clarion.

Julius A. Waters, killed at Pleasant Hill.

George H. Williams, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Algona.

George E. Zelmer.

APPROXIMATE ROSTER OF COMPANY F.

Joseph Edgington was commissioned and mustered as Captain, Oct. 7, 1862. He served as such until he was honorably discharged, Oct. 15, 1864. His home is and has been for forty years, Eldora, Iowa.

Lucius E. Campbell entered service as Second Lieutenant; was promoted Captain, Nov. 18, 1864; and was discharged at Montgomery, July 2, 1865. His address is Union Stock Yards, Chicago, where he is engaged as a commission merchant.

Ezekiel Kilgore was promoted First Lieutenant from First Sergeant, Dec. 2, 1864. He was commissioned Captain, August 23, 1865, but was mustered out as Lieutenant. He is said to live at Lake City, Iowa.

John Devine entered service as First Lieutenant. He was severely wounded (leg amputated) and left in the hands of the enemy at Pleasant Hill. Through an indomitable will, dressing his fly blown wounds, he recovered and was honorably discharged August 30, 1864. He died at Albion, Oct. 30, 1887.

J. M. Boyd, to whom the Comrades are so much indebted for his labors in the preparation of matter for this History, entered the service as Fourth Sergeant. He became First Sergeant by promotion, and was commissioned as First Lieutenant August 23, 1865, but was not mustered as such. After his return from the army he was an influential citizen, dis-

charging the duties of public offices to which he was called, and died at Eldora in 1893. [See portrait, page 58.]

Alanson F. Wood was mustered in as Corporal, and by promotion had the grade of Second Sergeant when he was discharged for disability at Montgomery, July 13, '65. His commission for promotion to Second Lieutenant was sent, but did not reach him until after his discharge. He is a prominent citizen and business man of Union, Hardin county, which has long been his home.

James Underwood was mustered in as Second Sergeant, and was transferred July 11, 1863 for promotion to "First Lieutenant in Company H, 56th Regiment U. S. (Colored) Troops." It is understood that his services in that command were valuable, and that he was noted for his kindly sympathies with those under his charge. He lives at Grand Junction, Iowa.

Oscar D. Royer, Sergeant, * * * *

Charles Lane, Sergeant, transferred to Invalid Corps. Afterwards discharged for disability. Lives at Deer Creek, Minn.

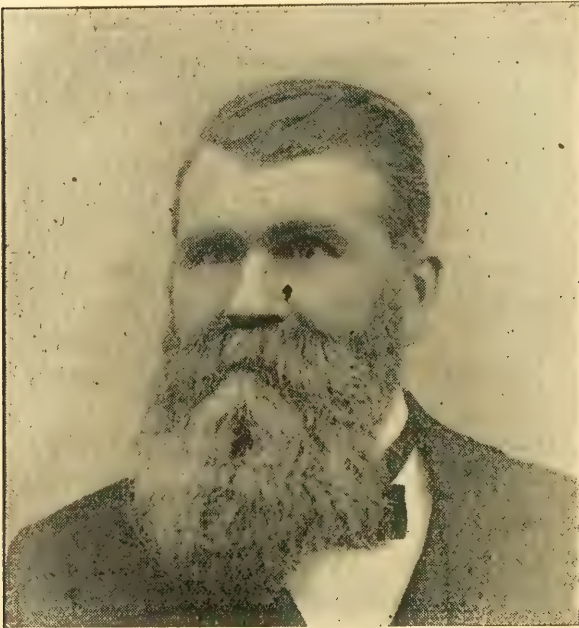
Solon F. Benson, promoted Sergeant, wounded at Pleasant Hill, arm amputated; discharged Oct., 8, 1864. Lives in Kansas.

Andrew J. Hadden, Corporal, discharged for disability, and died at Steamboat Rock soon after his return home.

Austin W. Caldwell, promoted Sergeant, severely wounded and left on the field at Pleasant Hill. He was captured and taken to Tyler, and as he was

known to be shot in the head was reported as "probably killed." He lives at Iowa Falls. Had his leg amputated above the knee after his discharge. Has been County Recorder.

Loyal Griffin, promoted Corporal, was severely wounded in the Oxford raid, August 24, 1864, near



ALANSON F. WOOD.

Waterford, and discharged May 16, 1865, at Davenport. He is now 70 years of age, enjoying the climate and surroundings of Ogden, Utah, where his sons are in business. He still remembers most kindly Maulsbv's dry jokes and Hartinger's sweet songs, as well as many incidents of camp and field,

including "Billy Bowers and the owl on picket." [See portrait.]

Augustus Mitterer, Corporal, was discharged at Little Rock, Feb. 18, '64. He was a farmer and died at Hubbard in 1893.



LT. JAMES UNDERWOOD.

Calvin M. Sayre, Corporal, died at Little Rock, Oct. 21, '63.

Ira G. Wing, Corporal, Silverton, Col.

John W. Holmes, Corporal. Returned after muster out, and died at Iowa Falls in 1877.

Francis M. Foster, promoted Corporal, discharg-

ed Feb. 10, '63. Died at Steamboat Rock.

Newton Jones, Musician, discharged June 1, '65.
Lives at Iowa Falls.

Chauncy D. Todd, promoted Musician, Boulder
City, Col.



LOYAL GRIFFIN.

George Macy, Musician, wounded in line
of duty while foraging, and died of wounds,
Sept. 10, '63, at Brownsville, Ark.

Ira G. Christian, teamster, died Oct. 18, '63.

Nathan R. Austin, died Sept. 26, '63.

Enoch C. Austin, transferred to Invalid Corps.

Sept. 25, '63. . Hubbard, Iowa.

DeWitt Aiken, deserted Oct. 8, '62.

J. P. Ash, died at Minneapolis, Kan., July 1869.

James Barrett, Yocum, Carroll Co., Ark.

Loren Button, Dows, Iowa.

Wm. J. Bowers, promoted Corporal, Eldora.

Wilson Boyd, died at Brownsville, Sept. 14, '63.

Thomas C. Bond, a farmer near Central City,
Linn county.

Nathan Bumgardner.

Thos. A. Christy, discharged Nov. 16, '63. Lives
at Vermillion, S. D.

T. B. Carrier.

Wm. R. Champlin, severely wounded, died at
Pleasant Hill, May 21, '64.

H. D. Cantonwine, died at Brownsville, Sept. 8,
1863.

Wm. H. Cowan, died at Memphis, May 21. 1864.

Abraham Cundert, transferred to Invalid Corps.
Lives at Wichita, Kan.

John M. Cox, transferred to Invalid Corps.
Lives at Gifford.

Edwin F. Coombs, transferred to Company C.,
lived at one time at Peterson.

Luther Couch, wounded at Pleasant Hill, died at
Shell Rock.

George A. Demander was transferred to Com
pany H. [See roster of H.]

A. J. Estabrook, died at Memphis, May 22, '64.

H. J. Edgerton, died at New Orleans, May 5, '65.

James Fleming.

Charles Fleming, Humboldt, Iowa.

Francis M. Foster, discharged Feb. 10, 1863, and died at Steamboat Rock.

Robert Griffin, on Canadian Pacific Railway.

James C. Gordon, Kansas.

Edgar A. Giles, transferred to Company C. Lives at Garfield, Wash.

James C. Gordon, Independence, Kan.

Joseph W. Hiday, Alfonte, Madison Co., Ind.



Marvin W. Howland, discharged Feb. 12, 1864. Lives at Eagle Groove.

John Leary, died near Point Pleasant.

Thomas Lacock, discharged Feb. 12, 1864.

Zephaniah Lane, Blount, Ill.

Wm. H. Latham, died at Memphis, July 3, 1864.

M. W. HOWLAND.

James Hartinger, Alden.

Jason House, died at Davenport, Aug. 24, 1865.

Elijah Hayden, discharged Nov. 16, '63. Lives

at Eldora.

Hanson H. Harlan, died near Eldora, July 29, '67.

James T. Leech, Freewater, Harlan Co., Neb.

George Lepley, Union.

William Lepley, Union.

Aley Moon, derserted, Oct. 8, '62.

Samuel Mossman, Hubbard.

Thomas Millslagle, died at Eldora, from injuries received in the Nashville campaign.

Robert Millslagle, died at Nashville, Dec. 17, '64.

Martin V. B. Maulsby, last known residence, Howland, Putman Co., Mo.

Isaac H. Macy was left sick at Dubuque, and died Dec. 5, 1862; and thought to be the first death in the Company. He was buried at Iowa Falls.

Alfred McHenry, Cleburn, Texas.

John R. Myers, killed in battle at Bayou de Glaize.

Wm. W. McIntosh, discharged Oct. 6, '64. Lives at Albany, Mo.

Nathan R. Modlin, captured, at Pleasant Hill, died at Tyler, Sept. 5, 1864, from exposure and hardship in rebel prison.

Samuel S. Martin, transferred to Company C. Lives at White Lake.

Robert H. Murphy, discharged at Montgomery. Died at Ackley.

Wm. Nutt, died at Memphis, June 24. '64.

George B. Nelson.

Thomas Perdue, Beaver Crossing, Seward county, Neb.

Asher W. Park, died at Steamboat Rock, of wounds received at Holly Springs.

Moses Pierce, died July 14, '64, at Cairo.

Adam L. Rickard, Rickard P. O., Hardin Co.

James Reed, Union.

John Rinehart, Iowa Falls.

James Rock, deserted Nov. 10, '62.

Ezra D. Rogers, discharged Oct. 4, '63. Lives at Nemaha, Neb.

James Royal, killed at Pleasant Hill.

John L. Sayre, died at Little Rock, Dec. 23, '62.

John Snider, a carpenter, at the age of 33 was mustered in; and at the end of the march with Davidson's calvary, was one of the six men in the Four Companies who reported for duty. But the unnecessary hardships of such a march were too much for him, and he is completely broken in health, living at Goldfield.

Jared W. Sumner, Stella, Neb.

John Spurlin, discharged Jan. 13, '64. Died at Liscomb.

Levi Spurlin, died at Keokuk, Nov. 10, 1864.

Wm. H. Spurlin, died at Brownsville, Sept. 6, '63.

George Spurlin, died at St. Louis, Feb. 19, 1863.

Chandler W. Scott, Nevada, Mo.

Davis Sellers, Beloit, Kansas.

Jesse Shultz, died at Little Rock, Oct. 14, '63.

Wm. H. Sawyer, wounded in the hip at Yellow

Bayou. Guide Rock, Nebraska.

Jonas R. Underwood, dis. Aug. 30, 1864. Died in Illinois.

David S. Valentine, Union.

Jas. H. Valentine, 2005, S. 10 St., Lincoln, Neb.

Theodore S. Walter, Bentonville, Ark.

Sebastian L. Weiland. La Grange, Ky.

Samuel M. Woodard, died at Dell Rapids, S. D., prior to 1887.

Joseph A. Wilson, died at Gifford, in 1888.

Timothy Wickham, Cedar Rapids.

William O. Wickham, captured between Little Rock and Benton. Iowa Falls.

J. Henry Williams, Steamboat Rock.

Alfred D. Walker, Kansas.

George Winans, discharged April 11, 1864. Lives at Goldfield.

R. S. Wardwell, Steamboat Rock.

S. B. Wells, Fort Madison.

Wm. H. Wright, San Francisco, Cal.

Marcellus Yaw, Kansas.

Ossello Yaw, Kansas.

APPROXIMATE ROSTER OF COMPANY G.

This Company with A, D and F, constituted the detachment of four Companies that saw severe service in Arkansas and south east Missouri. In a brief review of these experiences, twenty years after they closed, Comrade Boyd wrote: "Our dead lie in seven different states. The living are now widely scattered, and have homes in fifteen states and territories, of which I have knowledge. We traversed nine states besides Iowa. We traveled on more than twenty steamers, on eleven different rivers, and on war vessels and coast and ocean steamers on the bays and Gulf of Mexico."

The "casualties" so briefly noted in these Rosters give but little idea of the hardships, sufferings and dangers of these campaigns, and of the deaths that have occurred because of them. The word "discharged" written on a muster roll may mean that the soldier came to his home for restored health. It may also mean that even the sad hope that he might die under the roof that sheltered his family was doomed to disappointment. Many never reached their homes but died in hospitals, or by the way. Such are the fortunes of war! Some lived for years, dying by inches; others still live, broken in health, every hope shattered, with hourly reminders of the experiences of thirty years ago.

Charles A. L. Roszell entered the service as Captain; was commissioned and mustered October 6,

1862, and was mustered out in the same rank at the end of the three-years term. He was a lawyer in Clarksville, and returned to his profession, which he still sustains, and lives in his former home.

Charles A. Bannan, was mustered as First Lieutenant, and held the same rank until muster-out. He subsequently removed to Kansas City, where he died. He was wounded at Pleasant Hill; was a meritorious and capable officer, an esteemed comrade and gentleman.

Daniel Haine was Second Lieutenant, and resigned May 8, 1863.

William L. Carpenter was promoted Second Lieutenant from Third Sergeant, May 8, 1863; and Adjutant from October 15, 1864. [See page 404.]

William A. Keister, First Sergeant, lives at Greene, Butler County.

William Poisall, Sergeant, was discharged at Cape Girardeau, October 4, 1863.

Tyler Blake, Sergeant, discharged Jan. 9, 1864, at Little Rock.

Azael Straun, Sergeant.

Isaiah Carter, Corporal, died at Duvall's Bluffs, August 24, 1863.

Roselle W. Kane, promoted Sergeant, killed at Pleasant Hill.

George McClellan, promoted Sergeant, drowned at St. Louis, November 26, 1864

James Butler, promoted Sergeant, wounded at Pleasant Hill, discharged at Davenport, October 5, 1864.

John McCain, Corporal, died at Brownsville, September 12, 1863.

Ansel D. Weeks, Corporal, died at Dubuque, November 13, 1862.

Timothy W. Folgar, Corporal, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, May 4, 1864.

Daniel W. Kinsley, Corporal, discharged Nov. 16, 1863.

Uriah Farlow, Corporal, died July 1, 1854.

Emanuel Surfus, Corporal, died Nov. 5, 1862.

Geo. H. Burton, Corporal, killed at Pleasant Hill.

DeWitt C. Harrison, Corporal, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Clarksville.

Geo. L. Allen, Corporal, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Iowa Falls.

Albert Boggs, Corporal, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Greene.

Horace G. Hawks, Musician, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Marble Rock.

Wilson Achison, Musician.

John Rush Brown, teamster, wounded at Pleasant Hill.

Benjamin Anderson died at Bristow.

Sylvester E. Allen, died at Brownsville, September 26, 1863.

William V. Allen, lives at Madison, Nebraska. Was Judge of the District Court; is now (1896) in the U. S. Senate. [See page 152.]

Sylvester W. Bragg, captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Nora Springs.

Sylvester M. Boon, died at Cape Girardeau, January 3, 1863.

Warren Boon, Marble Rock.

Sidney W. Boon, lives at Marble Rock.

James H. Boon, died at Little Rock, September 26, 1863.

Stephen G. Bell.

William C. Bishop, wounded at Pleasant Hill, Discharged May 11, 1865.

Joseph Babcock, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, June 5, 1864.

Henry Brooks, wounded at Pleasant Hill, Discharged February 24, 1865. Lives at Armstrong.

David Beetle, Clarksville.

James L. Belcher, discharged Aug. 3, 1864.

Harvey A. Bishop, died prior to 1891.

Phineas Clawson, died at Memphis, June 5, 1864.

William R. Cave, discharged May 4, 1865. Lives at Clarksville.

Michael Cline, captured at Bloomfield; wounded at Pleasant Hill.

William Comstock, wounded and left at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Marble Rock.

James H. Carter, lives at Vinton.

Wilbur C. Closson, Manson.

Mortimer O. Clark, Nebraska.

Daniel N. Clark, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives in Nebraska.

Aaron Doty, discharged at Cape Girardeau, October 9, 1863. Minnesota.

Nathaniel W. Davis, wounded at Pleasant Hill.

Josiah Dockstader, discharged Nov. 16, 1863.

Andrew J. Ellis, wounded at Pleasant Hill.

John C. Forney, Clarksville.

George Farlow.

Leander Farlow, Forest City.

James M. Goodhue, discharged March 8, 1863.

Samuel N. Goodhue, discharged Dec. 29, 1863.

Marion.

Nathaniel B. Gleason, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill. April 21, 1864.

James Gillman, Harlan.

Seth H. Graves.

Aaron M. Harter, transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Waterloo.

William T. Hall, died at Helena, September 17, '63.

James L. Hardman, died about 1887.

Bayliss Hough, discharged June 26, 1865.

G. H. Hawks, Marble Rock.

Richard Keller, transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Lives at Clarksville.

John Lenhart, discharged March 8, 1863. Lives at Clarksville.

Jacob Leydig, died July 20, 1864.

Washington Lenhart, Edgley, North Dakota.

Thomas Martin.

A. W. Maffit, in the grain trade. Belle Plaine. Believes he was the youngest boy in the regiment.

Francis M. Miller, died Jan. 20, 1863.

Elias G. Miller, died Dec. 12, 1863.

George G. Miller, Briscoe.

Isaac N. Modlin, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Dis-

charged June 14, 1865. Lives at Burr Oak, Kansas.

James M. Miller.

William Muffler.

Jehu Phillippi, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Hiram Poisall, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Discharged Feb. 11, 1865. Lives at Clarksville.

Geo. C. Poisall, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Mason City.

James M. Phillippi, wounded at Pleasant Hill. Discharged May 28, 1865. Teaching Indians to make harness.

Joel Phillips.

Benjamin Raines, Clarksville.

Henry Smith.

Jabez Straun.

Solomon Sturtz, died at Vicksburg, June 6, 1864.

Michael Sturtz, died at Little Rock Nov. 3, 1863.

Adam Sturtz, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, May 22, 1864.

John D. Swim, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Nicholas Straun.

John Spoar, died Aug. 4, 1864.

James M. Sheffer, died at Memphis, July 10, '64.

Chas. N. Thomas, Albion.

John P. Upps, Kansas.

Daniel D. Warner, wounded at Pleasant Hill.

Martin V. Wamsley, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, June 26, 1864.

O. P. Whitted, discharged July 20, 1865.

Baltzer Witter, captured at Pleasant Hill, died at Tyler Texas, Sep. 3, 1864.

Lewis J. Whitted, transferred to Company B.

APPROXIMATE ROSTER OF COMPANY H.

James B. Reeve, formerly County Judge, of Maysville, Franklin county; was mustered as Captain October 6, 1862. He died of congestive fever at Fort Pillow, June 24, 1864.



CAPT. R. S. BENSON.

Rufus S. Benson was promoted Captain from Second Lieutenant, and served as such until the Regiment was mustered out. He was afterwards County Treasurer of Franklin county, a banker; and now lives at 1232 Michigan Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

He has ranch interests in Texas which require his residence and attention a portion of the year.

Orlando A. Lesh was mustered with the Company as First Lieutenant, and resigned April 20, '64. He lives at Aspinwall, Nebraska.

James H. Hall was promoted from First Sergeant to Second Lieutenant, June 25, 1863, and to First Lieutenant April 21, 1864. He is now (1896) County Auditor, and lives at Santa Ana, California.

[NOTE: The compiler has not been furnished any data in reference to the individual members of this Company other than that found in the several reports of the Adjutant General to which he has access. The mere list of names and casualties furnish but meager material for such a history and personal mention as was contemplated.]

John B. Nelson, Sergeant.

Bartley Meehan, Sergeant, "reduced to ranks." Killed at Pleasant Hill.

Benjamin H. Pound, promoted Sergeant, wounded severely at Pleasant Hill. Died of dropsy of the heart at Fish River, Ala., March 23, 1865.

Win. Wood, promoted Sergeant, died at Memphis, July 27, 1864.

John S. Love, Sergeant.

Gardner S. Merriss, promoted Sergeant, died at Memphis, April 14, 1865.

John C. Avery, promoted Sergeant, discharged at Montgomery, June 26, 1865. Lived some years since at Kansas City, Mo.

John Nichols, Corporal.

Elihu B. Criley, promoted Corporal, wounded at

Pleasant Hill, right arm amputated, discharged Nov. 24, 1864, at Pittsburg, Penn.

Corporal Criley was wounded in both arms in the battle of April 9, 1864, was taken prisoner, "got away with two rebels" and still lives as a man of active business in Real Estate, Loans and Insurance in the city of Ottumwa, having associated a son with himself.

Cyrus Wyatt, Corporal, "reduced to ranks" Jan. 22, 1863.

Alpheus Jones, promoted Corporal, discharged at Island Ten, Oct. 29, 1863. In list of casualties, name given as "Adolpheus"

Wm. S. Hansberry, Corporal, "reduced to ranks" Is a farmer near Aspinwall, Neb.

John B. Woodward, promoted Corporal, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, April 12, 1864.

Louis P. Berry, Corporal, severely wounded at Pleasant Hill.

Henry A. Clock, Corporal, is a merchant at Hampton.

Joseph Ward, Corporal, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Washington Ballou, promoted Corporal, killed at Pleasant Hill.

George W. Ross, promoted Corporal, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Lucian M. Stoddard, Musician, promoted to Drum Major. Discharged June 26, 1865. Iowa Falls.

Elijah Jones, Musician.

Miles Birkett, promoted Musician. Ellsworth, Minnesota.

Daniel E. Greeley, teamster.

David C. Allen, discharged at Fort Pillow,
March, 19, 1863. Lives at Blair, Neb.

Charles J. Anderson.

Curtis M. Armstrong, discharged at Fort Pillow,
March 19, 1863.

James Antry, died at Memphis, July 8, 1864.

George Antry.

John D. Baker, killed by Guerillas at Island No.
Ten, Oct. 22, 1863.

Samuel E. Baker, Neligh, Neb.

William Ball, died at Columbus, Feb. 2, 1864.

Cyrus Boyles, died at Fort Pillow, April 1, 1863.

John J. Bradshaw, Correctionville.

Albert H. Bridgeman.

Albert R. Beecher.

Jacob Brooks, Sibley.

H. A. Brotherton, died at Dubuque, Nov. 4, 1862.

Charles Bullis, died at Kingsley, 1894.

German Bullis, discharged December 6, 1864.
Lives at Dows.

Tirk Bihuken.

Joseph G. Bushyhager, Sheffield.

Ebenezer Caldwell, discharged, July 22, 1863.
Lives at Hampton.

Daniel W. Cole, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Seth K. Capron, died at Memphis, March 4, 1865.

Peter Considine, died at Keokuk, Dec. 5, 1862.

Oliver Clenismith, died at Ft. Pillow, Apr. 29, '63.

Loren Collins, died at Mound City, May 4, 1864.

Henry Creighton, died at Memphis, May 17, '64.

E. W. Crosby, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Levi Culver, is a retired farmer. Lives at Sheffield.

Marion Creed.

Solomon Creighton, Hampton.

William G. Chambers, died at Vicksburg, Feb. 22, 1864.

Nelson S. Demander, died at Iowa Falls since the war.

George A. Demander was shot in the eye at Pleasant Hill, left on the field for dead and was reported as having been killed in that battle. He survived but never regained either his normal physical or mental conditions. At times he was unable to care for himself and needed restraint as well as care, but was permitted to wander from place to place. He is said finally to have died in the National Soldiers' Home at Washington, D. C.

Geo. W. Frey, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Joseph Ferguson, died at Vicksburg, May 28, '64.

Isaac Grandon, discharged Sep. 5, 1863.

Andrew J. Gray, cook.

David L. Hartgrave, died July 29, 1864.

Samuel W. Hartwell, discharged May 30, 1863.
Lives at New Hampton.

Thomas J. Herman, died May 28, 1864.

Stephen Hesse, died at Fort Pillow, Feb. 9, '63.

And. J. Hoisington, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Benj. F. Horner, discharged August 28, 1863.

Wm. C. Horner, Geneva.

Jesse Horner, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Harvey Hubbert.

Dr. John S. Hurd, has resumed his profession

and is a leading physician at Chapin.

German L. Hunt.

Samuel B. Hunt, died at Vicksburg, Feb. 2, '64.

Wm. N. Ingraham, Central City, Neb.

Alexander Jones.

J. C. Jones, Geneva.

Isaac Justus, discharged April 25, 1864. Lives at Hampton.

Warren Kittell, died at Memphis, July 17, 1864.

Asa R. Lee.

Ralph A. Lord, died at Memphis, Feb. 15, 1865.

Joseph M. Loveland.

William May.

Reuben McVey, is a prosperous miller in Aspinwall, Neb.

Harrison McCord, discharged March 19, 1863.

Ira McCord, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Arba A. Merriss, killed in battle at Lake Chicot, June 6, 1864.

Andrew Mitchell.

Wm. R. C. Mitchell, died of wounds at Fort Gaines, April 30, 1865.

Thomas Morris.

John Murphy, transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

John Meehan, discharged March 15, 1864. Lives at Hampton.

T. J. McCurley.

Samuel McCurley, killed at Pleasant Hill.

William C. Manifold, died at Memphis, Mch. 13, '64.

Willard Mulkins, died at Memphis, July 24, '64.

Isaac C. Mulkins, died at Fort De Russy, April 9, 1864.

John G. Neff, discharged March 22, '63. Lives at Monroe.

Daniel M. North. Latimer.

John W. North, Latimer.

Benjamin Nichols.

Newton Penny, Ackley.

Richard Penney, died at Memphis, March 10, '64.

A. E. Phinney, severely wounded at Pleasant Hill.

David Perry, died at Memphis, July 26, 1864.

Solomon Robinson, transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Andrew Reed.

Leonard C. Smith.

Clark Shobe, discharged at Fort Pillow, March 10, 1863.

Morgan Shobe.

Martin Shobe, discharged at Fort Pillow, March 10, 1863. Lincoln, Neb.

Edmund Silence, Geneva.

Henry W. Smith, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill April 23, 1864.

Charles Schmidt. Hampton.

Paul Stehlin.

Nathaniel Swaney.

Oliver H. Tilghman, Geneva.

John P. Underwood, wounded at Pleasant Hill.

James Walker.

Joseph M. Wells, transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

Josiah W. Yost, discharged at Fort Pillow, May 4, 1863. Lives at Dayton.

APPROXIMATE ROSTER OF COMPANY I.

[In the preparation of the Roster of Company I, the compiler had thought to avail himself bodily of the valuable labors of Sergeant J. B. Williams, as prepared for the re-union at Fort Dodge; but on reaching it in its place he thinks it best to follow the form adopted for the other Companies. The principal advantage in the form used is found in bringing the leading personal facts in the history of each Comrade under his own name, and mainly in alphabetical order, for more ready reference.]

Jonathan Hutchinson was the first Captain, and continued as such until April 10, 1864, when he was promoted Major of the Regiment. [See page 400.]

Alexander Dowd, was promoted Captain, from Second Lieutenant, April 10, 1864. He returned to his home near Dayton, when mustered out, and died some years afterward.

Amos S. Collins, was First Lieutenant until transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps in October, 1864. He was promoted Captain in V. R. C. Feb. 21, 1865. Dead.

Ambrose Booth from Fifth Sergeant was promoted First Sergeant and promoted Second Lieutenant, April 11, 1864; First Lieutenant, October 14, 1864. He died at Ft. Dodge, prior to 1887.

James Lynn, from Corporal was promoted Sergeant, and promoted Second Lieutenant, October 14, 1864.

Lorenzo S. Coffin, was First Sergeant at muster-in. [See page 407.]

John H. Ford was sergeant at muster-in and was transferred for promotion. He lives at Garnett, Kas. [See Roster of Company A.]

James B. Williams was Sergeant at muster-in. Because of his exceptional value in office work he was detailed as clerk much of the time, and served in various Headquarters in places of trust and importance. He is an expert abstracter of titles, and dealer in real estate at Fort Dodge.

Benjamin B. Goodrich was promoted to First Sergeant. He is connected with the Pharmacy Hospital at Kansas City, Mo.

Philander R. Baldwin was promoted Sergeant. He lives at Hammond, La.

George T. Cass, Corporal, was discharged at Columbus, Dec. 19, 1863. Lives at Humboldt.

Edmond V. Moore, promoted Sergeant. Lives at Arapahoe or Benkelman, Neb. Was postmaster at Benkelman in 1894.

Levi G. C. Young, Corporal, died at Fort Dodge, June 29, 1864.

George W. Hanchett, Corporal.

Wm. D. Powers, promoted Corporal. Lives at West Bend.

Edward A. Flaherty, Corporal. Fort Dodge.

James A. Rowiey, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, April 20, 1864.

Hiram Hulsizer, promoted Corporal, discharged for wounds at Pleasant Hill. Died in 1890.

Geo. A. Tod, Musician, captured near Black River, Miss., Feb. 4, 1864. Lives at 1944 Second Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

R. M. Gwynn, Musician, dead.

Wm. McCauley, teamster, Fort Dodge.

Celestius B. Andrews, died at Kalo, Aug. 24, '90. His constitution was greatly impaired by an attack of measles at camp Franklin.

Cyrus D. Auyur, deserted Nov. 17, 1862. Minneapolis, Minn.

Alexander D. Allison.

W. C. Ainsworth, Ft. Dodge.

Abner T. Birchard, discharged for promotion as Quarter Master Sergeant. [See page 408.]

James Baldridge, wounded at Tupelo, July 14, 1864. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Lehigh.

Samuel Baldridge, died at Ft. Pillow, June 12, '63.

Charles R. Brown, Hull.

James Byrne, Barnum.

John Byrne, Barnum.

Geo. W. Blain, died at Memphis, July 19, 1864.

A. J. Bond, is a resident of Denison, Iowa, and his business card states that he is a jeweler and dealer in fine watches, diamonds, pianos and organs.

Henry Booth, a son of Lt. Ambrose Booth, enlisted at the age of sixteen, and came to the regiments in January 1864. He was on the Red River Campaign, getting his first taste of real war in the assault on Fort De Russey.

He was transferred to the 8th Iowa; removed to Montgomery, Alabama, married there, has a family,

is a republican, and his address is 117 Sayre street.

John F. Barnes, (John F. Byers.)

Alexander Beach, Ft. Dodge.

Isaac N. Baldrige, transferred to 8th Ia. Inf.

Thomas J. Baldrige, transferred to 8th Ia. Inf

Perry Binkley, transferred to 8th Ia. Inf.

Oliver Brewer, transferred to 8th Ia. Inf. Died
at Demopolis, Ala., Jan. 21, 1866.

Wm. Baldrige, Duncombe.

James Carey, dead.

Cornelius Claflin transferred for promotion to 50th
U. S. (Colored) Infantry. Died in Dakota.

Henry C. Casey, Paoli Kas.

Charles T. Crosby, transferred to V. R. C. Fort
Dodge.

Wm. S. Crosby, 604 E. Division St., Chicago.

Robert Chandler, deserted.

Horace D. Conlee, transferred to 8th Ia. Dead.

Smith T. Conlee, transferred to 8th Ia. Walton-
ville, Ill.

John H. Clarke.

George H. Crosby, transferred to 8th Ia. Dead.

Francis M. De Witt, transferred to V. R. C. Dead.

Geo. W. De Witt, discharged Jan. 13, '65. Dead.

Michael Dwyer, discharged May 29, 1863. Dead.

Simon J. De Witt, died at Memphis, March 14, '64.

Albert Davie transferred to 8th Iowa. Sioux
Falls, S. D.

William Edson, died at Livermore, Feb. 22, 1895. He was a representative citizen and commander of Major Hutchinson Post at organization.

James R. Ewing, Pawnee Rock, Kas.

Jeremiah Foster, Cherokee or Sioux Falls, S. D.

Joachim Frahm, Fort Dodge.

Clark Fuller, promoted Commissary Sergeant. Was president of Regimental Association. Died at his home near Kalo, October 27, 1895. [See page 409.]

Edward Fogarty, wounded at Yellow Bayou. Lives at Fort Dodge.

Michael Fagan, died at Cairo, Feb. 25, 1864.

Henry H. Franks, discharged Sep. 13, 1864.

Edward Flagherty, Fort Dodge.

Wallace P. Gardner, died at Ft. Pillow, June 5, '63.

Peyton R. Gardner, dead.

Chas. W. Gardner, transferred to 8th Ia. Lives at Fort Dodge.

Uriah D. Gatchell, died at Keokuk, Dec. 18, '64.

Ezekiel L. Goodrich, Sedalia, Mo.

Francis H. Gilday, transferred to 8th Ia. Soldiers' Home.

Benj. Hulsizer, Estherville.

Daniel T. Howell, dead.

Morton V. Huxford, Dunreath.

John M. Hefley, transferred to 8th Ia. Died at Emmetsburg.

Elmore Hurlbut, transferred to 8th Ia. Schuyler Neb.

Geo. D. Hart, transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. A practicing physician at Otho.

Alfred T. Haskins, transferred to 8th Ia.



MATHIAS HUTCHINSON.

Mathias Hutchinson, son of Captain Hutchinson, a comely youth, a mere lad of eighteen years, who had but recently been nominated a Cadet at West Point, was killed in the battle of Pleasant Hill.

Walt. R. W. Hancock, Riparia Wash.

John Hightree, died Sep. 10, 1863.

Sherman Hart, died at Island Ten, Sep. 19, 1863.

John S. Jenkins, is an architect, and his office and residence are in Cairo, Ill.

James Scott Jenkins served as Company Clerk for Captains Hutchinson and Dowd. He is a Civil Engineer and his office is No. 9, Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Andrew R. Jenkins, a meritorious soldier, perished in a snow-storm in north western Iowa, in 1872.

George W. Jones.

Phillip Karcher, Fort Dodge.

John Keats, transferred to 8th Ia. Rigney,

Pierce Co. Wash.

Augustus Kramer, Burnside.

Elias D. Kellogg, wounded. Texas Ferry, Whitman county, Wash.

Henry H. Kinning, died Sept. 13, 1864.



GEORGE D. HART, M. D.

Patrick Lyons, dead.

Robert McCawley, Cincinnati, Ohio.

David Molloy, Clare.

Michael Maher, dead.

John Means, died at Humboldt in 1888.

Isaac McHenry, Livermore.

John N. McHenry, Long Pine, Neb.

Isaac Metcalf, died at Fort Pillow, Mar. 28, '63.

John R. Mayberry, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill; discharged for wounds.

Henry H. Munroe.

John McKittrick, discharged June 21, '65. Dead.

John Marsh, transferred to 8th Iowa. Burnside.

John C. Maupen, transferred to 8th Iowa. Enseneda, Cal.

Alexander McLain, transferred to 8th Ia. Dead.

Christian Muller, transferred to 8th Iowa.

S. S. Moore, Wessington Springs, S. D.

Bartlett M. Morse, discharged at Baton Rouge, June 8, 1865.

Wm. H. Nagle, Licking, Mo.

Michael O'Neil, transferred to V. R. C. Died March 17, 1865.

Patrick O'Hara, died at Fort Dodge about 1890.

Wm. T. Prescott, Wilson, Kas.

Wm. Pollock, wounded at Nashville. Ft. Dodge.

W. D. Powers, West Bend.

James Rood, killed at Fort de Russy.

Jonathan D. Roberts, Little Rock, Iowa.

Wm. Reilley, transferred to 12th U. S. Infantry. Bartlett, Neb.

Francis W. Russell, discharged at Fort Pillow. May 29, 1863. Dead.

John W. Russell, Soldiers' Home.

James Russell, transferred to 8th Iowa.

Mathew Rowley, died at Montgomery, July 19, '65.

George Roscoe, transferred to 8th Ia. Ft. Dodge.

Isaac P. Rood.

Andrew W. Snodgrass, Rolfe.

Wm. J. Salisbury, captured at Pleasant Hill.

Peter Scherff, transferred to 8th Ia. Ft. Dodge.

James H. Thomas, died at Fort Dodge in 1888.

J. S. M. Trusty, Fort Dodge.

Anderson Timmons and Wm. T. Timmons enlisted in this Company as deserters from the Rebel Army, and again deserted near Eastport, Miss.

John S. Vancleave, died at Fort Pillow, March 28, 1863.

Silas Vancleave, Clarinda.

John Vandevender, captured at Pleasant Hill. Lives at Brushy.

Beth Vincent, Fort Dodge.

Jacob Welchle, died at Independence in hospital for insane.

Thomas J. Williams, discharged March 13, 1864. Dead.

George P. Williams, Lehigh.

Joel B. Wilson, Dayton, Oregon,

Lemuel L. Young died at Tekamah, Neb. in 1892.

Ezra C. Young, transferred to 8th Iowa. Fort Dodge.

APPROXIMATE ROSTER OF COMPANY K.

Joseph Cadwallader, Captain from muster-in to Oct. 3, 1863. [See page 409.]



CAPT. GIDEON WHEELER.

Gideon Wheeler, promoted Captain Oct. 4, 1863, from First Lieutenant. Has been for some years a merchant in Fullerton, Neb.

George Child, promoted First Lieutenant from Second Lieutenant, Oct. 4, 1863. Is now deputy sheriff and lives in Nevada, Iowa.

Vincent Tomlinson, promoted Second Lieutenant from First Sergeant, Dec. 25, 1863. Resigned Feb. 1, 1865. Died at Boone.

Wm. A. Fallas, promoted Second Lieutenant from First Sergeant, Feb. 4, 1865. Lives at Stockton, Kas.

Thomas J. Spindler, Sergeant, reduced at his own request, Jan. 9, 1863; discharged at Columbus for disability, July 22, 1863. Lives at Albion.

Jacob Burger, Sergeant, transferred for promotion to 63rd U. S. (Colored) Infantry, Dec. 30, 1864.

Calvin Randolph, Sergeant, discharged for disability Oct. 6, 1862.

Nathaniel A. Mount, promoted Sergeant, died at Memphis, July 9, 1864,

Isaac S. French, promoted Sergeant, detailed as Wagon Master. Lives at Colo.

Lewis F. Brown, promoted Sergeant. Lives at Bassett, Neb.

Jonas Duea, Corporal, promoted First Sergeant. Is a retired farmer near Roland.

Wm. L. Beeman, promoted Corporal, promoted Sergeant. Lives at Conrad.

Jesse Roltson, Corporal, reduced at his request.

John McCoy, promoted Corporal.

Francis M. Anderson, Corporal, reduced at his request; killed at Pleasant Hill.

Elias Modlin, Corporal, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Chilson C. Sanford, promoted Corporal, died at Memphis, Sept. 11, 1864.

Corporal Sanford is said to have graduated from the Iowa State University with the highest honors, and to have been a model soldier as well as a most scholarly man.

Amos Zabriski, Corporal, reduced at his request. A minister and lives at Stanley, Buchanan county.

Thomas C. Purcell, promoted Corporal, discharged at Fort Pillow, May 29, 1863. Lives at Springfield, Linn county, Ore.

Wm. M. Edwards, promoted Corporal.

Clement O. Sefton, Corporal, reduced at his request.

Geo. H. Dunlap, promoted Corporal, died at Memphis, May 24, 1864.

Cyrus Davis, Corporal, reduced at his request; discharged at Fort Pillow, March 18, 1863. Died at Iowa Center.

Osmund Egeland, Corporal, died of small-pox at Memphis, June 26, 1864.

Isaac N. Alderman, promoted Corporal, wounded at Pleasant Hill; discharged at Davenport June 21, 1865. Ainsworth, Neb.

Riley French, promoted Corporal, wounded at Columbus June 27, 1863. Farmer's Branch, Texas.

Wm McCullough, promoted Corporal.

James S. Stark, promoted Corporal.

Eric R. Larson, promoted Corporal. Ihlen, Pipestone county, Minn.

John W. Dickerson, promoted Corporal. Ackley.

Geo. E. Keyes, promoted Corporal, mustered out

with Regiment.

Eric L. Sheldall, promoted Corporal. Is a farmer near Roland.

Henry S. Hallock, promoted Corporal, wounded at Lake Chicot, is a carpenter and lumberman; active in G. A. R. and church, and lives at Havensville, Kas.



ALBA O. HALL.

Alba O. Hall, Musician, promoted Chief Musician of Regiment, April 10, 1863. Is a retired farmer and lives at Ames.

Adolphus Prouty, Musician, discharged at Mont-

gomery, June 25, 1865. Died near Iowa Center.

B. H. Cunningham, teamster, died at Albion, Sept. 23, 1864.

Wm. Martin, teamster, discharged at Montgomery, July 7, 1865. Lives at Albion.

Hezekiah Appelgate, discharged Oct. 27, 1862. Died near Iowa Center.

James M. Applegate, died at Mound City, June 22, 1864.

Francis Blair, deserted Nov. 21, '62.

Joseph J. Bryant.

Daniel J. Bloys, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Wm. C. Ballard, killed at Pleasant Hill.

George Boyd, discharged at Montgomery, July 15, 1865. Died Dec. 30, 1893 at Randall.

Eli Blickensderfer, transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 10, 1865. Britt.

Thomas A. Ball, transferred to 8th Iowa.

Chesley W. Baker, transferred to 8th Iowa.

Joseph Bates, transferred to 8th Iowa.

Smith M. Childs has been deputy sheriff of Harrison county, Postmaster at Dunlap, dealer in live stock; and lives at Dunlap.

Alexander Church, discharged at Fort Pillow, May 29, '63. Lives at Washta.

Harvey Church, discharged at Fort Pillow, Mar. 18, '63. Lives at Washta.

Nathaniel A. Cole, wounded at Nashville, Dec. 16, '64. Is a farmer near Nevada.

Lyman Clark, transferred to V. R. C., June 10, 1865. Was a successful business man at Webster City, where he died March 8, 1896.

Chalres L. Cadwallader, transferred to 8th Iowa. Lives at Raymond, Neb.

Amos Cripps, transferred to 8th Iowa. Albion.
Samuel B. Dawson, mustered out with Regiment.
Samuel B. Dinnel, deserted from Fort Pillow.

John Denbow, mustered out with Regiment. Died at Albion prior to 1887.

Frank L. Daniels, died at Iowa Center, Feb. 5, 1865, of wounds received at Pleasant Hill.

Israel M. Dill, transferred to 8th Iowa.

John W. Dill, transferred to 8th Iowa.

James N. Deniston, mustered out at Mound City, June 16, '65. Collins.

Peter Egeland, died at Vicksburg, May 31, 1864,

Henry Eliasson, died at Columbus, August 20, '63.

Geo. L. Everstine, derserted at Cairo.

Henry C. French, transferred to 8th Iowa. Lives at Cloquet, Polk county, Mo.

Ira French, mustered out at New Orleans, May 31, 1865. Lives at Arapahoe, Neb.

Andrəw J. Frakes, wounded and captured at Pleasant Hill.

David Funk, died at White City, Kas.

Elihu H. Grubb, lives in Keokuk county.

Joseph L. Harkness, captured at Pleasant Hill; mustered out at Davenport. Lives at Bellville, Kas.

Henry B. Henryson, killed in battle at Lake

Chicot, June 6, 1864.

Edward Hefley, died at Fort Pillow, Jan. 6, 1863.

Geo. F. Hilton, captured at Pleasant Hill.

James A. Howard, discharged at Columbus. August 19, 1863.

Joel R. Hand, died at Fort Pillow, April 18, 63.

Davis Hall, died at Albion, May 12, 1864.

John Henderson, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill, April 10, 1864.

Bayliss Hough, transferred to Company G.

Wm. L. Hallock, died at Cairo, March 20, 1864.

Chas. L. Hurlbert, killed at Pleasant Hill.

Geo. W. Hackethorn, transferred to 8th Iowa. Lives at Stuart.

Robert Hefley, transferred to 8th Iowa. Lives at Norton Kas.

Jacob B. Jacobson, a farmer, near Roland.

Asa Joysleyn, discharged at Fort Pillow, May 29, 1863. Lives at Hull.

Oliver Johnson, died July 7. 1864, on the road home, on furlough.

Cornelius Joor, transferred to 8th Iowa. Died near Nevada.

David Jones, transferred to 8th Iowa.

Henry C. Kelley, transferred to 8th Iowa. Is a wagon maker at Nevada.

Thomas Lein, is a farmer, near Roland.

Francis Luellen, died of wounds at Pleasant Hill. April 22, 1864.

Benjamin Long, died at Albion, Dec. 22, 1863.

Wm. S. Lemon, died of wounds at Nashville, Jan. 4, 1865.

James P. Meccum, mustered out at Davenport, May 16, 1865.

Wm. McGuire, discharged June 25, 1865. Lives at Carthage, Mo.

David A. Moore, discharged Oct. 12, 1863. Died in Kansas in 1894.

Josiah Middleton, mustered out with Regiment Quineams, Mo.

James M. Melton, deserted at Fort Pillow.

Noah C. Miner, discharged July 23, 1865.

Josiah Milbourne, discharged July 15, '65, at Montgomery. Santiago, Polk Co.

Isaac W. Morrow, transferred to 8th Iowa.

John Nelson, discharged at Island No. Ten, Jan. 10, '64. Is a farmer, near Roland.

Nels L. Nelson; mustered out with Regiment. Kearby, Minn.

Oliver Opstweet, transferred to 8th Iowa.

Nathan H. Pearson, mustered out with Regiment. Lives at Maxwell.

Samuel Pearson, captured at Pleasant Hill. Mustered out at Davenport. May 23, '65.

Henry R. Payne, mustered out with Regiment.

Geo. Pierson, died at Brownsville, Miss., March 1, 1864,

Wm. D. Pierce, died at Memphis, March 14, 1864.

Wm. S. Ramsey, transferred to Invalid Corps, Nov. 20, 1863.

John Ritland, mustered out with Regiment. A farmer near Roland.

John C. Russell, mustered out with Regiment Nurseryman and real estate dealer at McCook, Neb.

Thomas J. Spillers, mustered out with Regiment. Lives at Iowa Center.

Silas M. See, mustered out with Regiment. Lives at Nevada.

Chas. M. Sellers, died at Ft. Pillow, April 18, '63.

Louis A. Schamp, wounded at Nashville. Lives at Colorado Springs, Col.

Joseph F. Smith, mustered out with Regiment.

James Spear, mustered out at Davenport, May 16 1865. Died at Albion prior to 1887.

Clark Spindler, died at Fort Pillow, Mar. 16, '63.

Newcomb S. Smith, promoted Hospital Steward, Oct. 6, '62. Reduced to ranks at request of the Surgeon. Discharged at Eastport, Miss.

Jerome B. Sweet, discharged for disability at Montgomery, June 25. '65. Lives at Liscomb.

James Sortor, died on hospital boat at Cairo, June 16, 1864.

Wm. I. Stevens, mustered out at Louisville, May 19, '65. Livermore.

James A. Shaw, transferred to 8th Iowa. Lives at Independence, Oklahoma.

Wm. L. Smith, transferred to 8th Iowa.

Wm. M. Sefton, transferred to 8th Iowa. Hub-

bard.

Harden L. Tucker, died at Paducah. Jan. 28, '63,
Wm. Thomas, discharged Oct. 28, '62.

Nathaniel A. Tichnor, died of wounds at Nashville, Dec. 18, '64.

Adelbert Terwillager, transferred to 8th Iowa.

John S. Wood, wounded at Pleasant Hill, died at Mansfield, May 1, '64.

Tryon Wickersham, mustered out with Regiment. Lives at Marinetta.

The Compiler does not deem it necessary to record as members of this Company the names of ten men who pretended to enlist at Island No. Ten, and subsequently deserted. He has had a copy of the muster-out Rolls, furnished by Capt. Wheeler, which has been useful in identifying names of Comrades. Those not otherwise noted were mustered out with the Regiment.

In cases where no P. O. address is given, it may be assumed that search for same has been fruitless.

INDEX.

One may recollect generally that certain thoughts or facts are to be found in a certain book, but without a good Index such a recollection may hardly be made available.

In truth a very large part of every man's reading falls overboard, and unless he has good Indexes he will never recover it again.—*Horace Binney's Letter, Feb. 20, 1866 to Samuel Austin Allibone.*

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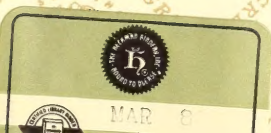
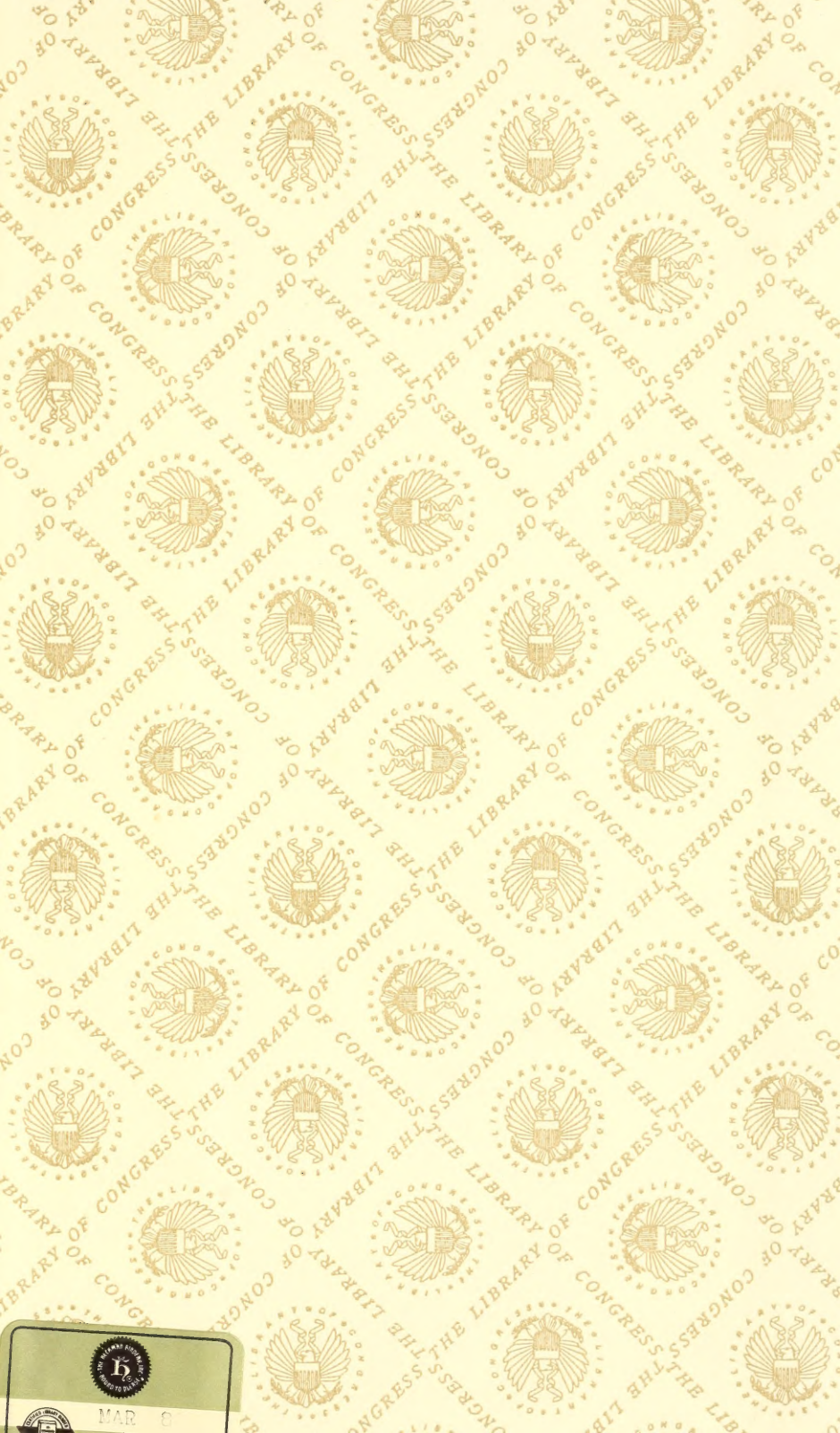
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